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Heredity—The Master Riddle of Science

BY E. M. EAST

Professor at Harvard University; Author of "Mankind at the Crossroads"

THIS is a courtesy title like that of the retired army officer. Heredity had been until lately the master riddle of science. Twenty-five years ago it was a synonym for mystery and a text for discourses on the unknowable. Not so to-day. In a quarter of a century laws of heredity have been formulated as definite and precise as those of physics and chemistry. The mechanics of the two tiny cells which unite to hand the spark of life from generation to generation in our world of animals and plants have been analyzed with a clear-cut accuracy hardly to be expected when dealing with such entangled phenomena.

Without overstepping fact one may say that genetics, the science of descent, has been the most profitable branch of twentieth-century biology. The term profitable refers primarily to the world's intellectual advancement and not to financial gain, but even with the latter meaning in mind one can make some rather broad claims legitimately.

Genetics has made possible better strains of livestock. Meat production is more rapid. Food utilization is more efficient. Disease is less to be feared because of resistant stocks. Milk yields are increasing steadily. Both sheep and goats produce longer and stronger wool, or finer and more glossy wool, according to the heritage allotted them.

Among plants there is the same story. New types specialized for different purposes are constantly being created. Novel varieties appear in increasing numbers year by year, and though the great majority of them are probably little better than the older types they are designed to replace, here and there a strain stands out whose inherent merits make it worth millions. In fact, if one studies the chief varieties of farm crops now grown, he finds scarcely a single one which was known to the world fifty years ago, so rapid has been the man-made evolution of the vegetable kingdom.

All of this is very interesting and important, no doubt. A dinner, a pair of shoes, and an overcoat are matters of moment to the shivering wretch at the rôtisserie window; and those who make them easier to obtain deserve our gratitude in lieu of the royalties we do not pay on their discoveries. But no biologist likes to feel that the true goal of genetic work lies in adding loaves of bread and bales of wool to the world's supply. He fervently hopes to aid those functions of mankind which rate somewhat higher than alimentation, believing as he does, with Anatole France, that food ingestion is a humiliating process which might well have been relegated to a larval stage after the manner of the insects.

Inscribed on the Delphic oracle were the words "Know thyself," and this, says Cervantes, "is the most difficult lesson in the world." Here is a motto twenty-five hundred years old which, like most aphorisms of its kind, has been im-

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possible of realization. Only in the twentieth century has mankind begun to peer behind the veil which shrouded his inmost nature. How can one know himself when in ignorance of the endowments which make him what he is? The individual is wholly and solely the product of his heredity and the environment in which he finds himself, and unless he endeavors to learn what he can regarding the limitations and the possibilities thus allotted, he does no justice either to himself or to his posterity.

We may rebel against a statement which assigns to free will a narrow choice, we may poke fun at what many have called "Calvinistic predestination in scientific guise"; but the facts remain. Let us think a moment, however, before we scoffingly pass judgment. Is a feeble-minded child likely to become President of the United States? Will the boy with a club-foot win medals at the stadium? Can the individual with a cleft palate become an orator of note? Of course they cannot do these things. Their heredity circumscribes their world. Is it strange, therefore, that there should be bounds for each one of us beyond which we cannot pass?

Yet this idea is the homologue of predestination only in part, and therein lies hope. What genetics tells us is that heredity allots to each certain possibilities; whether these possibilities are fulfilled wholly or in part depends upon circumstances. The only sure prescription for a tall and stately mien is a proper ancestry; but if one wishes to make the best of the bargain after having had his ancestors chosen for him, he should look to his food, his rest, his recreation, and his habits. A child will not become great unless he has greatness in his make-up, but he will not become great under any circumstances if his talents are kept rolled up permanently in the proverbial napkin.

It is unlikely that a time will ever come when the expert can predict with accuracy what will be the outcome of each and every human mating. Certainly no one wishes to try to select parents or to forbid parentage except in rare cases where the legacy to the next generation is practically certain to be a terrible thing. But even now one has the opportunity to learn much regarding his or her genetic possibilities by interpreting their ancestral histories in modern genetic terms. One can predict absolutely whether a certain union will or will not produce numerous dominant abnormalities which are only too common in the human race. He can predict with relative accuracy—that is to say, he can calculate the chances for and against—whether this same union will produce mental and physical defectives of the recessive type—the type which can lie hidden for a series of generations. Such information is useful, and it is to be hoped that more and more persons will come to use it for the sake of their own happiness. The good of the race will be promoted thereby, but this need not enter into their consideration. Individual selfishness can here act as a stimulus to racial betterment.

There is, however, a use to which genetic knowledge may be put which probably has even greater social significance than the one just mentioned. The processes by which hereditary traits are handed on cannot be described with the simplicity and elegance of the law of gravitation. Being somewhat complex, and disturbed by many conditions not easily controlled, they can often be dealt with more easily by considering averages only. In this they are a good deal like life insurance, where calculations which give very accurate results when large numbers are concerned, are relatively useless for individual cases. In the same manner, the generalized findings of genetics have possibly their most pertinent application to problems of social welfare. They may not often give us an immediate solution to the difficulties which our complex society finds at every turn, but with them in mind one does have the questions involved sharply defined.

Are you a lawyer? Genetics gives you a better conception of where human responsibility begins—and ends. Are you a minister? It shows how variable are the needs of spirit and of body among different individuals. Are you a physician? It enlarges your opportunities for successful treatment of all the various human ills, for the hereditary endowment of each one of us looms large in every pathological condition. If you are none of these, if you are one of the millions of citizens whose vocations seem to imply about as much usefulness for this type of

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biological knowledge as for training in the integral calculus, do not forget that you live in a democracy and have a vote. You will be called upon time and again to make a personal decision as to the merits or demerits of various proposals relating to marriage and divorce, to education, to immigration, to conditions of living which affect the public health, and to various other matters which concern the welfare of this and of future generations. And, as Wiggam says, "one can approach very few of such problems intelligently without some knowledge of heredity, because he is then in total ignorance of one of the largest forces that enter every moment into human life, human character, and social destiny."

So much for our plea that a public hearing be accorded to genetic results. It is the outgrowth of such a sincere conviction that it would need no apology even if the statements were emphasized again and again; but it is a cardinal point in advertising one's wares to shift to an actual demonstration of merits before the prospect is quite bored to tears by exultant panegyrics. Unfortunately, this latter task is beset with difficulties. One must admit it even though such a frank avowal is the height of rashness. The primary intention in this article is to give an outline of genetic philosophy, to put down in as few words as possible the essentials of the general conception of heredity which has grown out of the fifty thousand or more original researches on the subject that have been published during the past quarter of a century. And there's the rub. One is all at sea in any science without a grasp of the generalizations; and generalizations, though easy enough to understand, are far from being entertaining. Specific illustrations, how sex is inherited, what makes one man tall and another dwarf, how inbreeding uncovers the defects that are the only really genuine family skeletons, these are interesting enough to divert the weary; but the trouble is, they cannot be appreciated properly without a little preliminary drudgery on principles. The reader is invited, therefore, to consider this essay in the light of an initiatory training designed to show whether he is worthy to become a repository of the esoteric secrets of the cult.

The visitor to the genetic laboratory, wishing to appear sophisticated, often says, "Oh! you are studying the Mendelian Law," a remark which wearies the professional host more than a week of hard labor. With as much justice one might ask the chemist if he is studying the Daltonic hypothesis or the physician if he is applying Galen's rules. Yet there is this to be said: the beginning of the study of heredity as an exact science does date from the first real appreciation of Mendel's experiments on the garden pea carried out in the tiny monastery garden of the Moravian town called Brünn; and this was only twenty-five years ago.

Genetics was born and christened because of Gregor Mendel, not because he was such an intellectual giant that he could analyze and codify the complex results which had baffled his predecessors in hybridization work, but because he had the really brilliant idea of simplifying his experiments to the point where he was dealing with only one or two variables at a time. Where heretofore botanists had crossed plants differing by hundreds of characters and had been bewildered at the apparent chaos of their data, Mendel used varieties which differed by one single character. This lone character he followed through generation after generation with the carefulness of a master workman, and obtained results so simple that he was able to give them their correct interpretation. Only when he was satisfied that he knew what happened when one character was under consideration, did he try to steer his way through the maze of complications produced when varieties differing by two or three characters were used.

We have passed far down the road since then, but on looking backward we see that Mendel's work was merely the first clearly carved milestone and not the beginning of the highway. The immense amount of study of the results of carefully controlled matings among both animals and plants all has pointed to a single type of cell mechanics as the basic feature of heredity. It is the same for man, monkeys, mosquitoes, and melons. Sexually reproducing animals and plants, whatever their type, wherever their habitat, varied as may be their manner of living, behave in the same way as regards inheri-

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tance. The controlling agents of heredity are the cell organs known as chromosomes. The universe of genetic affairs is the universe of activity of bodies so small that one must magnify them some twelve hundred times to be able to see them at all. But when one does follow their cyclical history through modern high-powered lenses, he finds their behavior as regular as the revolution of the planets. And what they do is what controlling agents of heredity ought to do as judged by the results from thousands of controlled matings in the breeding pen and garden. Of the comings and goings of these little heredity machines we knew a great deal long before Mendel's time, but we had to wait until long after his time to learn the connection between the phenomena.

Now what are the chromosomes, and how do they behave? Recall first that animals and plants are structures, like houses. Their bricks and stones are the cells, their growth is by cell division. The real, worth-while, active portion of the cell is the nucleus, a globular world bustling with the business of life. The rest of the cell, including the cell-wall which looks so important under the microscope, is the mere by-product of this business. The directors of the nuclear activities are the chromosomes, so called because they stain easily with aniline dyes. When a cell is ready to divide, each entity of this cohort takes up a definite position and splits longitudinally into two parts, thus giving the two daughter cells the same number of chromosomes possessed by the parental unit.

Since the cells of each living species are characterized by a particular number of these bodies, and since every new individual, in the ordinary course of events, is produced by the union of two cells, it is clear that unless some provision were made for reducing chromosome numbers, there would soon be nothing but chromosomes in the world. In fact, Weismann, the great German zoölogist, who was the first to appreciate the importance of the chromosomes, predicted long before the process was discovered, that such a reduction division is both a physical and logical necessity.

What actually takes place is this: When the germ-cells—eggs or sperms—are formed, the chromosomes line up in pairs and only one of each pair passes to a daughter cell. One member, and only one member, of each pair—it is a matter of mere chance which—goes to take up residence in each of the new domiciles. Perhaps they draw straws, who knows. At any rate, in species where the chromosomes differ among themselves in size and shape, one can actually see that there is a pair of each type and that the mature germ-cells possess one complete set. The fertilized egg, which becomes the new organism, is therefore a machine with a double quantity of parts.

It is not difficult to see that in this arrangement there is a complete basis for a theory of heredity. Assume in the first place that each chromosome is comparable to a string of freight cars loaded with mysterious substances which determine the various characters possessed by the individual. The organism, then, has at its disposal two complete sets of these determiners, one of which has been received from the father and one from the mother. When this creature, whatever it may be, becomes an adult and produces eggs or sperms, they will have only one complete set of these trains freighted with character determiners. Any particular egg or sperm will possess one representative of the first pair of trains, and it will be a matter of chance whether it came from the father or from the mother; similarly, this same germ-cell will have a representative of the second train, which also may have originated in either father or mother; and so on through the whole series. Thus there is a definite orderly means by which characters pass from one generation to another, and generally speaking this process is one by which any given germ-cell receives one and only one character determiner from pairs of such determiners which have come from the maternal and from the paternal side of the house.

Unfortunately for those who want a royal road to learning but fortunately for evolutionary progress, the actual affairs of life are a little more complicated than we have made out in the above description. It will have occurred to the reader that if each chromosome is really a train freighted with character possibilities and that if each one of these trains is carried

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over bodily to a germ-cell, the whole of the possibilities with which this train is loaded must come from either the father or the mother, as the case may be. But such an eventuality would not have suited Mother Nature, who wants great variability among her children in order to evolve better strains. For this reason, that is to say to provide for maximum diversity, there is a point when the germ-cells are maturing when each pair of freight trains may exchange cars. Train number one can exchange only with its homologue, the second train number one from the other side of the house, and the exchange must take place in a definite manner; but experiment has determined that it does take place, and many of the laws of this exchange have been worked out.

In more concrete language, then, the character determiners contained in a paternal chromosome may sometimes be linked together in inheritance because they are all carted over to the germ-cell by this carrier appointed for the duty; but in other cases breaks in the linkage occur because of an exchange of contents between the two carriers which form a homologous pair.

If now one gets clearly in mind that the characters of an organism are fixed by numerous germ-cell determiners or genes except as their development may be promoted or retarded by enviromental conditions, that each body-cell possesses a pair of each of the genes, one contributed by the father and one by the mother, that these genes are unchanged by their close association yet work together in developing the tissues and organs, that the two genes forming a pair of homologues may be unlike and therefore may function differently, that there may be any combination of the choice of one out of each pair of genes in making up the genetic constitution of each germ-cell, and that fertilization is a chance affair and does not occur more frequently because of a particular germ-cell constitution, he is then acquainted with the operation of the more important machines in the heredity workshop and is ready to take up the consideration of their output. Two simple cases of inheritance will show what happens.

The body-cells of man contain forty-eight chromosomes, thereby giving opportunity for a most extraordinary recombination of the characters by which the parents differ; but for our purposes here all but four can be disregarded if we remember that the other chromosomes may contain genes which to some extent modify the development of the characters controlled primarily by the four chromosomes used in the illustrations.

Suppose we consider first a *pure* brown-eyed person, let us say a native of the south of Italy. Where does he get his brown eyes? And why do we say he is a *pure* brown? Why are not his eyes blue? As a matter of fact his eyes *are* blue. Everyone has blue eyes except albinos. We simply don't see the blue because it is covered up by the brown. He is a brown because in addition to the genes for blue eyes he has genes for brown. And he is pure for brown because each member of one of his pairs of chromosomes contains the gene for brown. Thus he can transmit only the brown condition to his children for all his germ-cells possess this power. Similarly a blue-eyed person transmits only blue eyes because neither member of the pair of chromosomes controlling that type of eye color possesses the gene for brownness.

What happens, now, if this pure brown-eyed son of Italy marries a blue-eyed daughter of the Northland? All their children will be brown-eyed, though not so deeply brown-eyed as their father. The brown color is the dominating color, and it is produced as usual even though the determiner for it came from only one side of the family.

This fact does not seem odd, but the next step in the series, the result when children from this cross marry children from a similar cross, is a little more astonishing. Generally speaking, that is to say if we have a large family with which to deal, three-fourths of the children are brown-eyed and one-fourth are blue-eyed. The blue-eye trait, recessive as it is called, has appeared again.

For explanation of this occurrence we must remember the behavior of the freight train gene carriers. The hybrid children in each case are hybrid for browneye-blueeye because one chromosome gives a brown-eye and one a blue-eye inheritance. When their germ-cells are formed one-half possesses genes for

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brown eyes and one-half genes for blue eyes. The problem of what occurs at the union of two such individuals, therefore, is simply the problem of the union of female germ-cells which we may regard as half brown and half blue with male germ-cells that are half brown and half blue. And we may work out for ourselves the possibilities by a very simple experiment. Take a soft hat to represent the father and place in it 100 marbles, half of them brown and half of them blue. Then take one of those bedecked creations of the modern milliner and place in it yet another 100 marbles, half brown and half blue. This represents the mother. The next step is to draw one marble from each hat. This represents the first-born. Continue thus until you have a large family and you will find that about one-fourth of the time two brown balls have been drawn, about one-half of the time one brown and one blue ball have appeared, while the remainder of the drawings have given two blue balls. Three-fourths of our make-believe family are brown-eyed because that color dominates, but genetically there are two types with different endowments to hand on.

Our second illustration will be of a very different character, but the results we will find to be similar. It has to do with defective mentality. Feeble-mindedness is a group term which includes various kinds of abnormality. For practical purposes, however, one may consider that there are only two types, one the result of disease or injury, the other due to defective germ-cells. Probably seventy-five per cent of all cases of mental defect is hereditary due to abnormality in a definite gene. It has an effect recessive to normal. If two normal germ-cells unite to produce a child, one can rest assured that that child will never show defective mentality except as disease or injury may intervene; and in the latter case the defect will not be transmitted by the possessor. So also the little one whose heritage is one defective and one normal germ-cell will be of normal mentality. Possibly he or she will not be as well provided with brains as a "pure" normal, but true feeble-mindedness will never be in evidence, for the defect is recessive to the normal. For these reasons also two such cross-bred persons, though apparently normal themselves, will produce feeble-minded children occasionally. Roughly about twenty-five per cent will be thus characterized. Furthermore two feeble-minded persons, since they possess no genes for normal mentality, will give rise only to feeble-minded offspring.

Suppose now we combine these two specimens of heredity. What happens if the cross is a blue-eyed normal person with a brown-eyed defective? As one might expect, there is nothing exceptional in the first generation. Each dominant character manifests itself in the manner already described. But let two such cross-breds mate and a new phenomenon presents itself. Recombination, that keystone of the whole genetic structure, occurs. Since each germ-cell must contain one of each pair of genes, normal or defective and brown or blue, and since there is equal opportunity for forming each combination, four germ-cell types will be produced in equal numbers, viz. brown-eyed normal, brown-eyed defective, blue-eyed normal and blue-eyed defective.

The problem of what takes place in matings where such germ-cells have the opportunity of meeting at the mating of two similarly constituted hybrids of this kind can be solved by marking half of the brown and half of the blue marbles used in the first experiment with an *N* for Normal and the other half with a *D* for Defective, and again drawing pairs from the two hats and recording the result. Experimentation of this kind is not silly and leads to an appreciation of the laws of probability hardly to be gained in any other way; but there is an easier method: merely to work out an answer to the questions set. Since there is equal opportunity of each of the four types of germ-cells produced by the female in this make-believe mating to meet the four types produced by the male, just write down those combinations. When they are totalled up it will be found that there are nine brown-eyed normals, three brown-eyed defectives, three blue-eyed normals, and one blue-eyed defective. And an examination of the records with regard to whether the dominant characters come from only one side or from both sides of the house will show how these individuals will transmit their respective heritages.

Perhaps this brief introduction to the

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mechanics of heredity will seem to be a sandy foundation for a genetic philosophy, but it is not. It forms a solid basis for a new social outlook.

Just as chemically we are a collection of molecules, genetically we are a combination of more or less independently inherited characters whose germ-cell representatives are the genes. The genes are self-perpetuating bodies which grow and divide through long periods of racial history, yet retain their individuality and do not vary in the functions they perform. Yet in rare cases they may change. They may take on new constitutions. And when they do, a new variation, a new trait, appears. In fact this is the only means by which something really different can appear, the only raw material for the hand of Evolution.

In spite of this queer arrangement for descent, however, we are not put together like a mosaic pavement. One gene usually affects many characters, and one character is presumably the effect of many genes. Such a provision was a particularly wise scheme on the part of Nature. It provides for variant combinations in a way which no other plan free from intricacy could possibly have done. It is the complementary device which allows the simple mechanical method of inheritance to provide unending variety. A change in a single gene, for example, and defectives are produced when the changed genes are received from both sides of the family; but there are probably hundreds of genes which shift the grade of defectiveness higher or lower, just as there are hundreds of genes which make for various grades of normal mentality.

The genes, one may say, are the silver bromide and the rays of sunlight which, acting together, provide the opportunities for an endless series of pictures; environment is the developer which makes or mars the result. It is foolish, therefore, to discuss whether heredity or environment plays the greater rôle in life. One might as well ask whether food or water is more important to the individual. Both are indispensable, but their functions are different. Our heritage is Nature's gift, closing some channels, opening others; the conditions or influences which surround us, the education we are offered, is opportunity stationed ready to measure what we do with our endowments with Einsteinian yardsticks which vary with the case in hand.

These features of heredity lead one to a sympathetic understanding of human frailty and incompetence as different from that current in the nineteenth century as day from night. They give us what the mathematicians call the proper "set-up" of our social problems. Not necessarily do they remove all harshness from our dealings in society. To understand all is merely to forgive all, not to condone all. But with a clear insight as to what is needful for settlement we ought to go far toward the solution of our difficulties. A short time ago we cast aside the belief that every individual who thought differently or acted differently from ourselves was possessed of evil spirits, but we still expect golden deeds from every human goose.

To know one's problem clearly is half the battle, but what about the other half? With this part we can, at least, make a beginning, thanks to the discoveries regarding the mechanics of heredity. Consider feeble-mindedness. We certainly stand in a good strategic position with regard to it and can see just what results various methods of procedure will give. We now realize, for example, that feeble-mindedness can never be bred out, for normal mentality does not dilute it. Defective germ-cells may be carried through several generations by normal people who are hybrid for the gene, yet these defective genes will remain just as effective as if they were produced in the bodies of abnormal individuals. Let two of them come together, whatever the type of mating, and a defective child will be the result. By cutting off the reproduction of these social unfits, therefore, we can go so far and no farther. Thus if we are really to find the way out, it must be by the development of a eugenic conscience in the normal carriers of defectiveness, who are the true social menace.

Other object lessons in the practical application of our genetic philosophy might be given endlessly. But we will withstand the temptation. If this article is to serve its purpose, the reader must outline his own particular pet problem and by applying genetic principles try to find the solution. Seek and ye shall find.

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Youth and Peace

BY GEORGE A. COE
Author of "A Social Theory of Religious Education" and "What Ails Our Youth?"

WHY is it that, though the whole world desires peace, the road thereto remains undiscovered? That the peoples of the earth do, as a matter of fact, prefer a peaceful existence is clearer to-day than ever before. The naïveté that classifies some nations as "good" and others as unscrupulous trouble-breeders is becoming impossible. It is put out of countenance, for one thing, by investigations of the origins of the Great War. This catastrophe was not manufactured out of whole cloth by one or more rascally powers; it grew, as a cancer grows, out of and upon a system of conduct, domestic and foreign, that was accepted by the nations as normal.

The theory, moreover, that the real cause of our recurrent explosions is the underground machinations of "big business" is turning out to be too simple. Whatever be true of a few makers of munitions, capital as a whole does not look upon armed conflict with satisfaction. It is true that the "go-getters" risk stirring up war, and that they conduct themselves in ways that lead on to it. Yet they accept it as a necessary evil; it involves an expense—if you please—that they would like to save.

Even the active defenders of war, who place military preparedness in the front rank of national policy—even they, as a rule, deplore the necessity. As for the few persons who find in fighting a normal and desirable part of conduct, it is fair to surmise that this finding of theirs is a rationalization of one's military occupation, or of militaristic attitudes, or of the conduct of the nation that they love.

Why, then, since we really aspire to peace, do we not govern ourselves accordingly? This desire is not like that of an infant who reaches for the moon; the hindrances are within ourselves. Are we tempted to explain that "the other fellow" won't co-operate with us, won't even meet us half-way? But we now know that he is like us, and that he thinks we are "the other fellow."

Shall we say, finally, that peace delays because of inferior statesmanship in practically all the nations? Possibly this judgment upon our leaders has some justification; but even so, why is it that the people keep in power men who are so inefficient in procuring for the people what they want? There is no resisting the conclusion that, on the whole, the rulers really represent the ruled, and that the great obstacle to peace, whatever this obstacle may be, is not foisted upon us by any special agency, whether fire-eating nations, or an economic class, or unwise statesmanship.

What, then? Is some maliciously sportive devil making game of us? Certainly the view is coming to be held by an ominously large number of persons that, undesirable—horrible—as war is, it cannot be prevented because we are essentially fighting animals. Strange to relate, however, this notion is spreading at the precise juncture in the history of psychology when the least scientific support for it can be adduced. The instinctive pugnacity to which war is so often ascribed probably does not exist in the sense supposed. Evidence at hand indicates that fighting throughout the animal kingdom is primarily protective, and that it becomes aggressive only as an incident of efficient defense. We men are pugnacious from habit and tradition rather than from instinct. What is instinctive is the angry rejection of simple noxious objects and conditions. The extension of this kind of simple reaction to the complexities of international relations takes place only through secondary incitements such as propaganda, with its oversimplification of facts. In short, our pugnacious attributes do not create our international

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strains and breaks; in war our capacity for pugnacity comes into the employ of other interests. We drift into hostilities as an incident of types of conduct that we take for granted. Just so, peace will arrive as an incident of some type of social conduct that at present we do not take for granted.

Peace and war, then, are incidental to something else—strictly and literally incidental. It is not clear how we can effectively choose between them *per se*, for they are symptoms and consequences rather than real alternatives. Two girls sidled along the show windows of a city street, eagerly eying the jewels and the finery that were on display. "I will buy you this diamond ring," said one. "And I will present you with this satin gown," responded the other. But neither of them had a dollar. No more can we present ourselves with peace, or create a war-preventing mechanism, by merely fixing our desires upon them.

Far be it from me to belittle the possibilities that allure us in an association of the nations, a world court, and the outlawry of war. They can get us forward both directly—by postponements, second thoughts, the composition of differences, a habit of co-operation—and indirectly by continually bringing to the surface the real causes and alternatives with which we finally must reckon. This indirect service will prove to be the major service. For juristic devices do not of themselves reverse ancient and accepted customs, nor create the motive forces that are essential for the required new types of conduct. To attain permanent peace by any mechanism that human wit can devise is likely to be as difficult as to stop the traffic in alcoholic liquors by constitutional fiat. Is it credible that we can prevent war while the economic causes of conflict remain in full bloom? Or without dealing with the problem of surplus populations? Or without achieving new attitudes and habits with respect to racial contacts? A mixed drink made up of the nationalisms that we know is hardly a promising prescription for a "head" produced by the same beverages taken separately. Where, in our juristic schemes, are the motives that will stand the strain when a major crisis occurs, or even when a nation of first-class strength desires to have its own way with a people of insignificant strength? Already we have disturbing evidence on these points.

The reason that we do not find the pathway to peace is that our hearts are set upon ends that are inherently incompatible with it; we shall attain it only when we are devoted to activities, worthwhile in themselves, that automatically include it. A shift in our every-day valuations—something resembling a conversion-experience—is required. It is required not as a private, esoteric illumination, but as a reversal of the forces that keep men in interaction even in domestic affairs. It will take the form, not chiefly of deeper appreciation of the horrors of war or the beatitudes of peace, but rather of a determination to make the piping times of peace less like a madhouse or a bull-pen. Suppose, for example, that we should take it into our heads that nothing on earth is more to be desired than the welfare of all children everywhere—that they should have enough to eat, that they should enjoy conditions favorable to health and growth, and that each should have the privilege of an education proportioned to his powers. Suppose, I say, that we believed this with all our hearts, so that it was an axiomatic "business proposition"; is it not clear that we then should be on the highway to peace?

Such a conversion within the commonplace might come to pass either slowly or rapidly. It might possibly be accomplished by a gradual seepage of idealism into business and politics. We educators like to think of social progress as a succession of smooth transitions and painless learnings. Yet the new experience might make a thunderous entrance because of a long antecedent repression of conscience. We might some day wake up to discover that the presuppositions of statesmanship had been reversed overnight, and we might witness the miracle of international law filled with a victorious, obstacle-spurning spirit of friendliness.

But where, one will ask, is the capacity for this creative up-thrust through the crust of custom? There is an answer to this question, and there is only one answer: The creative spirit that shall renew and make glorious the daily task, the common round, will use the soul of youth rather than of age as its organ and instru-

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ment. For we have to transcend precedent, to dare, to take risks, to scorn individual and class advantage. From of old, when statesmen have found themselves at the end of their rope, when something beyond calculation and the weighing of advantages was required, youth have been mustered out, and then even war has been made morally sublime by their reckless devotion. The same reckless devotion is required for the moral ennobling of our common day. Old men cannot supply it; they cannot go over this top any more than they could have gone over Vimy Ridge. The reason is not merely that they are old and stiff in the joints, either; their specific habits, formed under a set of contrary presuppositions, make them too contented with present valuations, too intent upon security, too reliant upon mere calculation. Our elder statesmen lose life by seeking to save it; the paradox of saving life by not seeking to do so is a secret of youth.

A rational expectation of early peace, bound up as it is with a rational expectation of nobler thinking and acting in daily occupations, must rest, then, upon evidence that the youth of the world, or at least the youth who are destined for leadership, are ready, or getting ready, to reweigh our conventional values, and to act upon the findings. If our youth drift instead of rowing up-stream, we shall not have peace—or, for that matter, domestic decency—all the wisdom of the older generation notwithstanding. The resources of youth, nothing less, can assure us the victory.

How, then, are the youth of America taking life, particularly those who are likely to be the leaders twenty years hence? If we were to judge by what most strikes the eye and the ear in our colleges, we should infer that at least the young men have no horizon beyond an existence so stupidly conventional that bizarre enterprises and enjoyments must be devised as a relief from it. On the one hand, rigid social trivialities such as class customs and costumes *de rigueur*, sometimes actually approved by the college administration and enforced by official or semi-official councils; the nonsensical social distinctions between classes, and between fraternity and non-fraternity men; the degenerative inbreeding within each fraternity; the apotheosis of the athlete; the mob-silliness that goes for loyalty to the team or to *alma mater*—this on the one hand, and on the other, the pitiful stretching out, for achievement and for enjoyment, toward non-intellectual, and non-educative enterprises—this is the picture that regularly confronts us.

The extremes to which college spirit sometimes goes—the rare blossoms that spring—help us to classify the plant. An alumni club, summoning its members and the professors to a "harvest home and jamboree," thus expatiates upon what makes a university: "If you are the wise guy we think you are, you know how . . . [the university] has come to life: Football, Spirit, Endowment—a live-wire Prexy, regular fellows for trustees—a corking good Men's Club, peppy student-athletes . . . and we are going to have a bunch at the dinner—we're all lining up for it. Read what Jack and Bill say: 'Gosh! Sounds sort of interesting! How much?' 'Oh, that's easy. Two-fifty per. Gonna have the team 'n' the coach, th' band, 'n' a lot of High School fellows there. Some night, believe me.'"

Here is an instance of student enterprise: An announcement, circulated by an intercollegiate organization, says: "Seventy-five male students take part in the . . . opera . . . which is being produced at a cost of approximately $75,000, and which is perhaps the most extravagant and elaborate amateur theatrical ever attempted. The plot of the show concerns a Cinderella-type of girl named Susan who is very poor, but a most attractive artist's model. M. N., who takes this part . . . is praised highly by critics over the country. He will go on the stage in female personation after graduation, and has his limbs insured against disablement for $25,000."

What rôle in the world will be taken by students in whose academic experience athletics, fraternities, "proms," and "incidental college enterprises" are the "high spots," while intellectual pursuits and care about the tragic concerns of contemporary society are the "low spots"? Here, for the majority, is habituation to mass-action of certain types, and to the following of leaders with a loyalty that often is intense and persistent, and sometimes is blind. There is no occasion to

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slur the values of such group-attachments; but against these values must be set a habit of partisanship (our team, our "frat," our college), passive acquiescence in conventional standards, and failure to do one's thinking for oneself.

For the few, this sort of college life provides training in and for leadership of two kinds. One can hardly imagine a more effective general training for merely executive posts than the organized strenuosity that is demanded of student managers of college enterprises of many sorts. On the other hand, there is training in the fashioning and manipulation of crowds. Note the cheer-leader at the game—what masterly technic in evoking simultaneous mass-emotion! Note, at the enthusiasm-meeting that precedes the game, the equally skilful transformation of an audience into a crowd.

On both sides—the leaders and the led—this is preparation for a way of life that automatically makes for war. On the one hand, the mass, habituated to crowd-action on behalf of uncriticised loyalties; on the other hand, the leaders, driving themselves and their fellows through without any independent weighing of the costs and the results. Here we see our favored youth getting ready to conduct business upon the dog-eat-dog basis; the the church upon the sectarian basis; "our set" or "our class" upon the basis of privilege; our political affairs upon the basis of partisanship; our foreign commerce upon the basis of imperialism; our international relations upon the basis of national self-sufficiency, pride, and arrogance.

As preparation for maintaining war in its *status quo*, specific military training in the colleges is a feeble aside as compared with this pervasive moulding of a war-producing mind. The significance of the R. O. T. C. itself does not lie chiefly in military drill and the teaching of military science. The military drill-masters and teachers are not getting on very much better, in respect to student interest, than the professors of language, history, and the sciences. Where the drill is elective, it is languishing and dying; where it is required it sometimes keeps up a front by magnifying student officers, promoting intercollegiate competition, making much ado over dress and decorations, enlisting feminine interest (how old and familiar!) in uniforms and supposititious heroes, and in general by lavish use of the spot-light. Here we see the military interest, not as a reasoned conviction and devotion, but as another of the conventional college enterprises. It is no secret that students generally find the drill irksome, and that, of those who elect the advanced military courses, many are moved thereto by the very material pay that the government provides. Paid to take courses that already are rewarded by being counted toward a degree!

All this, however, is an external shell. The core of the corps is not in the drill or in the instruction, but in the habituation of the student mind to the orthodox view of national interest and policy. The constant use of certain unchallenged assumptions; the uncontested reasonings about preparedness; the unrebuked creation of prejudices, the glamour already referred to, and the sanctification of the whole as loyalty—this is a real force—a force, certainly, that does not make for any affirmative purpose or mode of life that ever would rid us of war! Rather, this is education by propaganda that at most gets us ready to win wars and does nothing to replace present customs that automatically produce them.

But this is not the whole truth about our academic youth. Many a student, though for convenience he outwardly conforms, never bends the knee of his spirit to these gods of shallowness. Moreover, a cloud "as small as a man's hand" has appeared in our parched academic sky—rather, several of them. From both administrative offices and student halls "something different" begins to show upon the horizon. Here and there a college president, as yet a *rara avis*, detaches himself from our social orthodoxy sufficiently to stimulate social criticism among students—yes, the free criticism both of the college society and of the great society that may entail rejection of even basal valuations of the present order. In the women's colleges there is a quiet ferment of thought that will make of the emancipation of women something more positive and contentful than we have foreseen. At many academic centres a creative urge is manifesting itself in the form of poetry, fiction, drama, and the independent re-ordering of thought and purpose. In my

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opinion, there is more readiness to look at actualities through one's own eyes than at any period since, as a freshman, I began to get acquainted with college situations.

Let us see how this freshness of spirit bears upon the problem of world peace. Here are students—not a few of them, now—who, feeling that the academic atmosphere is stuffy, insist upon opening the windows of criticism. The curriculum as a whole now becomes an object of study, and prior questions are raised: What are we in college for? What are the major problems that we shall have to face after graduation? What do we need to know and think about now? Wherever such inquiries have been prosecuted by students in groups or committees, the resulting proposals for curriculum improvement appear to be entirely worthy to stand alongside the opinions of presidents, deans, and professors. Now, can any one doubt that the raising of such questions even by callow youths tends to the discovery of the real and permanent values of society?

When several score students of a large institution, in conference assembled, solemnly resolve that the financial dependence of universities upon private wealth involves a danger; demand that professors shall be allowed to express their own opinions freely, and insist that students have a right to hear all sides of controverted questions—when youngsters carry on like this, what shall one think? Certainly we cannot with a whiff or a sneer put their questions into prison! These eager young spirits will deal with them in a manner more fundamental than that of my generation. And this approach—this caution toward Mammon, and this insistence upon seeing all sides—is one of the things that a war-making régime cannot stand.

Many-colored, as yet unfocalized, are these new rays. If for this reason we have not as yet, as some say, an American Youth Movement, nevertheless there is a manifest awakening of youth. Read for a year *The New Student*. Its news of doings and stirrings in many colleges; its judgments upon leaders and traditions; its scepticism of established standards; its touch of disillusionment (we know-all-about-it-and-it-doesn't-amount-to-much); its preference for the off side; its unblushing frankness—much of this will disturb us of the older generation, but it must be taken as incidental to an independent appreciation of life's values. On the other hand, read *The Student Challenge*, conducted by students who, convinced that Jesus leads the way toward the deepest fulfilments, but that this way is blocked by the customs of society and of the churches, are encouraging the most drastic criticism of the ministry, the church, the college, the economic and the political order. We shall smile, probably, when a poet among these enthusiasts sings to youth:

"In you the Past inheres, on you the Future waits;
. . . . . .
All waits upon you . . . If you fail, God fails!"

Yet, can there be any surer sign that God is not to fail than just such awakenings as this among the youths of our time?

On two occasions great intercollegiate conventions of students* have dealt with race-relations, our economic sickness, and war itself with a poised seriousness that has not been excelled by any of our more adult assemblies. That they were conventions called in the name of religion, and closely conscious of institutional bonds, makes them all the more significant. We are going to have a "showdown" in the ecclesiastical world. If the churches continue to carry water on both shoulders their youthful members will see to it that there is less naïveté in the compromise. What is more important is that their very youth makes for action, not mere contemplation. The number will increase of those who refuse to gauge their steps by the ultracautious. If this means that they will refuse belligerent service, they will do it, not because they shrink from hardship, or are unready to pay the cost of security, but rather because they are willing to pay now and in full. Even if the conscience of the extreme pacifist be a too stark and severe one, nevertheless his self-sacrificing stand performs an indispensable service in that it compels us to face the question of our ultimate valuations. In the presence of even a handful of sturdy young people who without whimpering take the "ragging" of a whole college on behalf of peace, we find

*The Student Volunteer Convention at Indianapolis, and the Convention of Methodist Students at Louisville.

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it less easy to dodge in and out among diplomatic schemes which, though they alleviate our woe, avoid paying the final cost of eradicating it.

The spirit of our civilization has been fashioned to the tools with which it works —to machinery, compulsion, contracts, management—until we have forgotten what all this paraphernalia is good for. A great mill is our civilization. Hear it hum! Yes, but what, in the last analysis, is the grist? "Because thou sayest, I am rich, and have gotten riches, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art the wretched one and poor and blind and naked." Sooner or later, in one form or another, the final alternatives between which we shall have to choose will be the simple human values toward which the critical youth of our time are lifting up their eyes.

Peace waits for youth to find something that, in youth's own judgment, is so precious that one must sell all that one has in order to possess it. We of the older generation have not found any such pearl; we have not sold all that we have, but instead we have endeavored to make ourselves secure in all that we have. As a result we have brought war upon ourselves, and are even now preparing for more of this old-man's-folly. "Old men for council; young men for war" (under the orders of the old men)? No; this is the philosophy of yesterday. It is a false philosophy, as the young have begun to see. We shall be saved from its baleful influence by their clearer vision of what is worth while. Meantime, we of the older generation could give no better proof that some remnant of wisdom abides in us than by stimulating youths everywhere to weigh for themselves our conduct of daily affairs.

The Colleges and War

BY OLIVER LA FARGE
Author of "The Human Boy and the Microscope"

IN these days and times the coming generation, and especially that part of it which goes to college, advertised well and often by ourselves and by our elders, appears always to be a welcome topic for discussion. Not the least of our acts that have brought praise and blame impartially upon us have been those connected with future wars. Our activity or our lack of interest in R. O. T. C.'s and training-camps, the attitude of our college liberal clubs, above all, the oath of non-resistance taken at the Indianapolis conference last year and its consequences, all have become matters of considerable interest outside of our own groups. We ourselves—some of us—have declaimed passionately on all sides of all questions relating to war.

Now it is time that some one of us attempted to sum up our own divergent aims and views, the ideas of men in colleges since the war, themselves not veterans, concerning warfare; and that the present writer intends to do, however incompletely. He does not intend to take sides; this article is exposition, not argument.

To follow us at all, it is necessary to comprehend two fundamental theses from which both pacifists and non-pacifists derive their differing opinions, and which give us a certain unity, for all our disagreement. The first and greatest of these is our idea of the next war—a deep and very real horror of what it will bring, and a perception of it as something not vaguely and unreally in the far future, but imminent, actual, and most important. It may be that those of our years are more imaginative than our elders, or read the rotogravure sections of the papers more attentively, or are more credulous; at any rate, one finds universally, when the next war is discussed, that boys in college gasp at the terrible things our elders are busy inventing and preparing for our delectation. There is, for instance, the much-hailed zeppelin, a creature of infinite possibilities. Again, it

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seems sure that in a decade the long-range gun, shooting seventy-five-odd miles, will be a common possession of all nations—for the gun that was used to frighten Paris was as surely and much more immediately prophetic as was the little cannon used at Agincourt "to frighten the horses"—and that means that you could shell Boston from off Newport, or Brussels from Germany. Gases have been perfected since 1918, and air-plane bombs "improved" until they hold two tons of T. N. T., a quantity sufficient to flatten several city blocks. Above all these, one marvels that the human race should have been capable of being actually willing to invent anything as incredibly horrible as the acid fire of the new phosphorus bomb. These things exist, they are being steadily "improved," it is unsafe for any country not to do so—a nice commentary on our civilization.

There can be little doubt that the next great conflict will see a mobilization of industry as well as of fighting men on a large scale. In the last war the countries at large, as well as their armies, were active participants; in the next, blows struck behind the lines will be as important and as tactically correct and necessary as blows struck against the forces in the field. This means that no civilian, however remote from the front, will be safe. It means that the destruction of cities will be, not like the relatively feeble German bombing of London, a stunt to cow the populace, but an act of concrete and defensible military value. In the last war what few laws of war civilization had evolved were either outgrown or frankly ignored. And now we are providing, in long-range guns, aircraft, gases, and bombs, the means of just such destruction as this freedom from restraints allows us.

In view of all these things, most of us feel that, at the end of the next first-class war, victor or vanquished, we shall find ourselves equally wrecked; that the next war will be, in fact, civilization's own suicide. That is not merely a resounding phrase, we mean it and we visualize it clearly. To follow the statements of opinions that this article contains, the reader must take time to make that next-war picture vivid for himself. It is in all our minds and it is essential.

Secondly, we are disillusioned and a little bitter concerning the nature and virtue of war itself. We who were too young to fight did most of our growing up under war's shadow. We learned early to read the newspapers, following war's course. For four years, more or less, those of us especially who lived in the East made little plan for a career, little choice of a profession, except this, that when we were old enough we should go and fight. We did not see the war through our own eyes, but through the eyes of well-meaning people. We were told, and we believed, that this war, while it was terrible, was nevertheless only the birth-pangs of a new heaven and a new earth. A world safe for democracy—no more wars or armies—a host of young men purified by fire—statesmen not devoted to self or nation, but to mankind—we believed all that. Then, when we moved out into the relative independence of college, the first beauty of the peace began to dawn upon an expectant world.

Let it be here understood that the writer sincerely believes we did right to enter the war, and admires the sacrifice of the men who fought in it. But the world was very abrupt in its manner of teaching us that our elders' talk of Crusades and Galahads was untrue. To us at school, the soldiers were heroes, men of a new stamp and mould, for whom we must try to be worthy, since fate decreed that we could not join them. We discussed how we must change ourselves before they came back. Then they did come back, and we found that they were only men, some of them toughened, some refined, by war, most of them unchanged, with men's vices and failings, and an earnest craving for a few good celebrations before settling down. Some of us feel that the war hurt them more than it helped them; most of us that the good and evil balanced, and that it was proven once again that man is by nature a fighter, that there is needed no earth-shaking change to turn a tailor into a soldier or a soldier back into a tailor.

As for the present state of the world—the imminence of many small wars, tinder for great ones, the corruption of states, the competition in armaments—the world has changed not one whit. The Great War was merely a great war, a large-scale prophet of worse to come, and nothing

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more. The cause was righteous, most of us believe, but our old idea of the armies of Christ and Antichrist arrayed has disappeared. In its place has come the conception of that struggle as an abominable necessity. We study history eagerly these days, and reading it, considering the present news, we foresee the next war, now distant, becoming some day just such another necessity, made so by man's stupidity, unless the world change greatly.

What, then, do we intend to do about it? That is where the split comes. Roughly, there are two schools of thought: the complete, absolute pacifists and the non-pacifists. The name of the second group is negative, but so in large measure is their doctrine.

First, then, for that much-discussed group, the complete pacifists. They startled us last year at the Indianapolis conference, a meeting connected with the Inter-Church World Movement; there some four hundred of them took a solemn oath never, in any circumstances, to engage in war or any occupation furthering a war. They swore it and they meant it. Since then the movement has continued and grown to some degree, particularly in the Western colleges. It is a new Quakerism that may well become, what it intends to be, a power to give pause to bellicose statesmen.

It is a matter of interest that whereas in France pacifism is very radical in its associations, and so also to some degree in Germany, here it begins as a church movement, and the church to-day votes rousingly Republican in most States and Democratic in the solid South. The argument by which they urge the almost categoric duty of their oath is that no one can call himself a Christian who is willing to fight. Which, as a matter of fact, is absolutely true.

In its mass, and in the manner of its initiation, this movement does smack of the unfortunate animal emotion associated with a certain type of revivalist effort, and some of its older leaders are noted religious spellbinders. The more intelligent men who have joined it, however, are serious and carefully advised. Although they are in a church movement, they subscribe to the aim and method, but often are not interested in the particularly Christian argument. Nothing is worse than war, they say; any sacrifice is worthy if it will help avert that disaster. And if that is admitted, they ask, what else can they do?

Someone, they say, must make a beginning, else we shall stand still forever. That beginning has been already overlong delayed. There are pacifists in England; on the Continent is the Youth Movement, international, pacifist, and capable of growth. Now is time to start a snowball here too, that it may gather weight and grow to a tremendous size. So they begin, knowing that their few numbers can do nothing, but with the intent that some day their numbers shall not be few. Those men have courage.

They are not to be confused with people who wish merely to avoid unpleasantness; the road of the pacifist was not easy in the last war, probably it will not be in the next. We are developing a new type of slacker nowadays, a very wise fellow. He is, often, charmingly frank. In the last war he went to Leavenworth—or he knows men who did. Either he wants to save his skin, or he is a real conscientious objector, but admits to not being of the "blood of martyrs." So he goes to the R. O. T. C. and prepares himself for a berth in the adjutant-general's office or the personnel department. One cannot like such a man, but he will be useful, being intelligent, and will release a more eager fellow for the front. No shirker wants to go to Leavenworth. They know better now.

There is one thing that must be said concerning the complete and sincere pacifists before we leave them. There is no half-way in their movement; either it must be a complete success or it will be a dismal failure. Either they must demilitarize not one country, or one group of countries, but the whole world, or they will, by half success and localized success, bring forth not peace, but war. They well may weaken a nation seriously, while still leaving it enough of a fighting force to maintain a serious and harmful defensive war, though with sure defeat at the end. Therefore, and if they mean what they say, that nothing is worse than war, they should abandon all things to make themselves missionaries of a new gospel; they must devote themselves day and night to rolling their snowball. You cannot save

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the world in the intervals of selling bonds or of attending classes.

Opposed to these thorough pacifists is a far larger group, ill-defined, unsure of itself, and divided, for which there is no better name than the non-pacifists. A member of it said recently that if every country in the world was joining the pacifists at the same rate per cent of its arm-bearing population, he too would join them gladly, but since they weren't, he felt it his duty to know how to handle a rifle, and to hold himself free to serve. They subscribe in full to the two fundamental theses—the barrenness and horror of war—that the writer has laid down. But they say also that there are conditions under which life is insupportable. More than that, in certain circumstances it is better that the country be laid waste than lose its soul. This is reminiscent, perhaps, of Belgium, and the brave words of Albert in the early, black days of 1914. With him, they say that it is better to go down fighting, lose prosperity, art, freedom in battle, than sell the freedom to keep the rest in shame. High talk if you choose, and involving a terrible sacrifice for an intangible thing, but to many of them the principle behind it is one main and important reason why they are still ready, however reluctantly, to bear arms.

More practically, they argue the danger to the world that has been already mentioned here, of the pacifist movement at this time. The world is unregenerate and full of warring nations. Some, like France, for all her Communists, latently aggressive because they are weak and afraid; others, like Japan, because they are new, cramped, full of vitality, with their way yet to carve in the world. Many of them, whatever their views on social questions, see in Russia a potent factor for trouble, with her semi-peaceful penetration of Soviet republics, her government supported in no small degree by an army, the mass of which is actuated by the peculiarly deadly aggressiveness of fanatic belief in a gospel. War, with its attendant suffering and unrest, is meat for Russia. Most of them have been, recently, profoundly shocked by the news of secret armament in Germany. That nation has made them feel that she could not be trusted. Not that that feeling is, in itself, a judgment either way on the rights and wrongs of Germany's cause since or before the war. But they felt once that if any nation in Europe was going to be indefinitely peaceful, it was Germany. They feel that no longer.

At the same time, our dearly beloved Balkan states have expanded to occupy most of southeastern Europe, and have new neighbors, the whole group forming combinations even more competent to stir up international trouble than the old gang of 1912–13.

Again, many hold that the Monroe Doctrine is the expression of a serious duty that we owe to Latin America, and that, while there are still left any body-snatching nations in the world, we have no choice but to stand ready to protect our neighbors.

In the face of all this, the non-pacifist group cannot agree that it is serving the cause of peace to swear non-resistance. They have some confidence in the peaceful nature of this country and in its now undeveloped potentialities for good; they intend to enforce its peacefulness and do what they can to make it use its powers well; therefore they think it should be well armed. This country, to them, may become in some measure a policeman, using persuasion and at times threats to maintain international equity—even as when, for instance, the threat of our fleet prevented the invasion of Venezuela by European forces. It is up to them, then, by their power within the country, to see that our strength is not misused, but their best intentions would come to naught if this country's man-power was completely pacifist.

More than all, they think that probably, when a goodly portion—say fifty per cent—of our young men had taken the pledge, we should find ourselves at war. Those who had turned pacifist then would have to stand by and see their brethren fight—which would be intolerable—or else break their oath; in which case it is the same as if they never had taken it. This last argument is one to which they can see no answer. If we could, by law, abolish utterly in this country all armed forces of every kind, the matter might be debatable, but while any men offer to fight for them, none of them can stand aside and watch. However much they may or may not approve of the actions of our troops in certain small, tropical

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countries, they would hate, having sworn pacifism, to receive protection from our Marines during an uprising in, say, Guatemala City. Therefore, again, they will not swear to non-resistance while they know that one soldier stands ready to protect their pacifism. The situation, the act, is inconceivable.

What then does this group intend to do about preventing the next war? That war should concern them greatly, since they have made it their own funeral, in a literal and rather ghastly sense. They intend to make it as obvious as they can to our politicians that international relations and prevention of war concern us now, to-day, as vitally as any domestic problem. The old, much-battered, League of Nations, the World Court—they want to make of them a beginning, just as the pacifists are making their beginning. They think little or nothing of the Disarmament Conference, since it seems to them that a lot of men who will be very old or dead when the next war breaks out, glorified themselves by limiting the construction of an obsolescent, if not already obsolete, type of war-machine.

The non-pacifists wish to bring the family of nations to the point where it would be safe, not alone for themselves, but for all the world, if they joined the pacifists. Now, they think, they do far more for peace by staying on the active list, just as a policeman is more efficient if he has a club. With the pacifists they form a group which will make it increasingly difficult, as they grow older, for this country to engage in war of any kind unless they are convinced that the cause is not only just, but worth the price.

Unfortunately, in the non-pacifist but anti-militarist group is found, not only a certain number who are thinking, but also the great and inert majority of boys at college to-day. The truth is, that between the horror of the next war and our disgust with the last, most of us have come not to think about war at all. Most boys at college accept the general thesis that war is an abomination, that they detest it, and that they will fight only when desperately necessary; beyond that they do not go. They repeat words, but do not meditate at all.

Should there be one serious war scare, to shake them out of their present attitude that war is remote and unthinkable, there will be a great change. If it is brought home to them how actual and important a matter is that maintenance of peace which they have now accepted academically and without feeling, then that body of our elders who control our foreign relations will receive a serious jolt. They repeat the sense of this article now; it is not a matter of persuading them; only, their minds turn away from the matter.

We do not care to read war stories; we discuss war very rarely; yet even now war is being forced upon our attention, with the result in the one group of a slight movement into training-camps of boys who loathe the military life and loathe it more the more they see of it, and, in the other, of the new non-resistant pacifism. In time this awakened interest may seriously affect the political parties because, for instance, no one who really dreads and clearly foresees the next war can hold with our policy of splendid isolation.

This article reads in part like an assault on all the works of our elders; and it is true that many of us feel that they are the villains on the world's stage. Partly, that is inevitable; it would be hard for them to rebuild their whole world anew to suit our conceptions. Moreover, for them the next war may well seem distant; it will pass them by. They have been, always, concerned with domestic matters, they were born and bred in Splendid Isolation.

But we grew up among Allies—"Glorious Allies"—from very early our eyes were turned across the Atlantic; we took sides, and saw the whole country taking sides, in an affair that seemed purely European, and yet concerned us nearly. While our voices were changing and our first beards growing, American troops fought in Europe and an American dominated a great European peace. We have learned to think of this country as bound in the fate of the world; we cannot in our minds conceive of it all alone, unrelated to any other. Yearly the ocean is less of a barrier; we grow steadily nearer to others in time of travel and communication. The time has come when the ever-recurrent cyclones of Europe may engulf this country too; we cannot help but think internationally.

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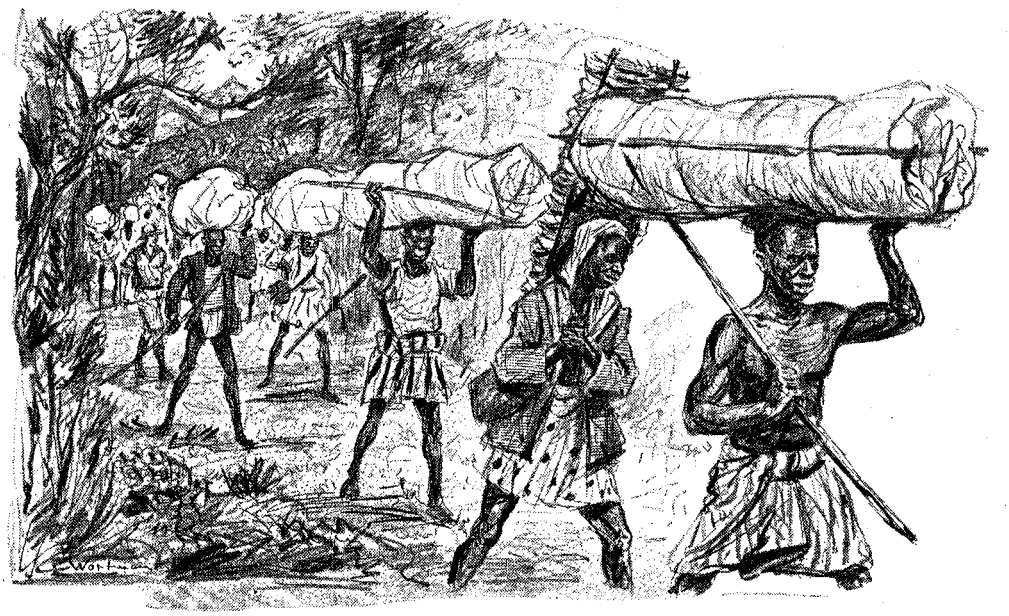

With one voice they chanted in Swahili: "Who will come to the wedding of our Master Rustporti?"—Page 19.

The Perfect Servant

BY ELEANOR STUART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENYS WORTMAN

THE news of Adrian Rustport's appointment as assistant commissioner of the Lake Province came to him, as to the dwellers on the western shore of the Great Nyanza, just three days before his actual induction to office.

His father will be recalled as the Nimrod of the nineties who first exploited Uganda, and who pioneered in the magazines as well, recording sporting Africa, which is to-day's commonplace but was then an adventure rivalling arctic romance.

Thus his son had sought Uganda at the war's close, as a pious Arab visits his father's tomb, and had there received a telegram from the Colonial Office tendering him the position of assistant administrator under Sir Batham Doyle. He accepted, with wonder that his existence was known to those exalted persons who appoint and disappoint servants of the Crown in far places.

After the runner had delivered his weighty message, which he had brought from Kampala in the cleft of a forked stick, he consumed a pint of those big ants —uncooked—which form the fashionable midday meal of the Waganda, before he slept on the ground for an hour, and departed over a too green hill to the rank foliage bordering a tumbling, muddy stream.

Adrian could have pushed him from his camp gladly, so eager was he to have his acceptance on its way. But he was wise, a thoughtful, cautious, courageous young man, and knew that in the strange social fabric of the world he was called to govern such deeds spring from native mouths to English ears, creating the terrible force called prejudice.

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He watched his messenger trotting off on the far side of the river, his cleft stick held out before him as Hermes might have carried his twisted, stiffened serpents, and in less than an hour after he had started on the trail, Adrian's safari was following him to Kampala, tents folded, skins and trophies packed.

Nine men preceded him and seven more were at his back, but with one voice they chanted in Swahili:

"Who will come to the wedding of our Master Rustporti?
Bwana Roosiavelti?
No, for he is dead. So who will come to the wedding of our master?
The Gondokoro?
No, for he is not a brother to white men. So who will come to the wedding of our master?
Who but this safari, who will ask money and a goat and much rice from him in his gladness."

The new commissioner grinned. "Cheeky devils, they'll be choosing the lady next," he whispered to himself.

Girls meant nothing to him but things that danced and ate ices, spent money, and wilted at a job of work.

He brought the eyes of possession to the three ensuing days of travel—new eyes to discern the spirit of his porters, and to study the unfolding hills of waving green, spattered with many lakes and criss-crossed with the flight of blue birds, blue butterflies. And the ground he walked on was criss-crossed too with those pathetic trails made by black feet from time immemorial, leading from water-hole to water-hole, from lake shore to lake shore. On every side of him smiled blue flowers of lucid beauty, and on the petals of the loveliest of these, he saw sometimes a fearsome beetle, sometimes a loathsome creeping thing that made him sick, as when at Cambridge he had seen the biggest bounders in the university dance with girls who were remote in their loveliness as these blue flowers of this strange wayside. At the noon rest he read his pamphlets on "sleeping sickness," feeling that a commissioner should be informed about the scourge of his countryside, and when he raised shocked eyes to the pearl-gray sky above him, he prayed that he might leave this tumbling mass of hills a little better than he had found it.

He was met by a motorcycle and a white messenger from Sir Batham, after which he travelled with rapidity over the smooth, foot-trodden paths into Kampala. He admired its golf course, drank tea in the best of its houses, waited upon its native ruler, and started by motor to Entebbe, where Sir Batham received him with a courteous vacuity.

"Ruling in Africa," he said, "is like playing the violin. It can only be done by doing it. Young men come here with theories, with aspirations, with books at their backs and dreams in their heads, but they're no good. They're as green as English June. Study the native—you'll never know him—but study him, and here and there you'll get just a glimmer that lights you through."

"Thank you, sir," Adrian answered. "Those I had with me seemed decent fellows, clean, courteous, and not shirkers."

"You didn't have to cross them, Rustport. That's where they are like children. If you cross them they turn nasty, and just when you are congratulating yourself that you're able to go on pleasing them, by Gad, they get bored and turn sour on your hands. You can have this room across from mine for your office, and come to me whenever you choose for advice. Oh, there's an old fellow here who served your father. Ever since I gave out that you were to come here as deputy, he's been knocking around waiting for you. I hear his voice under the window now. You had better see him. I hear he's a good old fellow and a good valet to boot. He speaks Swahili, and they tell me you know that too."

"I can speak it a little, but I'm hanged if I can understand it when it pours out of the mouths of the natives."

Sir Batham hit a gong on the table beside him and told the man who answered its summons to allow N'sib bin Tippoo to come in. A moment or two passed in silence before the teak door swung inward for the stately approach of an aging man, splendid in calm dignity, black as to face, bare as to feet, the white turban of an Arab luminous above his sweeping blue joho, bound in silver, which left his wide shoulders with the set and fit of a Bond Street tailor's paddock coat. Beneath this garment he wore a loose nightshirt of very fine cotton—the kanzu of the Comaro boy.

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He bent his supple body in greeting—his face lovable, if pock-marked, vanished in the process; but when he stood erect again Adrian was drawn by the look of intense admiration bent upon him.

After Sir Batham's quick word of permission, N'sib spoke, and in English. "I come," he began, "to take up my duty in faithfulness for the son, as I did always for his father, for which he gave me these photographs and money, and two letters by his hand, no machine-made letters, after he went home, two months before his dying. I have also your picture when you were a little child in England. Ah!" the man cried in delight, "you were a fierce child, M'kali sana—very fierce, indeed, no nurse, no teacher could come near to you."

Adrian was surprised at this rendering of an innocuous childhood, but Sir Batham explained to him parenthetically that this statement was but the routine of well-bred compliment.

N'sib was unfolding a handkerchief of Manchester manufacture and hellish pattern. He produced from it photographs and letters exactly corroborating his statements, with the exception of the sub-commissioner's infantile ferocity.

Adrian stood face to face with his former self in long clothes, in a sailor suit, and later as he had appeared in his second term at Eton. His father's pictures interested him immensely. He had never seen them before; they had been taken in Zanzibar, in white clothes, as a souvenir of the hospitality he had received there. His eyes moistened as he looked at these things. He read the letters, N'sib's recommendation, instructions as to luggage being forwarded, before he said with decision: "I will try you as my servant and hope for the satisfaction which my father expressed with what you did for him."

"I begin from this hour," N'sib answered quietly.

No story of Africa can be told without a registry of that scene in which a master chooses the servant who suits him. To those for whom the strange life of the Dark Continent has charms, the body-servant—the bearer—becomes an interpreter of all that life offers; whether of happiness, or of grief, of comfort, or of material dissatisfaction.

In the days that followed, N'sib never spoke, except when he was spoken to; he was never a moment late, or a minute early; his quiet voice was the first sound Adrian heard in the morning. His "kwaheri" (for happiness) was the last sound he heard at night. Often he caught him running his dark hand, with unspeakable satisfaction, over his evening coat, as it hung from the back of a chair; often he found him standing by the uncurtained window of his bedroom darning his silk socks with the beautiful smoothness and regularity which amazed him.

He was not, however, skilled in the replacing of buttons, which he sewed so flat against the fabric that they could not be forced through the buttonhole. A curious sense of protection came to him from this man's service, and he often congratulated himself that N'sib did not concern himself with any part of his life but his wants at the table, the condition of his wardrobe, and the amount of assistance he required in dressing. For Adrian had not the knack of conversing lightly with servants.

His social life was a very serious part of the work of administration. Night after night he dined out, or gave dinners, as the case might be. His hours in office were long, the questions they presented were ofttimes perplexing, but the case of Pedro Coutinho y Pes was the most difficult thing that he, or Sir Batham, had to handle.

Involving stolen lands, considerable profits in cotton, an old government sanction to a scheme little understood, and but partially recorded, he often spent an hour recapitulating what might be real evidence or mere perjury. It was in the midst of his investigation and the doubts that grew from it that Coutinho, himself, came to Entebbe, and with him Andalusia, his eldest daughter. They had not been in the town half an hour before the news of her beauty was received at Sir Batham's table at tiffin. The eight men at the top of the local government were discussing the curry, with yellowed forks, and gamboge gravy steaming in their deep plates, when Mr. Marsden, the missionary, observed in his quiet way that Pedro's daughter had affected him a little like the "Moonlight Sonata." General Bates, dictator of the King's African Rifles, had laughed in forthright fashion,

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declaring that he had seen her and asked her to dance with him as much as she possibly could on the ensuing evening.

"If a girl like that," he added, "should get to London with any kind of an introduction at all, she would upturn empires. She can sing like a witch—she can play the piano very nicely indeed, and if she looks like the 'Moonlight Sonata' I would like to photograph that work, if the copyright permits."

A slow feeling of disgust came over Adrian. He knew what these beauties in the backwaters of barbarism always looked like. He knew instinctively. A line of Gilbert's recurred to him, describing some female in the 'Bab Ballads': "Her principal feature was eye and her staple accomplishment gush." He put the whole matter from his mind until tea-time, when Pedro called, with Andalusia at his side.

"I come," he began, "to take up my duty in faithfulness for the son, as I did always for his father."—Page 20.

Pedro was strong, well-knit, merry. His hard hand gripped with friendly pressure, his wicked dark eyes rolled conceitedly in a bullet head covered with waving white hair. His was a strange, cat-like distinction. One felt he gloried in himself and sympathized with him in his satisfaction.

But Andalusia was cast in a mould of perfection; her hair was fine and very black, her pallor inclined rather to gray than to cream, her strange eyes were faultless—their expression of brooding tenderness lured all upon whom they gazed to some reciprocal, some answering, endearment. Her little feet carried her slender height to conquest. If her clothes were in advance of the demands of the wilderness, one accepted them as the outward and visible sign of paternal pride.

She had not been seated in Sir Batham's pretty drawing-room for ten minutes before the entire personnel of his government was sitting there too.

Adrian felt his heart rise in a strange, slow surge. He did not walk home with her, only because he was not quick enough. He was appalled at the feeling which engulfed him. Slowly, regretfully almost, he went to his bedroom, standing at the window where N'sib so often sewed, watching the gay party in its progress along the road to the lake.

General Truman, inspector of colonies, arrived that evening by steamer from Kisumu, and a bedroom was assigned to him, whose veranda and bath he shared with Adrian. His servant was a Madrassee, and in the unspoken tyranny exercised by an Indian over the negroid Arab, N'sib was soon waiting upon this gentleman's gentleman when not actually occupied with his own master.

The two body-servants had more than

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one language in common, and their voices might often have been heard in what seemed a toneless monologue, except for a quick and occasional question. Their masters became friends with less rapidity, but equal firmness, so that two absorbing sympathies dawned in Adrian's soul—the one for a wonder-woman, the other for an old soldier who had served his country well.

Andalusia's music meant nothing to him. He would sit in a corner of the boraza at tea-time while she played her guitar and sang the dance-songs of remote Spanish districts. He never understood her voice, for here and there it developed a dry, cackling quality which offended his critical faculty, but her hands, her face, and the turn of her glorious shoulders enslaved him pleasantly. She talked but little, but laughed a good deal; the even line of perfect teeth surprising him again and again with their flash and brilliancy.

He indulged in dreams of his power to dissuade her from the use of strong magenta and challenging yellows, of fantastic patterns and of perfumes so strong that he recoiled from them. He also pictured her in the house that he would one day inherit from his uncle, and knew her to be lovelier than any lady there, represented by some dozen portraits from the master hands of generations now no more than names and the humble dust.

He was able to clear away aspersions and sinister indications in the matter of Pedro's land and cotton interests. The whole thing began to look more like carelessness and less like dishonor. He worked with steady intensity and deep satisfaction, establishing a reputation for industry and acumen, and as a reward he drew nearer to the girl whose father he had benefited.

Pedro saw it with delight, but he was a Latin and never let a situation with any woman alone for a single instant.

Adrian, however, was a cautious man, and the more the father's desire became apparent, the slower he was to publish his own. Not that he was any the less impressed with Andalusia, but that curious Scotch attribute of withholding what is sought, suspended him in the act of choice. Dignity and a habit of keeping his own counsel prevented gossip. Every man in the government, the merchants and railway officials from Kampala—in fact, every male who possessed the entrée to Pedro's house and garden—admired Andalusia so frankly that Adrian's preference was screened.

One evening in late November Sir Batham gave a dinner, with music and dancing to follow, and by a strange exercise of ingenuity Adrian induced Andalusia to look at a collection of beetles with him—a collection which had been sent to General Truman in the hope that, as he was something of a naturalist, he might give advice as to its disposal and sale. Glass-covered boxes were placed upon tables in a darkened room, while with a flashlight the couple moved from insect to insect. It was an entrancing hour to Adrian, and Andalusia's laughter floated softly through the shadowy space, and as his torch illuminated a hideous insect, it would also light up a bit of her beauty, her hand, her throat, her cloud of blue-black hair. Their interview prolonged itself. It was General Truman's voice, in the corridor, which brought them to a sense of other places, but when he entered with Pedro, Adrian saw at a glance that the lively Latin was about to make a pretense of displeasure.

He spoke to his daughter with visible acerbity and was as menacing to Adrian himself as he dared to be.

General Truman pressed the young man's arm with a very cryptic smile before Pedro took his daughter, himself, to the room where the guests were dancing, and Adrian, shocked out of his reflective satisfaction, moved into the open air and paced up and down before the long house with its brightly lighted windows. Half an hour afterward he entered the dancing room, going at once to Andalusia and asking her to dance with him.

"My father is too terribly angry with me," she began piteously. "I'm sorry the beetles interested me so much that I forgot time as it passed us."

Involuntarily he held her a little closer. "He'll forget all about it in the morning," he said lightly, "when he reflects how perfectly safe I am and how well disposed to him."

"I know," she answered, "he will not fight with you, but he will punish me. Portuguese men have a rigid sense of propriety—for Portuguese women."

A little sense of injustice ruffled Adrian's serenity—not of an injustice toward Andalusia, but toward himself. He felt

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From a drawing by Denys Wortman.

He would sit in a corner of the boraza . . . while she played her guitar and sang the dance-songs of remote Spanish districts.—Page 22.

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a lack of sincerity. The scene was trumped-up, factitious, cheap. But for this he might have declared himself frankly. Instead, and in silence, they gave their young strength to the music and turned and trod as the dance tune dictated and the space permitted.

He did not say good-night to Pedro, but smoked with General Truman, an amused sense of the pomposity of Latin civilization diverting him as he listened to comments on the scene before him. He was determined to withhold his proposal for Andalusia no longer than the next afternoon. He watched her depart with her father, believing that life with him would be a great relief to her, and in the early morning a new care came up in the government world, which called upon him for incessant labor till past ten o'clock.

Crossing the hall with a memorandum for his chief, he met General Truman coming in from his morning saunter.

"Pedro," the old gentleman cried merrily, "has sent his girl off to Naivasha to visit some woman. She left for Kampala to join Captain Merriman and his wife; they are to go direct to Kisumu, and Mrs. Merriman is to convoy the beauty down the line and get the trip free as her reward. Mrs. Belling has told me all this news from her bedroom window, her classic brow darkened with a boudoir cap."

Adrian was inexpressibly shocked. "How unjust!" he cried. "How terrible! Poor girl, she was having a delightful time here."

"Well, she will there, too," Truman answered lightly. "Beautiful ladies, provided they like admiration, always do have a good time."

His memorandum delivered, Adrian rushed to his room, wrote a formal declaration, coupled with an offer of marriage, and then turned gravely to N'sib, who was mending a blue sock with purple cotton, in his usual place at the window.

"N'sib," he said gravely, "I want you to hire a motor and, taking this letter, start at once for Kampala. I want you to give the letter into the hand of Miss Coutinho and tell her that, if she likes what I say in it, she is to telegraph from Kisumu. You understand?"

"I understand," N'sib answered faintly. He folded his work and passed from the room, drooping a little, as it seemed to his master.

His attitude at parting haunted Adrian through hours emptied suddenly of their chief interest and foremost comfort. He recalled the old woman in the fairy-tale who rolled a second cheese down the hillside to bring the first one back.

General Truman drove with him to a naturalist's bungalow far from the town, and he lost himself for a little while in discussions of the eternal plan to turn papyrus profitably into material from which—like wood pulp—paper can be made. On the return drive General Truman slept comfortably and Adrian was left with his mind like a parade-ground upon which warlike thoughts manœuvred. By the time they had regained Entebbe, he had decided to go to Pedro with his demand in form, but his chauffeur, one of those Scots who swing back and forth from alcoholism to inspiration, told him that Pedro was still in Kampala, so that the telephone seemed the simplest method of approach, except for the capricious publicity which sometimes attends its use.

Waiting is the world's hardest work, but Adrian did wait day after day with anxiety about his servant and the annoyance of a new valet to offset his blank surprise that Andalusia had not answered him.

On the evening of the day following N'sib's departure, a messenger had appeared at Government House with a conservative report of N'sib's illness and presence in Nemerembi Hospital. Early next morning his master obtained speech with one of the staff, to learn that N'sib was really very ill with pneumonia.

"He is very delirious," the doctor said, "and as we have known him for a long time and are very fond of him, he has been put into a private room and has special nursing. He is a dear old man, and we all hate to see him suffer."

Adrian fought depression manfully, but Sir Batham saw that he was blue and tired, and General Truman attempted to entertain him as if he had been a child. On the fourth day of N'sib's illness, he proposed their going on the lake in a motor-boat for a change of scene and occupation. It had rained two or three times in the twenty-four hours, in inconsequent Uganda fashion, and the sky was still pearl-gray, the earth steaming. Heat

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encompassed one like a sticky pall, while yet a wind blustered unexpectedly, blowing steadily from no quarter.

They took with them food and a bottle of wine and left the land's green glow for the island-dotted waters of the Great Nyanza. The general wanted to see hippos at home, with no thought of killing them, so they ran down the shore toward Jinja, where the boatman said he had but lately seen a hippo family.

It was as they returned from this quest that General Truman, in his quiet voice, began to speak of Pedro and expressed a certain guarded surprise that the government had taken him so seriously.

"We have to," Adrian answered, with a sigh. "The validity of his title to all those cotton lands involved our honor or the intelligence of our predecessors. Those things make or break the influence of people like us in a land like this."

Adrian's own sorrow, his own shame, left him as he looked down on the fading man whose one idea was service.—Page 27.

Truman drew a long sigh. "I first met that fellow Pedro," he observed, "in Indo-China twenty years ago. His wife was with him then—the only beautiful Indian I ever saw."

Adrian said nothing, but his knees seemed suddenly to unlock. He felt as if he sprawled, fawning on fate, praying to be spared the blow that had fallen.

"And was this Indian woman," he

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asked manfully, "the mother of the inimitable Andalusia?"

"Oh, yes," Truman answered, "and Andalusia suggests her. That was why I was thankful to see that you knew your way about when Pedro tried to force your hand the night of the dance. His grandchildren, his son's family that is, I saw in Colombo three years ago. They're Indians, little Baboos, who had never been in the East until that winter. Their English education was called 'being brought up at home,' and yet you would see such brats in any native compound in the length and breadth of India. The mother is half French, half Austrian, and a blonde at that."

Adrian shuddered, and a vision of the acres of his coming inheritance sickened his soul as if an undeniable reproach had been spoken in the voice he most loved.

"I felt rather sorry," Truman continued, "for that young fellow Blakely, that railway chap from Kampala. He really loved that girl, of all you young men who enjoyed her beauty. Gad! The merging of race and race is a bitter process for those to whose lot it falls, and old Pedro was a wicked old man when he offered a native girl marriage."

"Do people know?"

"Yes," Truman replied. "Sir Batham tells me he had his wife in Mombosa one season."

"I didn't know it was generally known," Adrian observed stiffly. "I, myself, have never mentioned it to any one." He would not confess that he had never guessed or heard this literally dark secret.

"I think you should. Things of that sort should not be hid. They complicate life too tragically."

Silence fell upon them, and the little boat nosed into the darkened shore while Adrian's mind, sickened and confused, prayed heartily that Andalusia's answer might be "no." He no longer loved her. He pitied her with all his soul, but he knew that he would never even try to go through with his bargain. He would rather tell her frankly that he had not known her origin, that he could not impose her strain upon his descendants, and that the sense of native blood in an equal had made her detestable to him. He felt physically sick as he thought of his children as cousins of those Baboos of Ceylon. Like some marauding cur pelted with refuse, he dodged the missiles of his thoughts.

A government runner gave him two written messages on his arrival, copies of telephoned words. Nemerembi Hospital had twice called him and asked in turn that he call them. In less than fifteen minutes he was hearing that N'sib could not last another twenty-four hours—that his mind was clear, and that he wanted to look upon and to speak with his master and the son of his master before he left this battered body to recapture youth in the garden of the Prophet he had served.

"Now if you are coming to Kampala," Doctor Cook's kind voice continued, "make it soon, and give this old hero a treat. He is living for you as he lived for your father. In my mind's eye I can see those two splendid examples of different races walking up Mengo Hill in their dignity and friendliness—it must be twenty-five years ago."

"Cook," Adrian cried eagerly, "I'm getting into a motor as soon as I can get through a little work here. I'll be with you before morning."

"I thought you'd come," the doctor said quietly.

When Adrian set out, the rough and wearying wind had died down. Stars pricked through the night's velvet, and native drums throbbed in its heavy curtain, beating out from hill to hill a message of the day's doings. As the motor scuttled along the road, white-clad natives hummed obsequious greeting—a greeting no other part of the planet has ever conceived.

The flash-lights of wild and feline eyes floated through his misery as shooting stars floated above his consciousness when he raised his eyes from time to time to the upper regions of an oppressive night. Streams tinkled as the motor slowed down for a soft bit in the road. He saw a silver cloud, invaded by the light of a late moon, empty shining rain into the lake's dark surface. He could not sleep. A sense of degradation had supervened, the wickedness of Pedro's silence, the wistfulness of his daughter. His own self-sufficiency and utter downfall chastised him with each turn of the motor's wheel.

He arrived at the hospital only as the gray gleams of day's beginning—the false

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morning of the Oriental poets—picked out the wet places in the serried trees to his right. Peace and order, watchers in the night, the stillness of a precinct dedicated to repose, unnerved him with a message of successful plans, of sound schemes, stoutly adhered to. The disorder of this present hour in his own life stabbed him afresh. The memory of Andalusia was like a horrible emetic. He hated her. His hot hands were groping their way to her father's throat. He was unworthy of himself, of his strain. Even a wolf or a hyena knows its own genus.

Limp, mortified, he followed the trim, starched figure of the night nurse who had received him to the room where N'sib lay.

She blew out the lamp as they entered and passed beyond into a bathroom, where she turned off an electric light. The dawn had widened without, and in its glowing light he saw the old face, clean shorn, except for the scimitar curves of its wide mustache, smiling among its wrinkles. His turban sat shapely upon a chair at the bed's head, and very slowly the old hand crept out to it, to cover the head that had gleamed baldly but a moment before.

"What news, master of masters?" he inquired in a little thread of voice that issued from a region of convulsive choking.

"Good news," Adrian replied, in the fashion of the people he governed, for they seek the omen always.

A confession of bad news brings more sorrow.

"The great master," N'sib returned pleasantly, "father of the master of masters, called me his perfect servant for the manner of eggs I always brought him, on and off for seventeen years, and never one morning a dishonorable egg. 'A perfect servant,' he called me. 'Bringer of perfect eggs for the breakfast of a hunter.' Son of my master, write me a chit, a recommendation, that the messenger who stands here now to take me to the Prophet may read that the son also calls me 'his perfect servant.'"

N'sib was persuasive, not dramatic, and by the light of a day full grown with tropic suddenness, Adrian wrote the recommendation on the nurse's chart beside him, reading it aloud to the quiet face that seemed to listen with more than ears, to hear with more than intelligence. The wrinkled hand fumbled under the sheets it fingered incessantly, and produced, at this last meeting, what Adrian had not seen since their first, the handkerchief of Manchester make and demoniac design.

"In this," the weakening voice persisted, "will be found the laundry list. Also the account of the forty-two rupees you owe to the tailor. My chits, too, are here, and I ask you to burn those, lest some servant steal them. Having stolen my honor, he might take his chance to cheat a good master, and I ask you when a wet day comes in England, and, like your father, you look about for a book to chase the dull hours away—I ask you to think of N'sib instead and to say, 'I honored him. I came to him at his death like a son.'"

Adrian's own sorrow, his own shame, left him as he looked down on the fading man whose one idea was service. It ceased as he seized the strange brown hand nervously occupied with the white edge of his blanket, and a sob struggled in him for a moment. He could not have told why; he who had seen so many men die. The nurse tapped him cheerfully on the shoulder, and a young doctor hurried calmly in. They pushed Adrian from the room, and he walked to and fro in the freshness of the morning. Fifteen minutes later the doctor passed him.

"Is he any better?" Adrian asked.

"He has just died," the young man answered calmly. "Dear old fellow, I'm sending a boy down to tell his son."

Adrian raised his eyes to the pearl-gray sky and dropped them again to the verdant tiers of the hills his father had trod with N'sib beside him. He felt as if that stout soul paused for a last look at him before he passed on forever with the messenger of whom he had spoken.

The package wrapped in the gay handkerchief, which he was carrying under his arm, caught his eye and he opened it. Within were his wash list, his father's photographs and his own, his tailor's account, two doctors' prescriptions for which he had had need at Entebbe, and under these his own letter to Andalusia, unopened and, of course, God be praised, undelivered. In its upper left-hand corner was penned in N'sib's strange writing: "Very speecial. Sahib's servant's privvle-edge. Not give letter to lady traveller."

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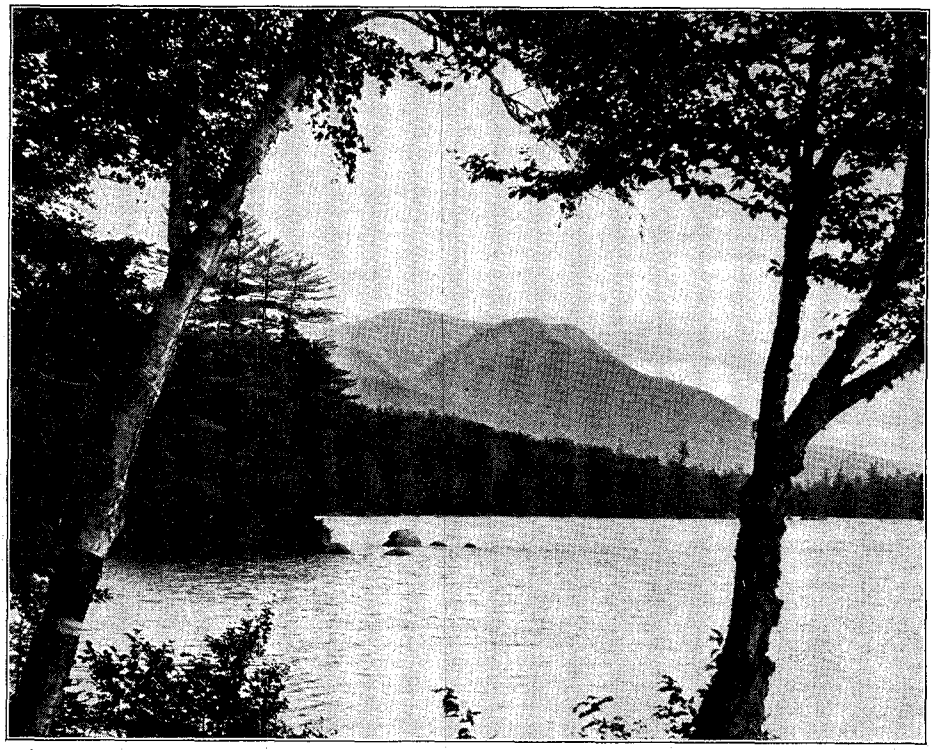

Katahdin from Slaughter Pond.

Lord of the Wilderness

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN Thoreau poled up the West Branch of the Penobscot in 1846 and climbed beside Abol Stream and over the timber-line spruce to the table-land of Katahdin (which he spelled, as is now again the fashion, Ktaadn), he commented on the fact that while he seemed to be penetrating into the virgin wilderness, actually the lumbermen had been before him and culled out the largest pine. A great storage-dam now spans the West Branch at Ripogenus Gorge, and Thoreau would hardly recognize Chesuncook Lake, so high are its waters raised. Yet such is the wonder of renewal in this forest that almost as in his day you can wander for miles and miles through its trails and tote-roads, or carry your canoe by the rocky footpath around Pockwockamus Falls (if you have the strength and the knack to heave up a canoe on your shoulders), and feel yourself still in the virgin wilderness.

There are two approaches to Katahdin, the superiority of either depending on what you are after. If you seek the immediate sight of its sternest aspect and a try at its most difficult line of ascent, you will go in from the east, coming at once into the Great Basin, a mile in diameter, ringed on three sides by 2,000-foot walls, and seeing at once the famous chimney (famous, at least, among Yankee moun-

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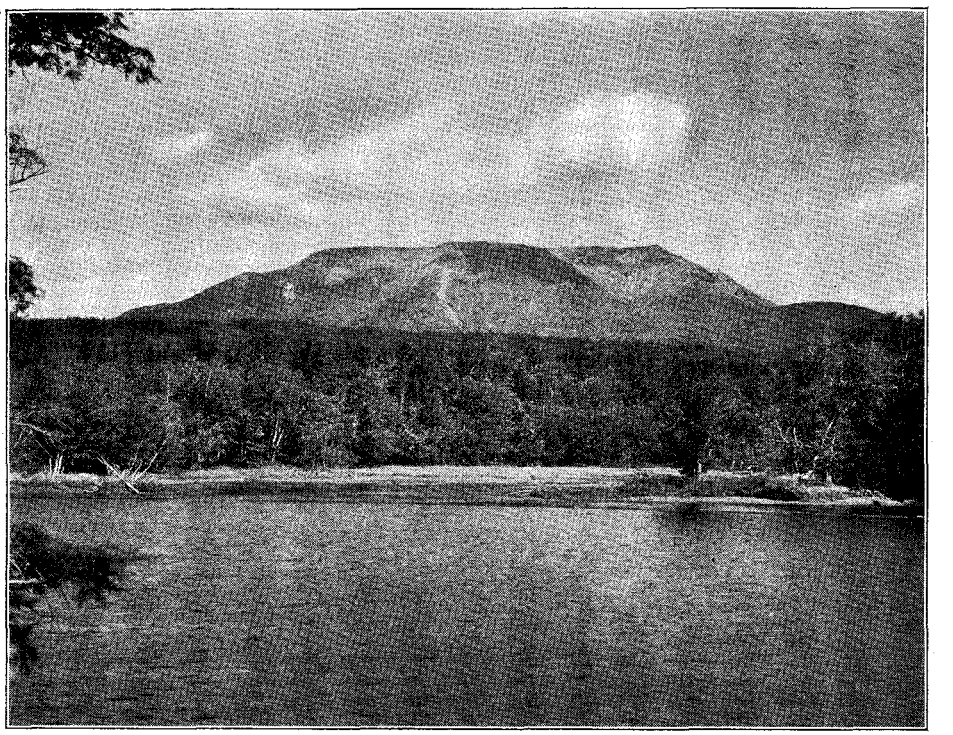
taineers, who can boast of no more difficult rock climb). But if you seek the feeling of the wilderness, the soothing oblivion of the virgin forest—for it should not be forgotten that most of the hardwood stands in the Maine woods are virgin timber—the thrill of poling up swift rapids and paddling through silent dead waters, and then the long grind up Katahdin's shoulder and the mile walk over the subarctic table-land, till the precipices of the Great Basin at last burst upon you as a climax at the summit, then approach the mountain from the west; and if you have the time, take three days for the ascent, spending two nights at the cabin by Abol Slide. A night on Katahdin, above the moonlit forest, and the lakes like chains of quicksilver vanishing into mystery, with the mountain bulk behind you climbing upward to the stars, is a night not soon forgotten, though not easily attained.



Site of Thoreau's camp at the mouth of Abol Stream. The white streak on the side of Katahdin is Abol Slide. Thoreau climbed some distance to the right.

The fires of autumn were beginning to flare all along the banks of the West Branch as we poled and paddled and portaged our way up-stream one recent September. The weather was warm, the sun bright, and the rampart of Katahdin ahead on our right, gold and green till the gray of its naked granite began, was like an invitation. Nothing is more lovely than the Maine woods in autumn, because of the peculiar richness of their color. There are innumerable soft maples which turn every shade of red, from vivid scarlet to deep claret, and these colors alternate everywhere with the golds of the rock maples, birches, and lower shrubs, and are intensified by the vivid greens of the young spruces and balsams (sometimes, indeed, the balsams are almost as blue as a Colorado spruce), which push up their shapely spires in every inch of available space, and by the more sombre green of the scattered hemlocks and, now and then, an aged pine, veteran of the forest that has gone, towering fifty feet above all the other trees. The dark, still reaches of the Penobscot, where we glided close

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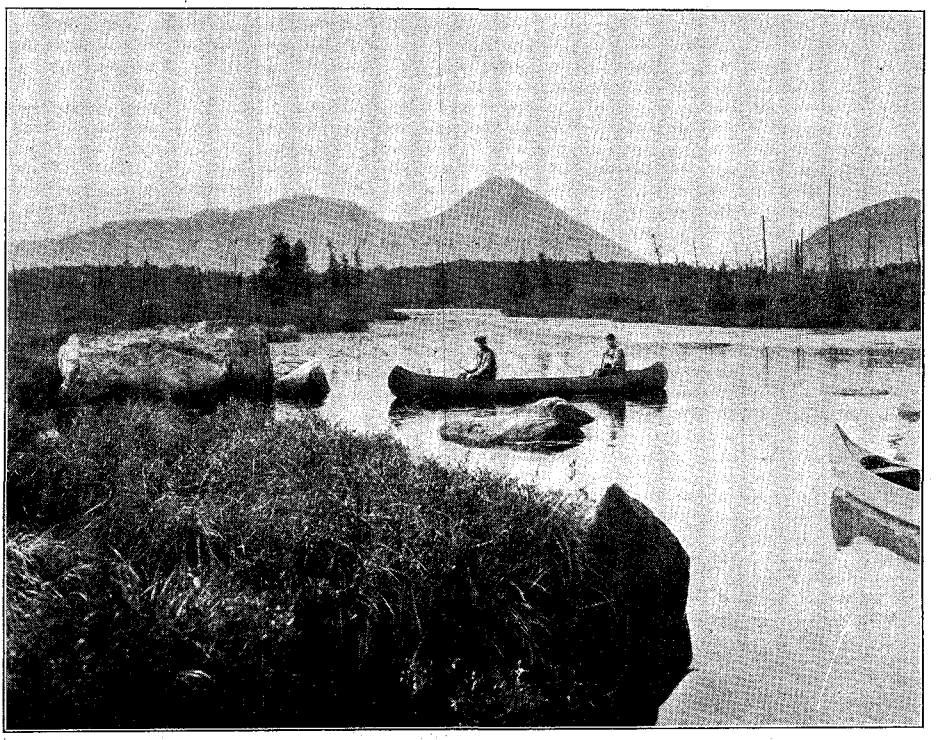

Lilypad Pond, ringed with a ghost forest and solemn blue mountains.

The Katahdin table-land, a mile high, the last spot in Maine where caribou were seen.

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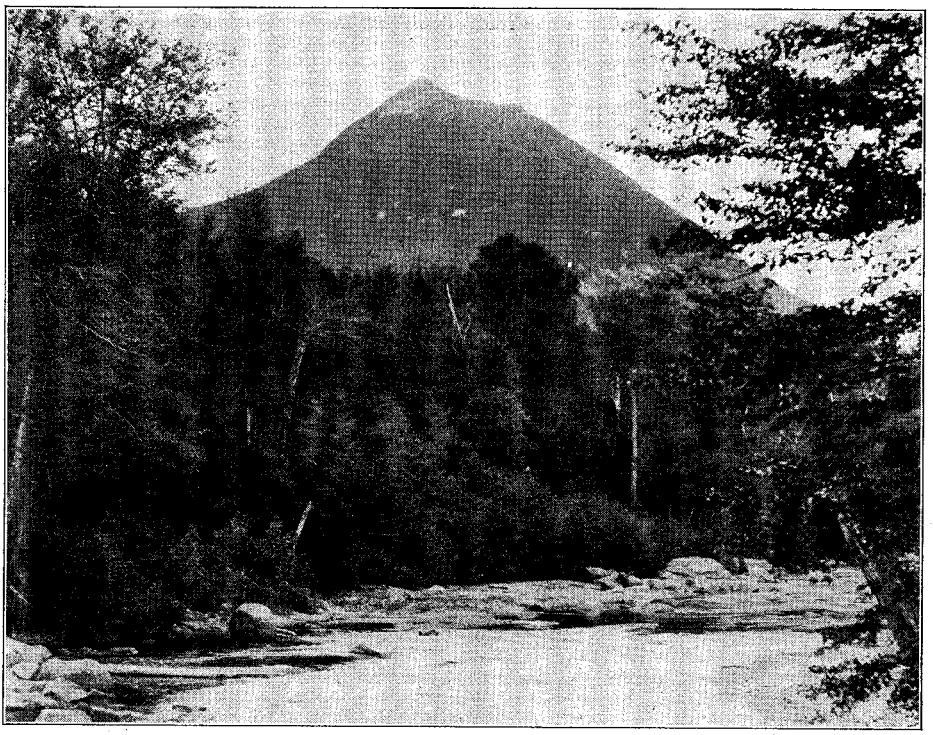
inshore to avoid the pull of the midstream current, mirrored the glory of the banks, and ahead of us, up this lovely lane, a great blue heron sailed on placid wings, while a little flotilla of black ducks swam and dove in the current, and each stretch of river was patrolled by a kingfisher. The only visible token of man was the pulpwood lodged along the shore, or bobbing down-stream to the mill that would chew it up into paper, whereon to print the silly doings of the world we had left behind.



The brown water came chattering out of a vista that framed the pyramid of Double Top.

I insisted on carrying my canoe around Pockwockamus Falls. Perhaps insisted is hardly the word, since my guide offered no convincing opposition. I demonstrated that I could do it, but I also proved conclusively to myself that I possessed two shoulder-blades insufficiently protected by fleshy covering. We passed, on the water, the mouth of Abol Stream, where Thoreau camped for a night before beginning his attack on the then pathless mountain. An old bateau, gray with age, was beached there, its overhanging, pointed bow and stern curved gracefully upward, and it might have been the ghost of the craft that brought Thoreau to the spot. Soon after our poles began to ring on the rocks, as the guides, standing in the sterns of the canoes, fought up the rapids, now finding bottom at a plunge, now hitting a submerged rock off which the shod pole slipped while the canoe quivered and seemed fated to slide back on the rush of the current. A Penobscot boatman "reading water," holding his canoe, up stream or down, free of the rocks and logs, using to his advantage every eddy and backwater, and fighting easily with his two arms and a slender spruce-pole the downrush of a river, is as pretty an illustration of physical co-ordination and applied skill as the sports of man afford. The ring of his iron-shod pole amid the white rapids, and echoed from the walls of the forest, is an added music to the roar of the waterfall.

We left our canoes bottom side up in

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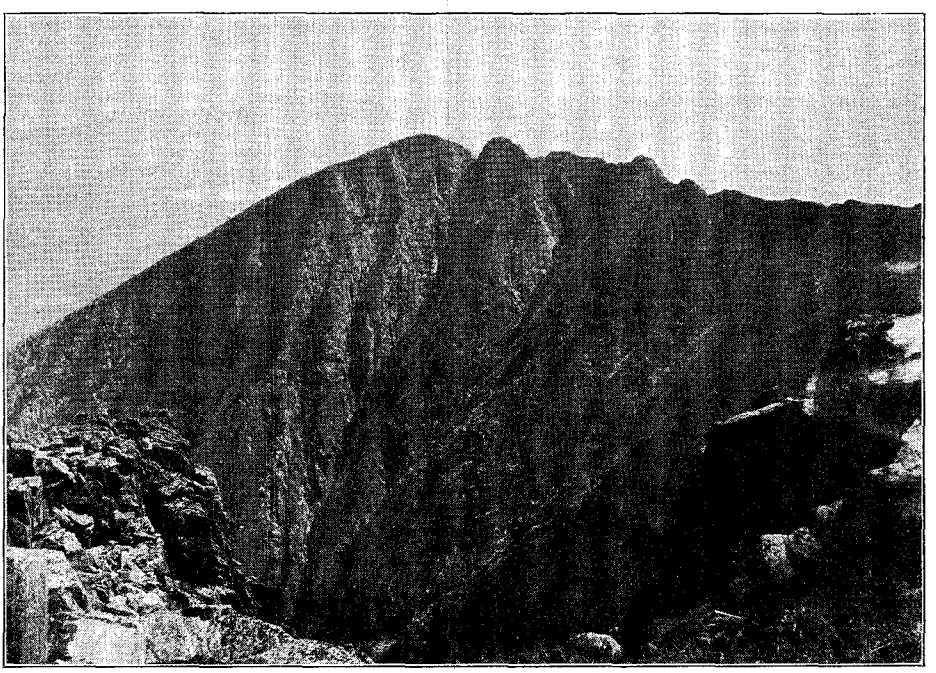
the bushes where Sourdnahunk Stream pours down the ledges into the West Branch, and followed a moist and rough foot trail for three miles up that conversational tributary till it became suddenly quiet behind the rotting ramparts of an old log dam, and we reached the outlet of Lilypad Pond. It was past sunset now, the west aglow with rose and gold, as we pushed out in the canoes awaiting us out a drop right into the deep ravines and peaked granite of old Katahdin's flanks. The whole towering and massive bulk of Katahdin was flushed amethyst with the sunset, and looking upward to its battlements day yet seemed bright. But looking downward again into the ghost forest around the black pond, we could feel night creep from the shadows. The world was utterly still, utterly lonely, and



Looking across the Great Basin of Katahdin to the Knife Blade ridge. The chimney, most difficult rock climb in New England, can be plainly seen just to the left of the centre of the picture.

there, upon the almost jet-black tarn. The old dam had flooded back enough to kill the trees for some distance around Lilypad, and what remained of them now stood up from the sedges like gray ghosts of a forest. As we slipped noiselessly out upon the molten black enamel, the whole mountain prospect about us, invisible for several miles back because of the forest, burst suddenly on our sight, under the flush and mystery of dying day. To the north rose the sharp cone of Double Top, rippling away in lower summits to the west, and in color an exquisite gun-metal blue. Just east of that was a dusk-filled gorge, and then the steep side of Oji went up, coming southward on our right with-

beautiful beyond speech. Yet it found adequate speech as we were making the last half-mile portage beyond Lilypad. A belated whitethroat fluted his song through the twilight, and across the dim trail two barred owls called to each other softly, like the very voice of the forest.

Our final paddle was toward the friendly lights of Hunt's Camp across Kidney Pond, and the welcome whang of the supper-bell came to us over the dark water before our keels beached. That night, as we climbed to bed in the snug log cabins, the loons were laughing out on the lake, and we knew we were camped in the north woods at last. He who does not thrill to the lonely night laughter of

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a loon is not fit to associate with the wilderness.

The next day we made seven or eight miles over an old tote-road, to the base of the Abol Trail, before luncheon, and three miles more in the afternoon, carrying our dunnage up a thousand feet or more to the cabin. At the very start the road crossed Sourdnahunk Stream at a point where the banks were lined with great elms like a village street, and the brown water came chattering southward out of a vista that framed the blue pyramid of Double Top. For two or three miles the road led through a cutting only twelve years old, but already renewing itself with a myriad small balsams and spruces. For the rest of the way, it passed over the black, rich mould of the ancient forest floor, where every fallen and rotted log, every decayed stump of a pine (cut, perhaps, before Thoreau's day), was an exquisite and tiny garden of lichens and plumed or tree moss, and tight-growing winter snowberry-vines, and twin flower-vines, and six-inch-tall spruce and balsam and birch seedlings, almost like the trees in a Japanese dwarf garden. Looking into the forest, to be sure, we saw few large evergreens, but everywhere the great trunks of yellow birches, white birches, sometimes beeches and elms and maples, went up with that columnar majesty of virgin timber.

In the black mud of the tote-road, too, was a record of the wilderness inhabitants. In a single spot, made ideal for tracking by a light rain two days before, I saw the deep print of a moose's hoof, the track where a fox had trotted leisurely down the road, the track of a wildcat, also travelling along the road, the curious paw print of a porcupine, with its little pebbled markings, and the print of a deer which had crossed the trail at right angles. A little farther on a bear had used the trail, a partridge had scratched, and a skunk had dug for grubs. This may be a tote-road for the few men who use or inhabit the wilderness, but they are not numerous enough upon it to prevent its use as a game trail, too. Not much farther on we picked up a second bobcat's tracks, smaller than the first. At least two cats, then, had been along since the shower, about their secret business. A varying hare, or snow-shoe rabbit, so unused to man that he seemed tame, actually sat in the trail and looked at us till we were within ten feet of him.

The first two miles up the mountain to Abol cabin leads through timber which has never been cut. The path ascends without oppressive steepness over that indescribable soft carpet of black mould and moss and rotted wood which is the floor of the virgin forest, and everywhere, to right and left, in the gloom of the spruces, you cannot see a rock or a patch of ground which is not dank green with the moist mosses. The path crosses almost a dozen brooks, the largest being Abol Stream itself, up which Thoreau ascended. On this trail we not only saw where a bear had been pawing open a bee's nest in a stump, and the six-inch-deep hoof-prints of a moose, but in the thick bushes and blow-downs to one side we heard a big animal crashing away from us.

The last mile to the cabin is through a thinner, dwarfed forest, up the lower gravel and rocks of the big slide, and though moose tracks abounded, and we could see where the animal had nipped shoots off the balsams, we were mostly paying strict attention to the job of toting up our hot and heavy packs, the straps cutting harder and harder into our shoulders. When we reached the cabin at last, we were fully prepared to appreciate the old gentleman who at the age of sixty-seven had built it, hauling up on his own back not only two bedsprings and a sheet-iron cook-stove, but all the hemlock planks with which it was floored.

He was, however, as you will soon agree, a most remarkable man in many ways. Appointed a fire-warden, he had to build his own cabin and lookout up here on the side of Katahdin. The lookout was a simple matter, any rock on the slide lifting him above timber. But it is not so easy to build an 18 x 16 foot cabin of peeled spruce logs, roof it with white-cedar splits worked out in the swamp a thousand feet below and hauled up on one's back, and floor it with hemlock planks toted up an equal distance. Moreover, he had to descend to the tote-road at least once a week and carry up his kerosene and provisions, which were brought

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in to him on a Rangeley buckboard. But his earlier life had prepared him for such hardy labors. As we ate our supper of beans and bacon and tea, cooked on his rusty stove (Frank Sewall is dead now, and his cabin in the balsams on Katahdin is abandoned to mountain-climbers like ourselves), one of our guides told us of the old man's most famous exploit.

"He was working on old Number One cutting," said the guide, pulling meditatively on his pipe, "and he had a pet cat at the camp. The old man was fond of cats. Well, one night a cat-owl killed his cat, and he was pretty sore. He said he'd revenge that cat, and revenge it good. About two days later, in the daytime, too, he seen that old owl sittin' right up on the roof of the camp, so he says to Charlie White, who was workin' in the shop, 'Temper me some eel-grass quick!' he says. So Charlie grabbed out some eel-grass from that little swampy place and tempered it, and old Sewall he sprung up on the roof and began to fight the owl. The old owl he fit back, too, they say, somethin' terrible. Frank he kept piercin' the owl through and through with the tempered eel-grass, and Charlie he kep' temperin' more and handin' it up, and the owl he kep' tearin' and peckin' at Frank. Well, finally the owl had enough, and started up the tote-road toward Sourdnahunk Lake, and old man Sewall after him. The rest of 'em followed, and they picked up Frank two mile away, and brought him back and give him medical attention, and he got well in a week. You couldn't see no scars, even. But the owl he didn't get no medical attention, and he died."

"Could you temper eel-grass?" we asked the guide.

He tested the water to see if it was hot enough for the dishes.

"Not except in a coal fire," he replied. "Charlie White, he was the only man who could temper eel-grass in wood coals."

There being no coal nearer than fifty miles, we had to let it go at that! So we went out on Frank Sewall's observation platform to look down on the wilderness under the moon, and to look up the white scar of the slide above us till it met the pinnacle rocks, which seemed phosphorescent in the moonlight. It was a surprisingly warm and still night for late September, so instead of sleeping in the cabin I rolled up in my blanket on a bed of boughs some recent camper had made near by. But at two o'clock I woke chilled, and rose to stir up my fire. Once up, I felt curiously wide awake, and went out on the lookout. There was a slight murmur of wind along the towering mountainside, and no other sound in all the world. A white, silvered mist was forming over the lakes far below me, like streaks of pale snow. The moon rode high above the forest, and old Orion, a stranger since last winter, was striding up the sky. I felt a lonely atom in an immensity of wilderness.

The next morning Moosehead, fifty airline miles away, looked like the Mer de Glace, and every nearer lake was a streak or puff of cotton batting on the green carpet of the forest. The summit of the slide was under, too, and we waited till ten before we had confidence that the cloud was going to lift. The delay was annoying, for we had two women in our party, and there are few women who can either ascend or descend Abol Slide with speed. For half a mile it is a bare streak of loose gravel and stones alternating with boulders, inclined at forty-five degrees at first, and growing much steeper at the top. The slide ceases before you reach what here appears to be the summit, and you climb for another quarter of a mile, perhaps, over a huge rock-pile of granite almost precipitous, crawl through a hole called the Needle's Eye, and emerge on the great Katahdin table-land to see the true summit still a mile beyond you. It took us three hours to reach the table-land, and we ungallantly abandoned our womenfolk at that point, and hastened across desolation to the peak.

Yet desolation is not the word to apply to this subarctic plateau of many hundreds of acres, raised up almost a mile in naked isolation above the wilderness of Maine. Thoreau says the top of Katahdin looks as if nature had rained rocks, but Thoreau saw it under a drenching cloud. Boulder-strewn it is, incredibly so, and there is no living thing upon it higher than your knee, and few so high as that. Yet on this clear, mild September day when we emerged upon it, it was almost as warm with autumn colors as the

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forests below. The predominant vegetation, which clothes it everywhere till it heaves up to the final naked cones of tumbled granite, consists of stunted blueberry-bushes, now wine-red and still holding ripe but sometimes frozen fruit, innumerable clusters of oval-leaved *diapensia lapponica*, in rounded clumps like red pincushions (closely resembling what is called pixy-moss), many Alpine bearberry shrubs, Labrador tea, staghorn moss and lichens. These plants clothed some boulders all over; on others they huddled under the south side. Between rocks they made a yielding carpet for the feet, a carpet of tapestried color. Here, two generations ago, over this storm-swept upland, so like, I imagine, Greenland or Labrador in aspect, the caribou used to graze in herds of a hundred head, they say. The last two caribou seen in Maine were seen on the Katahdin table-land about eighteen or twenty years ago. Occasionally still, our guide said, you may stumble on a caribou bone.

Across this strange country we hastened for a mile, scrambled up the last naked boulder heaps on its eastern edge—and stood on the summit of Katahdin, 5,273 feet above the sea, ringed to the far horizon by the red and green and gold wilderness—and confronted by the most spectacular mountain-drop east of the Rockies.

Into the east face of the granite mountain is cut a huge horseshoe basin, a mile in diameter and something over a mile to the open end. At the bottom is a small pond, all that is left of the departed glacier. Beyond that is the unbroken forest. The head wall of this basin rises in a sheer precipice of upended gray granite slabs for more than 2,000 feet, to the summit peak. The northern arm of the horseshoe is less precipitous, being chiefly a vast dump of broken stone, but the southern arm is in most places but a few degrees off the perpendicular, and curves around like a jagged knife-blade. It is called, indeed, the Knife-Blade, and is dangerous to traverse in a high wind. Well around on this arm lies the famous Chimney, a crack or gully in the dark, forbidding granite wall up which it is possible to climb, and down which we had planned to descend, part way at least, and had toted along an Alpine rope for that purpose. But, alas! the prospect of getting our womenfolk down Abol Slide before dark confronted us, and the Chimney climb had to be postponed till another season. Viewed from above, its difficulties seemed to us a trifle exaggerated, although the danger of falling rock is ever present, because the Katahdin granite appears to be rapidly disintegrating. But perhaps it is well to exaggerate them. Few Eastern Americans know anything about rock-climbing, and if Katahdin were more accessible, the Chimney would certainly before now have taken its toll of life.

We came back reluctantly over the Knife-Blade and the col of tumbled boulders between the peaks, finding even on this ridge-pole of storm-swept granite two or three little gardens, autumn-tinted, of blueberries, moss, and Labrador tea, stuffed our names into the Appalachian Club cylinder, and looked our last out over the wilderness of forests and lakes to the northeastward, before crossing the table-land once more. Near the western side a precipitous and rock-strewn gulch plunges down for a thousand feet before it reaches timber. It was down this gulch that the two boys who were lost on the table-land in the summer of 1923 crawled during the second day of their wanderings, and where they were discovered by one of the searchers five days later, when the clouds lifted. They were without food, without blankets, without fire; they had taken off their shoes and could not get them on again, and one boy had developed gangrene in his feet, and was found hardly an hour too soon. A party of Maine guides carried those boys on stretchers up that thousand feet of rock, across the table-land and down Abol Slide to the cabin, and some of the guides had themselves been searching for two or three days without sleep. The meagre accounts the newspapers printed at the time made no mention of what these men did. But we who had just climbed Abol Slide, and who were looking now down that pathless incline of heaped, chaotic boulders, took off our hats.

My Alpine rope was put to ignominious use in the descent of the slide. One end was carried ahead by hundred-foot stages as a railing for the women to cling to as

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they came down over the rocks and gravel. But it facilitated the descent so much that we were at the cabin an hour before we had expected to be, and might have had time, after all, for an expedition down the top of the Chimney. It is well, always, however, to leave some part of a mountain unexplored. Then it calls you back again with a lure that is irresistible. The Katahdin Chimney is now my Carcassonne.

That evening the guide informed us, in reminiscent mood, that he once gave Katahdin away.

"I give it to a woman from Buffalo," he said. "I was taking her down the West Branch, and when we come opposite Pitman's it was one of those nice, clear days when it stood up there big and handsome, and she says: 'My goodness, I never seen nothing so beautiful; I wish I had it in my back yard at home!' I was feeling sort of generous that morning, so I said: 'Lady, take it right along. It's the biggest pile o' rocks we got in Maine, but if you want it you can have it. We boys'll get together this fall and pile up another one.'"

He poked his pipe. "She's been kinder dilatory about takin' it," he added.

But don't suppose that the whimsical or the rough humor of the Maine woodsman, the true woodsman whose father or grandfather came into this wilderness before him, and who stays here not from necessity but choice, is what he lives by. He lives neither by it—though it helps!—nor by any fancied blood-lust for game and fish. It is your city "sportsman" who has the lust to kill. What he lives by is a deep and often quite inexpressive love for the wilderness. His occasional attempts to express it are sometimes quaint, but they have a ring of sincerity, a flavor of poetry, that is denied to more sophisticated speech.

Paddling across Kidney Pond late one afternoon a loon rose and circled low around the lake three times, flying directly over the canoe and displaying for us his immaculate shirt-front. On his third trip he cried loudly, and from far off somewhere in the woods came a faint answering call. Tilting his wings, with a wild, ringing note that said "I'm coming!" he slid down the air and over the tree-tops in the direction of his mate. The guide watched the whole performance in silence, but with a half-smile on his face. I recalled that he had recently left two men he was guiding twenty miles from camp, and come back in alone, giving as his only excuse that one of them shot a loon, and he wouldn't guide anybody who shot a loon. Of course it is against the law to shoot a loon, but I knew well enough that wasn't his reason. Curious to hear how he would phrase it, I asked him pointblank for the explanation.

He was silent for a long moment, as if feeling for words. "Well, it's the same with a goose," he finally replied. "There's no law against shootin' geese in season, but I wouldn't guide anybody who did. When a gray goose comes skimmin' down the pond, or you hear 'em honkin' up in the sky, it's just like that loon there—I mean it's kind o' the spirit o' the woods. It's sorter like shootin' somebody in your own family. Hell, I can't say it!"

I told him I thought I understood, and it was the most gratifying compliment I ever received when he answered deliberately and with no trace of insolence: "Yes, I think you do."

Another and older guide, whose grandfather first pushed up into the woods from Portland, through Bangor, almost a century ago, explained to me one morning more about the early pioneers of America than I ever learned from text-books. Our party had come upon a big new camp, recently erected by a wealthy man so that he could come up here to shoot and fish without sacrificing his material comforts. The caretaker was going to show us over it. "Aren't you coming too?" I asked this guide, when I saw him hanging back by the river.

He shook his head, glancing at me with his pale-blue woodsman's eyes.

"There's some folks," he said, "would rather see somethin' a man has made than they would a growin' thing, and the more it cost, the more they hanker to see it. But I'd rather see somethin' green and growin'—like a tree. I was always funny that way."

The last sentence was quite without sarcasm. It was merely a recognition of the gulf between him and his twentieth-century fellows, and of the fact that he

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was a hopeless minority. But it explained his grandfather.

To say that all guides are thus sensitive would be, of course, a ridiculous overstatement, but that most of them, however inarticulate, are more sensitive to the spell of the forest than the majority of those they guide I think is not far from the truth. Since Thoreau penetrated the Maine wilderness three-quarters of a century ago, there have not been any vast number of men and women like him to follow—like him, that is, in sensitive appreciation of wilderness charm and sensitive curiosity about wilderness life, which leads to loving observation, not slaughter and the axe. Such canoe trips as that down the Allegash, to be sure, are tempting more and more people each year into these woods purely for recreational purposes, and mountaineers are turning more and more to Katahdin. But all northern Maine is still, primarily, at the mercy of the lumberman's commercial exploitation, and still exists for those intent on pleasure chiefly as a "sportsman's paradise." Those who go into the Maine woods with fishing-rods and guns still vastly outnumber those who go in with cameras or botany tins, or with nothing at all but a blanket, a knapsack, and a seeing eye. The average American man's idea of a good time in the woods is to get a shot at some beautiful wild woodland creature, and bring it bloody to the earth. That this creature, whether a noble moose or an exquisite leaping deer or a silky-eared, timid-eyed brown hare, is an integral part of the wilderness charm, as essential to the spell of the forest as trees and brown water, he does not in the least realize. He is insensitive to any such refinement. Thanks to him, of course, the caribou have gone, the moose are going, all our wild life everywhere is diminishing in number, even the fish in the streams are becoming fewer and fewer. The time will come, and relatively soon, too, when the Maine woods will be practically gameless, when old Katahdin will lord it over a land without subjects, even as now he no longer feeds the caribou upon his rocky uplands.

There is one way this sad end could be averted, but there is small likelihood of its being taken. The Maine wilderness, with its thousands of lakes, its clear, swift rivers, and its lordly granite mountain, could be set apart as a National Park or a National Forest. Under proper restrictions, and with annual replanting, the pulp industries could go on cutting, and still the people of the northeastern United States could have a wilderness playground quite different from any in the West, but in its way quite as fine, for their perpetual refreshment and for a perpetual reminder, as our life grows more hasty, more mechanical, more artificial, of the brooding forest into which our ancestors plunged to make a nation. All this, however, is but a foolish dream, and any practical man can tell me why. Meanwhile the slaughter of the forest and of the forest-folk will go on to the inevitable end.

Katahdin, however, will endure. Its storm-bitten granite lifts far above the timber desired of man, its boulder-strewn gorges and glooming precipices repel the feet of any but those hardy men and women who find joy in the primitive conquest of a mountain. Nothing can be taken away from it, for long ago the receding ice and the winter storms stripped it naked. Remote, inaccessible, it rises from the green inland ocean like an eternal symbol of the rock on which man and all his works are based. It is the earth crust breaking through. It is the solemn grandeur of elemental things. It is the brooding spirit of a continent before the dawn. Some day, perhaps, man will make it possible to reach the base of Katahdin in a motor-car; some day there may even be a motor road to the summit. But before that day comes I trust that I shall have poled down my last rapids and been swept out on the nameless deep. Every time a motor road is built up a mountain the world loses some of its wonder; every time it is made easy for man to conquer the last remaining symbols of a primitive continent, something precious is lost of our national heritage. May old Katahdin always remain the lord of a lonely wilderness!

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The Dead Vote of the South

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON
Author of "The Battling South"

IN 1912 the Honorable William Howard Taft, candidate for the presidency of the United States, received only eight electoral votes, and nobody was much surprised. But Mr. Taft was a mere Republican. If the Honorable John William Davis, Democratic candidate in 1924, had not received 136 electoral votes, practical politics in this country would have received the news as a veritable thunder-stroke.

On the face of these facts it would appear that Mr. Davis was an extraordinarily strong candidate, for the number necessary to elect is 266, and it was generally admitted before the returns were in that he would have 136. Apparently he was more than half-elected before the ballots were cast. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Davis was not a strong candidate. The 136 electoral votes that he received were not his. They belonged to the Democratic party, not to the candidate. They were the votes of twelve Southern States which are always conceded to the Democrats before the electioneering starts. These votes are counted in the Democratic column, and would have been counted there by practical politicians no matter what name the candidate might have borne. They would certainly have been conceded to William G. McAdoo, or to Alfred E. Smith, had either been named by the New York convention; yet the political ideas of McAdoo and Smith are so strongly antipathetic that partisans of the two candidates fought each other to the death. Each faction committed political suicide rather than permit the other to name the candidate.

The West was mainly for McAdoo, and it was understood from the beginning that had Smith been nominated he would have been slaughtered at the polls in the West. The East was equally strong for Smith, and had McAdoo been named the massacre of the Democratic ticket at the polls in the East would have been sickening. But the whole strategy on both sides was based on the assumption that the South would cast 136 votes for McAdoo, 136 votes for Smith, 136 votes for anybody, for Simple Simon, or a yellow dog or the devil, provided only that the candidate bore the Democratic label. By the fortune of war, the South actually had presented to it a candidate for whom it could vote with a clear conscience, and it accordingly cast 136 votes for Davis. But that happy outcome was purely fortuitous, without relation to any fear on the part of party leaders that the South would vote against a less desirable candidate. The South had a record of having voted, without turning a hair, for William J. Bryan, Alton B. Parker, William J. Bryan, and Woodrow Wilson in succession. By comparison with those extremes, Smith and McAdoo are as close together as the Siamese Twins. No fear existed that a section that had been swung successfully from Bryan to Parker and back again would fail of adherence to either.

Now the fear of the people is the beginning of political wisdom in a democracy. It is the element that gives vitality to the democratic theory. Let it fail, and your democracy inevitably ceases to function as a democracy. It dies. Its organs are locked in *rigor mortis*. In time, putrefaction sets in.

In so far as the twelve Southern States which voted for Davis are concerned, fear of the decision of the people at the polls has been banished from politicians' minds. That vote has already been counted before the conventions assemble. Therefore, it has little or no weight in the selection of the candidate or the drafting of the platform. The Democrats have no fear of loss in those States. The Republicans

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have no hope of gain there. That vote is always counted and never counts. It is dead.

But this is serious. These twelve States are inhabited by more than 26,000,000 people, almost exactly one-fourth of the population of the United States. When democracy dies in these States, the democracy of the nation will be one quarter dead. It may continue to function in that condition, but it must inevitably function with decreased efficiency. We are fond of regarding our political system as an organism endowed with a vitality much resembling biological life, but in the light of this condition the analogy becomes an uncomfortable one. An organism one-fourth dead inevitably fills the least imaginative mind with thoughts of gangrene.

Yet in the South itself there is no lack of phenomena that may be cited in support of this grisly conclusion. In the State of South Carolina, to select the most conspicuous example, for every voter who went to the polls in 1924, more than fourteen stayed away. Democracy is not a living, effective force where people do not vote; it follows that the democracy of South Carolina, in so far as the selection of Presidents is concerned, is more than 83 per cent ready for the undertaker.

There were in South Carolina in 1920 776,969 citizens of the United States more than twenty-one years old. There is a larger number now, for the State has been growing steadily. Yet in 1924 the combined vote cast for Coolidge, Davis, and La Follette totalled less than 51,000 in South Carolina, which is 16,000 less than the total vote cast in 1920. Even if one accepts the South Carolina view and agrees that the 389,000 negroes included in the population figures only think they are citizens, still one is faced with the fact that only about one white voter in seven took the trouble to cast a ballot in a presidential election. Nine votes in the electoral college were cast for John W. Davis in behalf of the people of South Carolina, nominally, but really in behalf of 50,131 individuals who did all the voting. The world laughed when the three tailors of Tooley Street began their proclamation with the words "We, the people of England . . . ," but South Carolina seems to be progressing steadily toward the point at which a similar proclamation on the part of a handful of her citizens would be no laughing matter, but sober truth. Already 50,000 people exercise, in national affairs, the sovereignty of the State. When 3 per cent only of the people of a State exercise its sovereignty, it is absurd to call that State a democracy.

But note carefully the qualification—it is in national affairs only that democracy is dead in South Carolina, and in other Southern States where a similar, if less fully developed, situation exists. In the conduct of local affairs democracy is alive in South Carolina, and not barely alive, either, but vehement and frequently uproarious. The spring of this same year 1924, in which only 50,000 South Carolinians out of 1,600,000 went to the polls to cast a vote for the next President of the United States, was made notable by a contest for the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate. The nomination was won by an individual named Coleman Livingston Blease, who is one of the most curious products of American politics. Cole Blease is intellectually honest, and he was never more so than on the occasion when, being then governor of South Carolina, he roared into fame at a governors' conference by saying fervently, "To hell with the Constitution!" He does not straddle, or compromise, or evade. He defends his ideas on the stump, and his remark about the Constitution is mild indeed by comparison with the general tenor of his utterances concerning the political characters and reputations of his enemies in the State. Consequently, his campaign for the Senate, far from being an apathetic, moribund affair, was of a nature to curl the hair on a cast-iron monkey. Every citizen of voting age who could by any means drag himself there, or who had friends who could be induced to carry him there, went to the polls to cast a vote for or against Cole Blease, and charges are not wanting that enthusiastic partisans swelled the tremendous total by voting felons in the penitentiary and dead men in their graves. Cole Blease was not nominated by 50,131 people acting for the rest of the State. He was nominated by a majority of all the voters who could pos-

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sibly vote. Democracy functioned in that primary, not magnificently, perhaps, but at any rate prodigiously.

But when the primary was over, it was all over. Men who developed an almost incredible intensity of excitement over who should represent South Carolina in the Senate would not even go to the polls to vote for a President of the United States. Why should they waste their time? There was no suspense in that election, therefore no interest. Their decision was for Davis, not on a political question, over which there might be disagreement, with excitement and interest, but on a social question, regarding which all white South Carolinians think alike. They all had to vote the Democratic ticket, because the Democratic party is the party that is bound by every consideration of interest and by all its traditions to keep hands off the settlement of that social question.

There is a fairly wide-spread impression in the North and West that it is silly of South Carolinians and of Southerners in general to subordinate every political consideration to a social question. I do not think so, but perhaps it is. But even if it is silly, what of that? It is a trait that seems to be ineradicable in human nature, or at least in American nature. Recently we have seen California stirred to a tremendous pitch of excitement over exactly the same question. On that question California would listen neither to threats nor to cajoleries. Not only would she tolerate no interference with her settlement of it, but upon it she unhesitatingly took action that held the possibility of plunging the United States into a terrific war, a war which it is conceivable that this country might have lost, and which would certainly have cost it hundreds of thousands of lives and billions of dollars. The excitement in that case was due to the presence in California of 71,952 Japanese. Suppose the number of Japanese in California, instead of 71,952, had been 864,719. Why, the California National Guard would have gone to war without waiting for the United States army. Suppose, then, that the number of whites to face this other race in California had been, not 3,200,000, but barely a fourth of that number. The State, it is reasonable to believe, would have proceeded from hysteria to raving madness, and Hiram Johnson would have bitten himself and died in horrible agony. Yet this is the situation that South Carolina has faced for generations, with the difference that the biological distinction between a white Californian and a Japanese is by no means as conspicuous, and therefore by no means as strong an excitant of antagonism, as the biological distinction between a white South Carolinian and a negro.

It is certainly arguable that the white man's violent objection to danger, even remote, of domination by another race is unjustifiable and even wicked. But that is beside the point. The point is that that objection exists. In California it is strong enough to make the State take reckless chances of involving the country in a terrible war. Is it any wonder that in South Carolina it is strong enough to make men vote the Democratic ticket, regardless of their personal preferences?

My point is that in this particular the South is not a free agent, but the victim of forces beyond her control, as they were apparently beyond the control of California, and as I think they are beyond the control of any group of white men similarly situated. Before this social question was injected into the situation to overshadow all political considerations, the South was the battle-ground of fiercely contending ideas. There is no reason to doubt that, were the social question removed, it would once more become such a battle-ground; but that cannot be until the bond that holds its white population in an enforced and artificial political solidarity is dissolved.

It would be idle to deny that the dissolution of that bond is dependent in some measure, as is the removal of every psychological inhibition, upon the efforts of the bound. But it is not altogether dependent upon that. The South cannot free herself of her fear of negro domination merely by an effort of will; she must in addition have some objective evidence that her fears are really groundless. Let it be written in the record here as the testimony of a Southern witness that the negro himself is doing much to furnish that sort of evidence. He is, in fact, doing much more than the white North and

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the white West are doing to allay the fears of the white South. The negro's standard of living is steadily on the up-grade. His economic efficiency is tightening. His race pride is increasing. His intellectual activity is expanding and strengthening. In brief, what Doctor Odum would call his "social adequacy" is steadily rising. All this means that he is becoming less and less a menace to civilization as he proceeds farther and farther from the status of a slave. But the Japanese a thousand years ago reached a cultural plane probably superior to that of the modern negro, which does not materially abate the Californian objection to the threat of Japanese domination. The South cannot handle this problem alone, even with the assistance which the negro admittedly is giving.

It is useless, however, to expect any section to take a lively and intelligent interest in any problem which is not peculiarly its own. All of us have too many troubles now to go out seeking others. Unless my reasoning is wholly at fault, however, there is nothing distinctively Southern about this problem, in its larger aspects. The South is one-fourth of the whole country, and no problem that vitally affects an entire quarter of the nation can be of no significance to the rest. Indeed, these figures refer only to the twelve Southern States that supported Davis; but the condition is only less acute in such great border States as Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri. If they are added to the South, the proportion comes closer to one-third than to one-fourth.

But adhering strictly to the original area of the twelve Davis States, we are confronted with the fact that here are 26,000,000 people living nominally under a democracy, but contributing little or nothing to the decisions which that democracy is constantly being called upon to make. The whole theory of democracy rests upon the assumption that the collective wisdom, courage, and integrity of the people are greater than their collective folly, cowardice, and dishonesty. If that theory is sound, the loss of the effective participation of the South in the nation's councils is a net loss. If that theory is sound, deadening the interest of one-fourth of your democracy in *res publicæ* is a process bound to result in injury to the republic.

But let us abandon theory and turn to an examination of the practical effect upon American politics of fettering the South to the Democratic party. In the first place, it assures to that party a degree of immunity which is, to say the least, of questionable value from the standpoint of the country. As long as the South remains solid, the Democratic party as a political entity cannot be killed. No length to which it might proceed in stupidity or villainy would suffice to destroy an organization that, despite its blunders and its crimes, still retained command of more than half enough votes to elect a President of the United States. On more than one occasion, as a matter of historic fact, the Democratic party has repudiated every single principle it had professed to hold sacred four years earlier, and yet has survived. William J. Bryan and Alton B. Parker were no more of the same political school than were Nicholas Romanoff and Nicholas Lenine, and the fact that both were run by the same party in successive campaigns proves only that a party with 136 electoral votes safely in its possession has no indispensable need of an unalterable set of principles.

This block of Southern electoral votes is a potential menace to the rest of the country and to the South itself in that it may be at any time the decisive factor whereby the nation may have forced upon it a President whose principles are abhorrent to a heavy majority of the American people. Merely to illustrate the point, let us assume that the preponderance of opinion in this country is in favor of the eighteenth amendment. It certainly is in the South, and apparently it is in the West. Yet in 1924 the supporters of Smith believed that if they could capture the nomination it would be entirely feasible, by combining the vote of the wet East and that of the dry, but handcuffed, South to elect a wet President in a dry country. Suppose the West were swept by some mania as fantastic as Ku Kluxism—bolshevism, for example, or polyandry. It would be necessary only to capture the convention and nominate a Western candidate, for the raving West

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and the reluctant, but helpless, South to force upon the country a President who said his prayers to the shade of Lenine, or who held up the celebrated Mrs. Dennistoun as the very model of feminine propriety. Indeed, an analogous procedure has been prevented on several occasions only by the much-be-damned two-thirds rule in the Democratic National Convention. As long as the South remains solid under any and all circumstances, that rule is one of the bulwarks of the liberties of the people.

Less direct and obvious, but certainly as mischievous in the long run, is the encouragement that such a condition offers to parochialism in politics. It is more than encouragement; parochialism is made inevitable and inescapable, the very *sine qua non* of Southern statecraft. The only channel left unblocked in which Southern political preferences, prejudices, and enthusiasms may run is the channel of local politics. The South Carolinian is permitted to become excited only over contests for Democratic nominations within the State. Naturally, he becomes doubly excited over them, and as naturally tends to refer every phase of politics to the particular phase in which he finds real interest and excitement. By excessive concentration on intrastate affairs he becomes progressively less capable of adopting a national view-point on anything. The strong tendency present in all of us to regard whatever seems good for our own localities as good for the whole country is intensified when there is no counterbalance in a vivid and effective interest in national affairs. Thus it becomes easy for Southern Democrats in the Senate to vote for high protective tariffs on sugar and lumber without having their Democracy questioned by their constituents. So the service that the South pays to the causes for which the national Democracy fights becomes largely lip-service, as President Wilson found to his cost. The administration champion during the League of Nations fight was not one of the veteran senators from the Democratic stronghold, but Hitchcock, from the wavering State of Nebraska. Indeed, when that fight waxed furious, a number of Southern senators turned tail and bolted from the field, while the State of Georgia elected Thomas E. Watson to the Senate on a platform of avowed hostility to Woodrow Wilson and all his works. The South will vote for the Democratic nominee, but there is no assurance whatever that the South will support his programme after his election in the only effective way; that is, by punishing Southern members of Congress who sink their knives into that programme.

It would be interesting and perhaps profitable to inquire to what extent this narrowing of the range of political thinking has narrowed the whole range of the South's intellectual activity, to what extent the ordination of a Sacred Cow in the shape of the Democratic party is responsible for the existence of other Sacred Cows in the realms of morals, religion, education, and manners. But that inquiry is not within the scope of this article. What is within its scope is some suggestion of the vast, pernicious influence upon the political morality of the rest of the country that must be exerted by the presence within the country of 26,000,000 people who are frankly bearing in mind some other consideration than the highest interest of the nation when they go to the polls on presidential election day. This influence cannot be measured exactly, but it cannot fail to be immense. Its power is hinted in the fact that practical politicians in the Republican forces admit, in their franker moments, that the Solid South is an asset of immense value to them in many parts of the North and West, where it is constantly used as a bugaboo to scare wabbling Republicans into line, thereby causing them to vote against *their* convictions, and so encouraging the spread of political insincerity.

I do not pretend to assert that if the negro question were settled to-morrow the South would promptly go Republican. I doubt that it would do anything of the sort, for the doctrine of Thomas Jefferson still has a vast number of thoughtful and intelligent adherents below the Potomac. But I do assert that the Democratic vote of the South under present conditions is not a vital, wholesome expression of confidence in the principles and policies of the Democratic party. I do assert that if the South were politically free, out of more than sixteen hundred thousand

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South Carolinians there would be more than 1,123 who would vote the Republican ticket. The vote that was cast for Mr. Davis in the electoral college was no more vital and wholesome than one of the corpses which, according to the charges already referred to, were voted in the South Carolina primary. It was a dead vote.

Lest I be accused of purely destructive criticism, let me declare, in conclusion, that the answer to the question that the dead vote of the South presents is at hand and may be stated with seductive ease. All that is necessary to remedy the whole situation is to expel the ancient frauds that infest our national politics and face the facts as they exist. Simple, isn't it? We need only make over our history, particularly that of the last seventy years, hang all the demagogues in the land, burn all the lying text-books of history, and cut out the tongues of all the ignorant and prejudiced teachers. Just a trifling reconstruction of human nature will do the business.

But while we await the completion of that operation, it will do no harm for thoughtful men of all sections to give the problem some attention. It does not help, and it will not help, to dismiss the whole business as merely an inexplicable idiosyncrasy of Southerners. Twenty-six million people do not have inexplicable idiosyncrasies. When they act together in a certain way, the explanation of their action is always easy to find if any one seeks it.

Escape

BY VIRGINIA MOORE

PRESENTLY I shall go with the plovers,
Shatter this wall with the weight of my wing;
I shall have nothing to do with braggarts, nothing to do with lovers;
I shall fly in a fiery ring.

I shall nest with the gold and the black-bellied plovers
In catalpas that do not exist;
I shall not care for curses, I shall not care for covers,
I shall pierce an impersonal mist.

The lapwing will know me, the sandpiper plover,
The dotterel rummaging reaches of rain,—
Perhaps in an orgy of crusading beaks I'll discover
The magic that makes things plain.

I shall lariat stars with the prescient plovers,
Fling a noose for the loveliness they will be plying—
Curl up, corral claws: I am not one who hovers
Indecisive, when plovers are flying.

Presently I shall go with the plovers
With never a cry for our cabin together—
And you will remember the luminous year we were lovers
And stoop to a fallen feather.

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Cap'n Quiller Listens In

BY TORREY FORD

Illustrations by Lawrence Barnes

TWO seconds after Cap'n Quiller had stowed away the last mouthful of apple pie he pushed back his chair and arose abruptly.

"Little late to-night, Ma. Mind if I shove off?"

There was abject apology in Cap'n Quiller's voice, sheepishness in his manner, but as the hands of the ship's clock on the mantel pointed to five minutes after seven the Cap'n felt that he could well afford any humility rather than be detained longer by mere food.

From her half-finished pie Mrs. Quiller glanced up at her husband and sighed audibly—a theatrical, trumped-up-for-the-occasion sigh. She did her best to assume a long-suffering air. Her eyes travelled rapidly from her husband's eager face to the clock and back to her husband again.

"Drat your old radio," she said. "'Fore that dumb thing came into the house you allus took two helps o' apple pie. Now——"

"But there's somethin' special on to-night, Ma-pet." The Cap'n always called his wife "Ma-pet" when five minutes past seven found him absent from his radio.

"I'd jess like to see one night come along when there wasn't nothin' special on. I never heard nothin' yet that sounded special to me—jess talkin' and music playin' and singin'. All right if you like it but *I* don't like it."

Miranda Quiller snapped her jaws together firmly to indicate that the argument was quite finished. Skilfully the Cap'n edged toward the doorway, backing cautiously until he reached a point where he could turn and bolt for the stairs that led gloriously up to his radio room.

When he had gone Mrs. Quiller promptly dropped her masque of stern austerity and a broad, satisfied smile spread across her countenance. Her wizened-up eyes actually twinkled. For she was glad—gladder than she could possibly express by smiles or twinkles—that there was something left in the world that could interest her husband to the extent of drawing him away from his favorite deep-dish apple pie.

Up-stairs the Cap'n adjusted his spectacles and viewed with supreme pride all five tubes of his radio receiving set, a set such as no man in seven counties could match or even aspire to match. The set had been professionally conceived, professionally made, and professionally installed. The Quillers had a son in the profession, so to speak; at least, Hank Quiller was rated as chief radio operator on board the S. S. *Omega* plying between New York and the West Indies. On his last trip home Hank had presented his father with the receiving set, hooked the thing up casually, given a few words of instruction, and departed.

Having already missed out on seven minutes of the evening programme Cap'n Quiller lost few moments in gazing idly at his proud possession. Industriously he went about the intricate business of lighting up the tubes, plugging in the ear-phones, whirling the tickler into place and moving the detector dial to the exact spot where he knew Station WCOR would be on the air. The Cap'n lighted his pipe and concentrated on the voice coming over the radio.

"Live-stock market: Steers, fair to prime, 100 pounds . . . $9.50 and $10.40; Live Lambs, fair to prime, 100 pounds . . . $14.00 and $14.75; Hogs . . ."

Over these figures the Cap'n nodded appreciatively. Wonderful mechanism the radio—sit right at home and know what's going on in all parts of the world.

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The radio voice began to talk about the grain market. The Cap'n took two puffs from his pipe and turned the dials to WRAN. Yes, the Bedtime Story was going full blast.

"'Who are you, may I ask?' said the little boy. 'I'm a nephew of the sandman,' said the other little boy, 'and I have to go to bed every night at eight o'clock just the same as you.'"

The Cap'n grunted satisfaction. "Workin' swell," he mumbled.

Once more the dials moved to windward as RQAP boomed in on the high note of a soprano solo with the faint echo of a jazz orchestra in the background. A touch on the tickler and the jazz orchestra faded out giving full play of the air to the lady soloist.

The Cap'n puffed contentedly. All the local stations were working O. K. Now for distance, a complicated but thrilling diversion. One night the Cap'n had picked up Davenport, Iowa, as plainly as New York. He might get it again—and there was still San Francisco to be heard from. He set to it with a boyish gleam of unbridled excitement.

You would never have recognized the Captain Quiller at his radio as the same man who two months earlier had been nothing more than a fireside brooder. Not that the Cap'n had so much to brood about, but what little he did have he enlarged upon and magnified until he worked up a case of despondency that began to approach *melancholia nolum dementia*, as the village doctor quaintly put it.

The main trouble with the Cap'n was that he considered himself still a young man and had nothing to do. After forty-five years of excitement on the high seas he found himself settled down in a sleepy little South Jersey fishing village with the years dragging slowly on toward nothing in particular. If the Cap'n had retired voluntarily, things might have been different; for then he could have gathered around him other old salts of Baytown and lived over and over again his years in command of the finest sailing vessels on the coast, his later years on steam craft. But the Cap'n had not retired voluntarily. Retiring was about the last thing in the world he would have considered.

"Only lazybones retire," he grumbled. "Others go on and on."

At sixty-three the Cap'n looked forward to nearly a score more years of active duty. But when he mistook Jupiter Light for Fire Island, not to mention the time he went cruising down the coast forgetting completely to stop off at Savannah and pick up a cargo bound for Buenos Ayres—well, to put the matter mildly, the Consolidated Shipping Lines decided it was time Captain Quiller went on the inactive list.

The Cap'n retired to his fireside and his brooding while Miranda Quiller faced the impossible task of evolving distractions that might prod him into the least semblance of enthusiasm for carrying on with life as he found it.

Summers were not so bad, for then the Cap'n could potter around the yard messing with the few rows of vegetables and nursing the flowers, or he could go down the bay fishing when the weakfish were running, or he could amble down to the store to do errands artfully invented by Mrs. Quiller throughout the day. The winters, however, were terrific ordeals both for the Cap'n and for Mrs. Quiller until—blessed be the day—the broadcasting bug bit deep in the Cap'n's tough hide.

Which explains, perhaps, why Mrs. Quiller smiled to herself after the Cap'n had walked out on her half-finished meal and why she looked forward with no great pleasure to the day when the radio would cease to number among its victims her adored but frequently irascible mate.

That day seemed quite remote just now with the Cap'n having successfully tuned in on a church service one thousand miles from Baytown. The Cap'n was at the head of the stairs calling excitedly.

"Miranda! Miranda Quiller! All hands on the top deck. I've got St. Louis on the loud speaker. Come quick!"

Mrs. Quiller refused to get excited.

"We can hear it all right down here. Rozie Brown is over talkin' and settin' with me."

"Ah, Ma, come on up. Bring Rozie along. I want her to hear a loud speaker as is a loud speaker."

"All right, Uncle Lyman. We're coming this very minute."

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It was Rozie who made the decision. Rosamund Brown lived next door, a comely, rosy-cheeked girl in her early twenties who wasn't too stuck up to come in and talk with old folks. Besides, there was something or other between Rozie and Hank Quiller; neither the Cap'n nor Mrs. Quiller knew just what. Rozie had many beaux and Hank might be just one of the long string. At any rate, when Hank was ashore he had first call on Rozie's dates.

"Isn't it perfectly wonderful!" Rozie enthused as she took a seat in the radio room that echoed with "Nearer, My God, To Thee" as chorussed by the entire congregation of the First M. E. Church in St. Louis, Mo.

The Cap'n gestured magnificently toward his five-tube set. "Ain't it unbelievable?"

Mrs. Quiller sniffed. "You're the one that's unbelievable, Lyman. The Lord knows I've tried hard enough to git you inside of a church here to home."

The hymn in St. Louis swelled to a finish; the "Amen," amplified to the last unit of capacity in Cap'n Quiller's set, filled the room.

"Let us pray," said the St. Louis pastor.

Mrs. Quiller and Rosamund bowed their heads reverently. The Cap'n, blushing furiously, bent over the radio not knowing whether to submit himself frankly to reverence or to pretend the second stage of amplification needed slight readjustment. The prayer droned on leaving the Cap'n undecided. When it came to an end the choir sang a Gloria response, a soft-toned harmony that sent the thrills chasing up and down the spines of the three listeners.

The Cap'n was the first to lift his head. "Now let's have a little jazz."

He proceeded by degrees and notches on the dials toward jazz. Along the way, there burst from the loud speaker a symphony orchestra in full volume.

"Oh, a symphony! Do let us hear some of that, Uncle Lyman."

"Anything to oblige a lady." With deft fingers the Cap'n tuned the symphony in—tuned it out a couple of times by mistake and finally brought it in closer and closer until you could almost hear the swish of the conductor's baton. "How's that for a little old hand-made set?"

"Marvellous! Beautiful!"

"Real nice music," said Mrs. Quiller, nodding over her sewing and struggling to beat time with her foot to a Sonata that followed none of the accepted rules of music as she knew it.

"High-toned stuff, all right." The Cap'n pulled at his pipe. Personally he preferred a different brand of entertainment, but there was no accounting for tastes. He sat back contentedly and watched Rozie.

The symphony ran its smooth course, dipping into peaceful valleys where only soft strings could be heard, mounting to joyous peaks with horns, cellos, harps, and drums. . . . At last came the finale —a terrific finale with the kettles booming and the cymbals crashing. The loud speaker vibrated with a low thunder.

"They're applaudin' now," explained the Cap'n.

Rosamund joined in the applause. "Encore! Encore!" she shouted gaily.

The encore came, more Sonata perhaps or somebody's Melody in E Minor. Rosamund smiled happily while Mrs. Quiller nodded almost to slumberland. The Cap'n eyed them both curiously. He wondered if there really was anything between Hank and Rozie and, if there was, why couldn't Miranda get Rozie to tell her all about it.

Whir! Click! Bang!

The Cap'n jumped from his repose toward the dials. Before he could reach out, a husky voice spoke through the horn.

"The air! The air! For God's sake, give us the air!" Then came more whirring, more clicking, followed by a dead silence.

"Well, I'll be hog-swoggled," exclaimed the Cap'n. "Ain't that queer!" He turned the dials this way and that. Nothing came.

Mrs. Quiller woke up with a start. "Quit monkeyin', Lyman. That was nice music."

"Sure it was nice but it's faded dead out on us now. Can't get nothin'. Must be somethin' wrong."

"Don't you want me to call Willie, Uncle Lyman? He's a good fixer."

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"No, thanks, Rozie. Don't want to bother the boy. Had him over last night." The Cap'n whirled dials frantically but vainly.

Mrs. Quiller was disturbed. "Do call Willie, Rosamund. He'll just get it all out of whack without Willie."

Rosamund went to the window and called across to where her brother had his makeshift set hooked up. After a moment or so he responded. "Come over a minute," called Rosamund. "Uncle Lyman's set has stopped working."

"'S'all right," came Willie's shrill reply. "They just announced there's an S O S signal in the air and all broadcasting has been discontinued. Didn't you hear the government man askin' for the air? 'S'all right. They'll start up again in a little while."

The Cap'n received the news glumly. What rotten luck! The one night in the week he had gathered a fair-sized audience in front of his radio, some ship had to go and get in trouble and stop all his fun. He sat back gloomily in his chair and let his pipe go out. He was thoroughly annoyed. Mrs. Quiller and Rosamund didn't take the interruption quite so much to heart. They rather enjoyed the excitement of an S O S in the air. It was different and therefore thrilling.

A half-hour later the radio party was still in a position of status quo—no music floated through the air, no singing, no talking, a dull evening. Suddenly the front door flew open with a crash and up the stairs came Willie Brown three steps at a time. He arrived red-faced and breathless, struggling to say something but only puffs and blows coming from his mouth.

"Well, Willie," said Rosamund, with the customary sisterly sarcasm to younger brothers. "What's it all about?"

Willie manœuvred his lips into a position where words were possible. "Hank! Hank's ship!"

"What about Hank's ship?"

"It's him sendin' the S O S. I heard it awful faint—KDP, KDP. That's Hank."

The Cap'n collapsed completely. All his life he had faced dangers like this, but with the boy it was different. He was too young, too inexperienced, too unschooled in the ways of the sea to be tossed recklessly into a real crisis. What would the boy be saying, what would he be thinking, what would he be doing? No, no—it couldn't be.

Mrs. Quiller, slower to understand, watched her husband's collapse before she realized what Willie's message meant. A dull moan was the only sign she gave. She took off her spectacles and sat back white and silent. Something had happened to Hank—something mysterious and terrible.

To Rosamund fell full responsibility. With trembling lips she began to interrogate Willie.

"You don't know it's Hank's ship, do you, Willie? Nobody told you, did they? You just guessed it, didn't you?"

Willie, frightened by the seriousness with which his announcement had been received, wished he hadn't said anything. "I ain't sure, of course. But I know Hank's signal, KDP, and it sounded just like it to me. Awful faint but I've heard it lots and lots when he's been near New York."

The Cap'n lifted his head. He had a ray of hope. "Hank's down off Cuba now, more'n a thousand miles away. That set of yourn only receives a few hundred miles, don't it, Willie?"

"That's all, Uncle Lyman. I might 'a' been mistaken."

The Cap'n got up and comforted his wife. "There, there, Ma. Don't take on so. It ain't Hank's boat. Willie made a mistake."

Mrs. Quiller continued to sob softly. "I'm afraid he is right, Lyman. I have a feelin' the boy's in danger."

"Oh, tut, tut. Can't be, Ma. Jess to satisfy you though we'll let Willie tune in and see what he can hear."

Willie brightened. "If there is anything to hear, we ought to get it on your set, Uncle Lyman."

"Go to it, boy."

Willie approached the radio with a professional air. He swung the dials round to where he could receive the commercial wave lengths. Instantly the loud speaker vibrated with staccato screeches, impatient, imperative demands spelled out in telegraphic language.

"That's a government station sending," announced Willie. "Gee, I wished

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I knew what they was saying." More screeches followed in a different key. "Another government station."

There came a silence that seemed ominous to the intent little group gathered in front of the radio. The Cap'n suggested a slight turn on the Vernier, but Willie vetoed the suggestion. There was nothing to do but wait, and as they waited the Cap'n's spirits returned and Mrs. Quiller became less afraid. Rosamund was more ready to cry at this particular moment than at any time before—cry or laugh, she couldn't decide just which.

Willie was the first to hear it, a feeble far-off wail—click-click, cluck, click; click-click, cluck, click.

"Listen!" breathed Willie hoarsely. "That's Hank."

Again it came, faintly—click-click, cluck, click; click-click, cluck, click.

Cap'n Quiller paled. "Sounds like what Hank told me to listen for. But I can't be sure."

"I'm sure," declared Willie. "Sure as anything. I've heard KDP too often not to know it now."

A long series of faint clicks stammered through the horn, mystic, maddening clicks that meant nothing to those who listened but that might mean life and death to those who were sending hundreds of miles away. Cold sweat stood on the Cap'n's brow. Never before had he felt so helpless with tragedy pending.

"We gotta do somethin'," he kept mumbling. "We can't jess set here and wonder what's goin' on. We gotta know what he's sayin', whoever it is that is sayin' somethin'."

"Mr. Billings can read it slicker'n butter," suggested Willie.

"Ed Billings, the telegraph operator?"

"That's him. He knows lots of the wireless codes. He had a bunch of us boys over to Sam's the other night readin' all the ship talk and everything."

"Think you can git ahold of him tonight?"

"You bet I kin. Have him up here in a jiffy."

Willie left on the run. The Cap'n paced the room impatiently, stopping now and then in front of the horn to listen to the faint clicks, to the loud staccato screeches, to the whirs and whistles of the ever-present static. Mrs. Quiller, huddled in her chair, watched the Cap'n's face eagerly, reading there every worry he felt and sharing them with him. Rosamund hovered about, wringing her hands nervously and trying to think of something to relieve the tension.

"Can't I make you a nice hot cup of tea, Aunt Miranda?"

"No, thanks, child. I'm all right. I wisht Ed Billings would hurry up and come."

"He's acomin'," said the Cap'n from the window. "I can see his lantern bobbin' up and down. Willie's got him runnin'."

Ed Billings didn't often run. He was a slow-moving type who saved his efforts for calamities and catastrophies. When Willie burst in on him, at the Baytown Pool & Billiard Emporium, he had apparently been able to convince Mr. Billings that the moment for action had come. By the time Mr. Billings arrived at the Quiller household he was completely exhausted and quite out of breath. He climbed the stairs slowly and laboriously.

"What's this about Hank's ship bein' in trouble?" he managed to inquire.

"Dunno, Ed. May be Hank and may not. Sounds like him but we can't tell. Set over here near the horn and see what you can make out."

Mr. Billings sank into the Cap'n's chair in front of the radio. As a new series of sharp notes came from the horn, he wrinkled his brow and listened closely. He took out a crumpled telegraph blank and a stub pencil, but made no notes.

"Key West sendin'," he said. "Code word for 'Who are yer and where are yer.'"

The sharp notes ceased. Soon the faint clicking began. Mr. Billings cocked his right ear and began writing slowly with his pencil. "Gettin' anything, Ed?" asked the Cap'n.

Mr. Billings frowned. "Nothing but C. S. L., C. S. L."

Cap'n Quiller gasped. "Consolidated Shipping Lines. Go on listenin', Ed."

"S. S. *Omega*. Is that Hank's ship?"

"Yup." The Cap'n's head was bowed.

"Lying forty miles south of Pedro Keys."

"My God! South o' Jamaicy. Don't I know them Keys." The faint clicking

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went on rapidly. "What's he sayin' now, Ed?"

"Been . . . in . . . collision." Mr. Billings spelled out the words as he wrote them down. "With . . . unknown . . . tramp. . . . Hole . . . stove . . . in . . . port . . . side . . . aft . . . of . . . for' castle. . . . Heavy . . . list . . . to . . . port . . . taking . . . in . . . water . . . fast . . . pumps . . . working. . . ."

A dull thud on the floor interrupted the receiving. Mrs. Quiller had fainted. The Cap'n picked her up gently and carried her across the hall to a bedroom. Rosamund was close behind.

"Give her a drink of brandy when she comes to," he whispered to Rosamund. "You'll find it in a flask in my left-hand bureau drawer." He tiptoed back to the radio-room. The messages were still coming in.

"Key West sendin' again," Willie informed him.

"They're askin' for verification of position and name of ship," Mr. Billings confided between dots and dashes.

"Forty miles south of Pedro Keys ought to be plain enough for any landlubber. 'Bout eight hours out from Kingston in fair weather." The Cap'n shook his head dolefully. "Bad place to be. Ain't much travel that way these days."

When the faint clicking began again, Mr. Billings started writing but stopped after a moment. "He's giving his position again same as before, only this time he says S. S. *Omega* in command of Captain Peters."

The sharp notes ceased. Soon the faint clicking began. Mr. Billings cocked his right ear. . . .—Page 48.

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The Cap'n nodded. "Buck Peters, used to second mate fer me. Knows the sea all right but don't know the *Omega* much. Ain't but his second trip aboard her. Gosh, I wish I was aboard. Perhaps I don't know the *Omega*. Had her fourteen trips running when she was spankin' new."

Key West boomed in with a brief stuttering phrase. Mr. Billings translated it as it came.

"S. S. *Omega*. . . . How . . . long . . . will . . . you . . . float?"

There was some delay before the answering faint clicks trickled in. "God . . . willing . . . we . . . should . . . keep . . . heads . . . above . . . water . . . four . . . to . . . six . . . hours. . . ."

"Hell!' ' commented the Cap'n vehemently. "What's the matter with Peters! With a hole stove clear through the *Omega* he ought to keep her floatin' longer than that. Ain't a trimmer ship on the coast."

Mr. Billings put his fingers to his lips. "Key West again. 'Keep . . . up . . . courage . . . *Omega*. . . . Warning . . . all . . . ships . . . to . . . watch . . . out . . . for . . . you. . . . Trying . . . to . . . get . . . in . . . touch . . . with . . . Kingston. . . . Hope . . . to . . . start . . . rescue . . . ship . . . from . . . there. . . . Stand . . . by' . . ."

Rosamund touched the Cap'n on the elbow. "Aunt Miranda is feeling better again. She wants to know what you have heard from Hank."

"What we've heard, eh?" The Cap'n looked up in a daze, his lips trembled as he tried to form words. "You tell Miranda Hank's all right—gettin' along fine. And tell her Hank jess sent his particular love to his Mama and—and to you, Rozie."

Rosamund flushed and choked back the sobs. "Oh, Uncle Lyman, do tell me if you think Hank is in terrible danger."

"Danger? Tut, tut! 'Course he ain't. Jess havin' a little mite of a close shave. Don't you worry none, Rozie, Hank's comin' through with flyin' colors."

"I hope so hard he is, Uncle Lyman. He's just the sweetest, dearest friend I've got in the world and I love him."

After she had gone out of the room, the Cap'n remarked: "Wish we could broadcast that little speech to Hank. Might chirk him up some. A fellar can feel awful lonely on the sea when there's nothin' between him and Davey Jones' locker but a few thin strips of boards with holes in 'em." The Cap'n drummed impatiently on the table with his pipe. "Why ain't anythin' comin' in now, Ed?"

"Guess Key West is sendin' out on a different wave-length. We better hold on here where we know we can pick up the *Omega*."

The Cap'n staggered to his feet and wandered aimlessly about the room. He went in to see Mrs. Quiller for a few moments but was back shortly with a wan, forlorn expression.

"Anythin' more, Ed?"

"Nothing yet, Lyman."

Willie Brown had not opened his mouth once since the arrival of Mr. Billings. With eyes glued to the radio, he sat curled up in a chair, motionless, expressionless, taking in every detail of the tragedy but offering no comment or suggestions. Now, however, Willie had something on his mind.

"Uncle Lyman."

"Yes, boy." The Cap'n did not lift his head.

"Wasn't them blue-prints you was showing me last year the plans of Hank's ship?"

"Guess they was, Willie. I don't remember exactly. What about 'em."

Willie faltered. "Nothing. Nothing particular. Thought you might figure out on 'em about where she's stove in."

The Cap'n grasped at the idea. It provided a means of relief from the strain of inactivity. He pulled out the lower drawer of his desk and pawed over a mass of papers until he came to a long roll of blue-prints that had a large "S. S. *Omega*" scrawled across the back. He spread the plans out on the desk and bent over them with Willie peering over his shoulder.

"Aft of the for'castle. Lemme see now. Port side." The Cap'n's finger wavered as he pointed to the spot. "About there I reckon is where she's stove. Ain't so bad there. Lots worse places she might ha' been hit. No, sir, ain't so bad there. Looks like—no, couldn't be, couldn't be."

"Looks like what, Uncle Lyman?"

"Looks like she might be hit in num-

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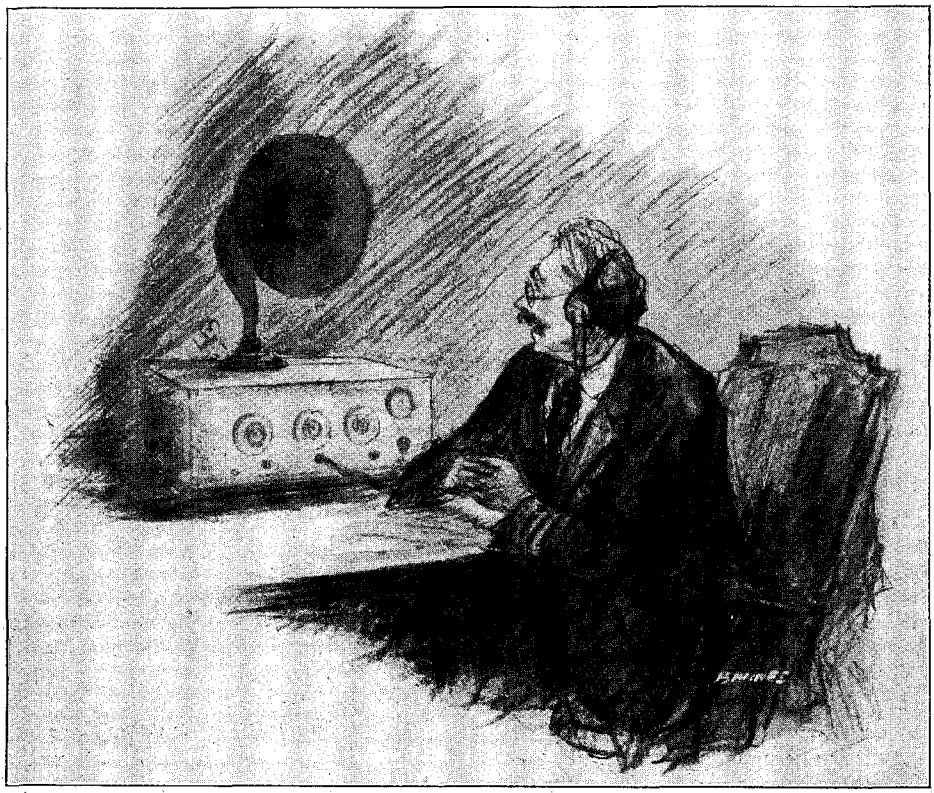
ber eight hold but couldn't be there. No, if 'twas there, Buck Peters would close them XY doors and she'd be tight as a drum."

The radio broke in abruptly. It was a long message from the Key West station. . . . badly . . . water . . . in . . . engine . . . room . . . getting . . . deeper. . . . Deck-engines . . . may . . . help . . . with pumps . . . Heavy . . . sea . . . running. . . . All . . . cheerful . . . so long' . . ."

Back at his desk the Cap'n studied the



San Francisco hadn't gone to bed yet. Why should he?—Page 54.

Mr. Billings waited until the end before he interpreted it.

"Key West says the only boat under steam in the Kingston harbor is the *Arabella*, a privately owned pleasure-craft. She's headin' out of the harbor now with everythin' wide open and expects to make the *Omega* in six to seven hours. Key West asks the *Omega* to get in touch with the *Arabella*. Sounds promisin', don't it, Lyman?"

"Promisin', sure. If Buck Peters can only keep afloat that long."

Mr. Billings leaned toward the horn. "Here comes Hank in again: 'Thank . . . God . . . for . . . *Arabella*. . . . Hope . . . we . . . can . . . hold . . . out. . . . Listing

blue-prints of the *Omega*. He was puzzled. What was Buck Peters worrying about keeping afloat for when his first report had been that the damage was aft of the for'castle? If the XY doors wouldn't shut out the main leak, what about the BX doors thirty-foot astern? The Cap'n tapped the desk with a pencil. Something was mighty darn queer.

Suddenly it came to him. He turned and pounded Willie Brown on the back excitedly.

"I got it, boy! 'Cause he ain't got the XY doors shet. He don't even know about 'em. There's a galley been built in there right in front of them doors. All he's got to do is tear out a beaver-board

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wall, close them XY doors, fill up number seven hold on the starboard, and she'll float until Hell freezes over."

The Cap'n pounded the desk as he talked. Ed Billings stared at him open-mouthed.

"Wa-al, Lyman, what are you goin' to do about it?"

Cap'n Quiller slumped again. "That's the ketch. Here I am on dry land figgerin' out what Buck Peters should be doin' off Pedro Keys. 'N I may be wrong at that. Gosh but I'd like to know if Buck knows about them XY doors."

Willie had a suggestion. "You might wire Key West to ask him."

Ed Billings shook his head. "They wouldn't pay no attention to a private message. But say, Lyman, why couldn't you call up the company in New York and have them wire Key West to shoot out a few words of advice comin' straight from headquarters?"

It was the Cap'n's turn to shake his head dubiously. He had a mental picture of some fresh young night clerk in the office of the Consolidated Shipping Lines chuckling over the phone at his idea of broadcasting advice to the *Omega*. Still, if he could catch Old Man Snyder in the office he might be able to convince him that even an ex-captain on the retired list might know something or other about the *Omega*.

As it happened Old Man Snyder was at his desk when the Cap'n's 'phone call came in. It was a hectic night in the offices of the Consolidated Shipping Lines. There were none of the smiles, jokes or idling groups that customarily went with an evening session—only grim, determined faces, frowns, and high-pitched voices. The *Omega*, pride of the Lines, was in trouble. Nearly every man in the office had a friend or kin on board the *Omega*. As general manager and directing genius of the Lines, Old Man Snyder had more friends and more kin on board the *Omega* than any of the others. Buck Peters was his wife's own nephew. . . . It was a bad night for the old man.

A clerk poked his head in Snyder's door. "There's a Captain Quiller on the phone wants to speak to you, sir."

Old Man Snyder waved a protest. "Got a son on board, hasn't he? Can't talk with him. Connect him with Hayes."

A few minutes later the clerk was back. "He says he doesn't want to ask about his son. Says he's got a private message he must deliver to you personally."

"Oh, well." Snyder picked up the telephone. "Give me that call from Captain Quiller. . . . Hello—Quiller. Sure. All right, let it come. Galley in number eight hold. What about it? Hold on there. Say that again. Don't shout. I can hear you all right. Now let it come slowly. . . . Tear out galley in number eight. Yes, yes, go on. Close XY and BX doors. Fill number seven on starboard. Is that all? Thanks. Thanks a lot. You ought to know if anybody does. We'll get busy on that right away. G'bye." Snyder turned to the clerk. "Get that Key West Government Station on the long distance at once. Send Bixby and Steele in here on the run."

Less than a half-hour later Cap'n Quiller sitting in his Baytown radio-room heard Key West sending out into the air his advice to Captain Peters on board the *Omega*. Ed Billings was more excited about it than the Cap'n.

"They're sendin' it out jest as you told 'em, Lyman."

The Cap'n groaned. "Yup. Jess as I told 'em. An' I may be so dead wrong they'll be laughin' at me on all of the seven seas. But godfrey! with a boy on board it ain't goin' to hurt me none to make a fool of myself when there's a chance it may help."

Breathlessly they waited for a response to the message from Hank. At last it came.

"Advice . . . received . . . Captain Peters . . . sends . . . thanks . . . to . . . C. S. L. . . . Investigating . . . XY doors . . . BX doors . . . closed . . . immediately . . . after . . . collision. . . . In . . . communication . . . with . . . *Arabella*. . . . Hope . . . she . . . arrives . . . in . . . time. . . . Settling . . . fast . . . to . . . port. . . ."

From the ship's clock in the dining-room came the sharp chiming of four bells. Through the village echoed the striking of ten o'clock from the tower of the First Baptist Church. The Cap'n

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bowed his head humbly. He was praying for Hank.

The big window to the east that had loomed inky-black all night suddenly began to take on a grayish blue. The gray faded out as the blue came in stronger and stronger. Somewhere a cock crowed. Another and still another cock. It was dawn in Baytown.

Mrs. Quiller stirred uneasily on the couch. Rosamund reached over and patted her reassuringly. By the window Cap'n Quiller stared out hollow-eyed—the night had made him an old man. Ed Billings dozed in his chair. Willie Brown stood guard by the radio.

The last message had come in around two-thirty. It told briefly of an attempt to launch a life-boat, of the loss of fourteen men, of the others waiting bravely on board for the inevitable. The *Arabella* had not been sighted. Earlier there had been a private message from Captain Peters: a farewell and his regrets that he had not known about the XY doors in time to do more good. There had also been a private message from Hank: "Good-by and love to all, including Rozie." Rosamund had wept on Mrs. Quiller's shoulder when this came in, the only time during the long night that she gave any indication of breaking down.

With the first rays of light Rosamund got up stiffly and stole quietly downstairs. There were sounds of a fire in the making, later the pungent aroma of coffee. Apparently the smell of coffee penetrated to Mr. Billings's nostrils for he woke up and looked expectant. Rosamund called for Willie to carry up the tray. Besides the pot of coffee there were doughnuts and thinly sliced pieces of buttered toast.

Cap'n Quiller thanked Rozie but could take nothing. He tried a mouthful of coffee, gulped, and put the cup down quickly.

"Sticks in my throat," he said. "Thanks jess the same, girlie."

As Mrs. Quiller was still asleep, Ed Billings and Willie Brown shared the breakfast. After the fourth doughnut Mr. Billings sighed contentedly and dozed off again. This pleased Willie, for sleepy-eyed as he was he enjoyed the importance of being official guardian of the radio.

At ten minutes of five the telephone began ringing, long impetuous rings intended to rouse a sleeping household if necessary. It woke Mrs. Quiller and Ed Billings, and kept on ringing. No one made a move toward answering it. Each looked at the other, awed, fearful. The Cap'n lifted appealing eyes to Rosamund.

"Probably somebody has the wrong number," she said and tripped out of the room. When she came back her lips were trembling, all the color had left her face. Her voice faltered. "A Mr. Snyder in New York wants to speak to you, Uncle Lyman."

"Old Man Snyder, eh?" The Cap'n's jaw dropped. "What's he wantin' this time o' mornin'?"

Slowly Cap'n Quiller got up and shambled wearily out, each stair creeking as he made his way down to the telephone. A deathlike stillness came over the radio-room broken only by soft sobbing from Rosamund who had hidden her head on Mrs. Quiller's bosom. She was breaking under the strain.

The Cap'n's crackling voice, raised to a telephone pitch, floated up the stairs.

"What's that? Yup. This is Quiller. . . . Whaddye say? No, no. We ain't heard nothin' since 'bout two-thirty. . . . Safe? Thank God!" The Cap'n was halfway up the stairs. "Hank's safe! Safe 'n well 'n happy. Whoopee! Wait until I hear more and I'll tell yer."

Mrs. Quiller and Rosamund both cried, unashamed. Willie executed a jig that threatened momentarily to damage beyond repair the best radio receiving set in seven counties. Ed Billings gawped foolishly at the proceedings, wanting to join in the celebration but not knowing just where to begin. Finally he compromised by eating another doughnut. No one tried to overhear the rest of the Cap'n's conversation: Hank was safe and that was all that really mattered.

Some time elapsed before the Cap'n finished talking with Old Man Snyder. When he reappeared in the radio-room, he was no longer hollow-eyed. He was a young man again. There was a positive swagger to his walk as he came in. He went over and kissed his wife and patted Rosamund fondly before he told his news.

"The boy's safe. Had a narrow squeak

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but he come through all right jess as I knowed he would all along. The Consolidated had a message relayed through Kingston tellin' all about it. The *Arabella*—she was the boat that put out from Kingston—got there after the *Omega* had gone down. She picked up forty-six men floatin' around on rafts and pieces of wreckage. Hank was among 'em they know sure because he was doin' the sendin' from the *Arabella*. They're puttin' back to Kingston now and will ship home on a passenger-liner. The boy ought to be here sometime next week. Guess we'll have to stage a welcome-home party for him, eh, Ma-pet?

"'N say, Willie, we was right about them XY doors. Old Man Snyder says so himself. Only it was too late when they got our message. Helped some, Snyder said, but not enough. Snyder said a lot more but it wouldn't concern you folks."

The Cap'n smiled enigmatically. Apparently he was cherishing a secret that pleased him immensely.

Later Cap'n Quiller found himself out on the beach striding up and down close to the waves. He was dog-tired, but not too tired to walk and gaze out at the sea. He could think better that way, especially when he had a lot to think about. Old Man Snyder had offered him his old berth with the Consolidated. He was to be a full-fledged captain again in good standing. Besides this, he could take his pick of the Consolidated fleet to command. It was a tempting offer to a young man of sixty-three.

Still, there were two sides to the question. If he went back to seafaring, it would mean leaving Miranda alone again. Miranda was getting on—not old to be sure, but not as spry as she used to be and less adaptable to getting along by herself. And even if he did refuse Snyder's offer, he could consider himself legitimately a retired sea captain. There would be no taint to his retirement. It would be of his own volition. He could join in with the old sea-dogs in the Baytown General Store without a blush or blemish to his career. Yes, there was considerable room for debate as to just what he should do. In all, however, a pleasant debate.

The Cap'n had not made up his mind one way or the other when he got back to the house. He found Rosamund and Mrs. Quiller on the steps, both with happy smiling faces. Mrs. Quiller's eyes gleamed with excitement.

"I've got a secret to tell you, Lyman."

"Secret! Well, I swan. Jess in the mood for secrets, I am."

"It's about Rozie. She just told me."

"Oh, about Rozie. That's easy. I only need one guess: she's goin' to marry Ed Billings."

They all laughed.

"Guess again."

"She ain't goin' to marry our Hank, is she?"

Rozie put both arms around the Cap'n's neck. "That's what, Uncle Lyman, and isn't it too wonderful! He asked me when he was home the last time and I am to give him my answer when he comes back. Oh, but I'm so relieved he *is* coming back, for I had my mind made up all along."

The Cap'n kissed her. "Good for you, girlie. I'm tickled pink about it. This fake uncle stuff between you and me never was jess right. I'd lots rather try and be a father to you. And Miranda here won't make such a bad mother, will she?"

"Simply wonderful," breathed Rosamund ecstatically.

Up-stairs again the Cap'n should have gone straight to bed. Instead he wandered in to his radio, lighted the tubes and plugged in the ear phones. Presently he heard the faint strains of a dance orchestra. A touch on the Vernier and the music swelled to its full proportion. The station was announced: RNOW, San Francisco, California. The Cap'n grinned triumphantly. San Francisco hadn't gone to bed yet. Why should he? More dance music came in broadcasted direct from the ballroom.

"Workin' swell," mumbled the Cap'n and reached for his pipe.

Which meant, if you understood it correctly, that the Cap'n had made up his mind about Old Man Snyder's offer. Cap'n Quiller had definitely retired from the sea. But there were no tears about his retirement—not a one. With a front-row seat in the radio audience he was safe and happy and still a young-old man. What more could any man ask?

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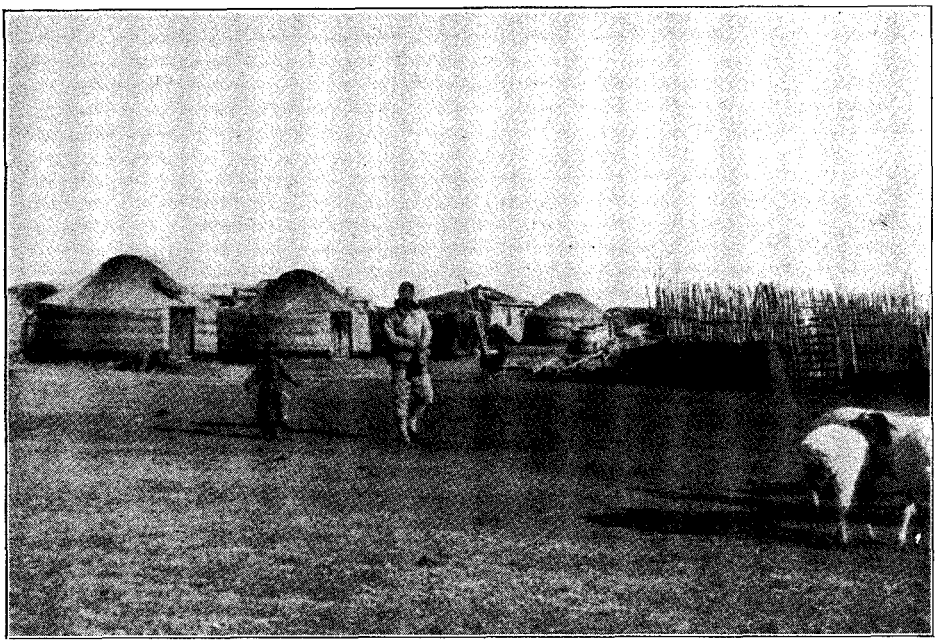

A Mongol village.

Chasing Antelope on the Great Mongolian Plateau

BY WILLIAM DOUGLAS BURDEN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

MASON SEARS and I travelled together in the Far East in 1922. While in Peking we heard much talk of Mongolia and the Gobi desert. There were stories of gold and bandits, of men who had gone "Mongolia mad," of wild rides on the trail of the antelope herds, of Urga and of the Hutukhtu—the living god of all the Mongols.

We had a few days to spare after returning from an extensive hunting expedition in North Shansi and determined therefore to make a short trip into the Gobi desert.

Early one morning in November we swung off the train at Kalgan. Beyond the great walls of this ancient border city Mongolia stretches away into the unseen distances. Kalgan is old and worn and tiered as if it were holding the weight of centuries upon its shoulders, but the breath of the frontier lurks about its grand old walls. Dusty, hoof-worn trails that have been travelled for thousands of years lead away northward into a vast wilderness—the wilderness of Ghenghis and Kublai Khan.

It was a country of romance and adventure, I thought, and the heart of Mongolia was still to me the heart of mystery, the heart of the unknown. But what was this talk of motor-cars on the Gobi desert? Could it be true that motor-cars were crossing Mongolia? What an outrage to the beauty of the desert and how terribly incongruous!

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The next day we went up into Mongolia and we went, I am ashamed to say it, in a Ford motor-car. Visions of griffin ponies and long hard rides on the open plains were dispelled, for the great steppes had been invaded by the detestable motor-car.

The sheepskin coat worn by the Mongolians with a yurt in the background.

And now let me describe the journey from Kalgan out through the west gate and up over Hannopa Pass. A Chinese driver was at the wheel. Chinee man "catch plenty face" driving fast, so we soon found out it was a waste of time trying to make him go slowly. The trail that we followed is the great caravan route between Central Asia and China. It was as crowded as Fifth Avenue. All the camel caravans from Urga, all the shepherds driving their flocks, all Chinese from the inner Mongolian Plains with their mule-teams, their ox-carts, and their horses must pass between the narrow walls of the west gate. The jams of traffic at this point I have never seen the equal of. It is bedlam let loose, to begin with, and the effect that one wretched little Ford produces makes it just ten times as bad. Horses, frightened by the roar of the engine, are rearing, kicking, and breaking loose from their harness, while struggling Chinamen hang on to the animals' heads and hold caps over their eyes. A flock of fat-tailed sheep and long-horned goats break and spread helter-skelter through the streets, some dashing into houses and open shops, others disappearing up side alleyways. A donkey rears, its pack tumbling to the ground and grain spilling all over the street; but no one offers a helping hand and the traffic continues over the spilled grain. An ox struggles up an embankment, a Chinaman hanging to his head. The overloaded cart crashes against a rock, a wooden wheel breaks, and the goods slide into the ditch. The old man surveys his demolished outfit, surveys the Ford, and doesn't say a word. And all the while the strange shouts of Chinese drivers, the cracking of whips and the barking of dogs fill the air. Up on the high wall above the gate some one hundred Chinese squat on their haunches and gaze serenely down upon the scene of turmoil.

The soldiers* accept our pass, and we are outside of the gates. A remnant of the great outer wall of China, built two hundred years before the Christian Era, stands on the sky-line. Only the stalwart blockhouses hold their own against the Mongolian winds. There is no road up Hannopa Pass and the Ford smashes and bangs up the stony river-bed, our Chinese driver shouting instructions to all who are in his path. Here come a hundred griffin ponies. They halt, look restlessly at the Ford with ears pricked up, then turn and gallop up the mountain-side. One lonely red-faced Mongol, in pointed purple hat, up-turned boots, and yellow covering to sheepskin coat, gives a wild cry and gallops furiously up around

*An American, Mr. Charles Coltman, of the Mongolian Trading Company, was shot and killed by Chinese soldiers just a month later at this very spot.

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and turns them back. A camel caravan is winding down the river-bed, a Mongol in the lead, giving easily at the waist to the curious undulating motion of the camel's walk. Nose to tail they are attached in a seemingly endless line. At our approach several startled beasts slip loose their nose-fastenings and stray out over the river-bottom. The uniformity of the caravan is broken and there is work for the quiet Mongols.

On and on up the river-bed we go, smashing and rattling on the rocks and creating havoc all along the line. Sears and I are hurled back and forth in the rear seat and my aggravation with motor-cars increases. Snarling dogs pursue us, and Chinese children —little bits of roosters—throw stones at us. Finally we come to the end of the river-bed. Beyond there is a gorge and a mountainside. It is called the bad part of Hannopa Pass. Our driver stops and three strong horses are hitched up to the car. We get out and walk, and then, to the tune of panting horses, shouting Chinamen, loud crackings of the whip, and buzzing of the engine, our car ascends the pass. For a mile and a half the Ford goes up over the rocks and boulders till finally we stand on the rim of the great Mongolian Plateau. Beyond is the endless elevated plateau land of Central Asia and below at our feet lies China, ever gnawing back into the Mongolian rim that gives way, inch by inch, year by year, to the forces of erosion. For a long time I stand looking down onto China. There below me stretches a sea of mountains and gnarled ridges and weather-worn slopes, the whole forming a great jumble of broken-down land masses that are tortured and twisted with canyon and ravine. The lights and shadows that decorate the velvet slopes spread over the far-flung battle-line until in the distance I can see the remains of the great wall stretching over the mountains, away into the South like some endless crawling serpent.

Then we turn back and climb into the Ford, and for the rest of the day we rattle and bump over Inner Mongolia.

It was a long time before we left the farm land behind, for the Chinese, disregarding the boundary line of the great wall, have occupied the edges of the Mongolian Plateau and cultivated the fertile soil of the plains. The result of this has been a mixing of breeds, so that the Mongol, native to the country we were now passing through, is a very different specimen from the full-blooded, picturesque, wild-looking Mongol that comes down with the camel caravans from Outer Mongolia. The former are a degenerate type; the latter are the true descendants of a great people that had once ruled a large part of the world. They are the greatest nomads of the earth, people to be admired for their courage, hardihood, and endurance, and loved for their childish, human ways. I liked the Mongols the very first time I saw them, and the more Mongols I saw, the more my liking grew. They are, surely, the most picturesque people on the face of the globe.

Mixed blood of Lower Mongolia.

Now, it is sad to relate that a dwindling

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population of two million is the only remnant of a once great people.

Some time after sunset we drew up alongside of three yurts that looked as though they had been dumped there together on the floor of the prairie. A yurt is as good an example of adaptation to environment as is the Eskimo igloo of the Arctic. A bitter cold wind was sweeping over the steppes, and several grassy ponds that we had passed on the way were frozen up tight. Yet when a few minutes after our arrival we were sitting before an argol fire inside the yurt, we were as comfortable and warm as could be. Not a bit of draft crept through the felt walls, and there was no smoke such as there is in Indian tepees to smart your eyes.

A Mongol family live in three yurts, placed side by side. One yurt is a kitchen, another the bedroom, and the third is the dining-room and parlor combined. The interior of the parlor is elaborately ornamented with colored felt, little glass paintings, and bits of bright ribbon. The open fireplace is very carefully and neatly arranged in the centre of the room. Furniture stands along the wall and consists of red-colored boxes of all sizes that are beautifully fitted out with brass trappings.

Just as we were beginning to get thawed out after our cold ride, a Mongol stepped in through the low-hung entrance and served us cheese and Mongol wine, or cumel, which is the fermented milk of mares. After that we enjoyed a more substantial supper and then before retiring we sat around for a while snug and warm before the bright blaze, listening to the north wind that came howling down over the Gobi from the Siberian steppes beyond.

The next morning we went hunting. I had heard that great herds of antelope, one and two thousand strong, roamed the plains. I had heard also that these antelopes could travel at a speed of sixty miles an hour, which would make them the fastest-running animals in the world. To all these stories I had answered nothing, but here, now, was the chance to see for myself.

The idea as Sears and I understood it was to chase the antelope in a motor-car, so we picked up our 9.5 mm. Mannlicher rifles, which we had been using in the Shansi Mountains, and jumped into the Ford.

For a couple of hours we rattled along and then as we topped a rise of ground I saw there before us on the flat steppes something that would have made an old plainsman's eyes glisten. Hundreds upon hundreds upon hundreds of antelopes were grazing in all directions over the basin. In the distance they looked like little yellow, moving specks, here bunched together and there straggling out in a long line and covering several square miles of country. I could just begin to picture what it must have been in the early buffalo days on our own Western prairies. Afterward we estimated the number of antelopes seen at about one thousand five hundred, and I am sure the figure is not far from the mark. For a few minutes we enjoyed a good look at them through field-glasses and then set out at full speed down the slope. I was watching the antelope very carefully and I saw the nearer ones moving restlessly back and forth, unable to make up their minds just what to do in face of this new, strange enemy that came rolling toward them. We headed for the middle of the herd, and as we drew up close they separated and galloped leisurely off, some of the little fellows jumping, spring-buck fashion, high into the air. There now took place something that was quite beyond my understanding. We had hardly changed our course at all, and the herd that had turned to the right, instead of heading away at right angles, now bunched up and jogged along parallel to us. They must have been a good four hundred yards off, but they held their course parallel to ours—a very strange manœuvre on their part, I thought. Our driver put on more speed. The antelope correspondingly put up their pace a little. Indeed some of the leaders were gaining on us, so our driver gave himself over to the excitement of the chase and opened the throttle wide. I was somewhat nervous, as I had been told that many cars had been wrecked while doing just this very thing. The speedometer read forty miles per hour and Sears and I were being thrown all over the back seat. At this

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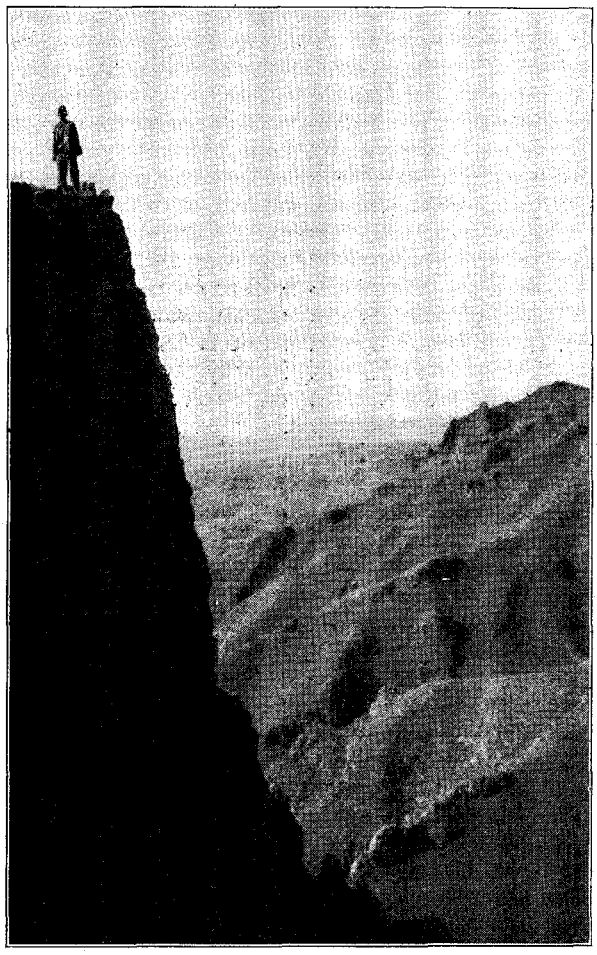
point the antelope got down to work. They weren't straining themselves as yet. They were just simply covering country. As the leaders gained on us I noticed that they began to swing across our bow.



The mountainous country on the border of the Mongolian plateau.

They seemed to be consumed by some insane desire to cross in ahead of us. Roy Andrews says that they act as though drawn by some powerful magnet, and that is just the way to describe it. Very soon it became evident that the antelope were tiring of our company and they got down to the business of running in real earnest. Never have I seen anything so beautiful. Their bodies dropped lower and lower, so that they were skimming the plains *ventre à terre*. I remember one big buck antelope in particular. He really exerted himself, and he was the only one I saw that did. His legs worked as smoothly and as beautifully as pistons. Never could anything move more gracefully than did that fine old buck. He was on wings and simply shot ahead of the rest of the herd, swung across in front of us, and got safely away. It was the most spectacular exhibition of running that I ever hope to see. "If a horse could run like that," said Sears, "I would spend my life going to horse-races."

Now we called to the driver to throw on the brakes, and before we had come to a stop we jumped out, one on either side of the car, and opened fire. I saw a spurt

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of dust below another fine old buck, but before I had time to put up the four-hundred-yard sight the animals were out of range.

For a large part of the day we repeated these manœuvres, one bombardment following close upon another, until I realized that we were futilely wasting our very precious ammunition. One needs flat, trajectory rifles for this sort of work, and that is exactly what 9.5 mm. Mannlichers are not.

However, I was very much annoyed at being so thwarted by the game and determined to try different tactics.

Forthwith I left the motor-car and set out on foot, a very discouraging occupation because of the great distances and the endless plains. First I took careful account of the undulating rise and fall of ground and then I studied the various little herds of antelope which were now scattered out in every direction. Presently I noticed that one rather large herd was headed back into a more steeply rolling section of country, so I hid behind a little undulation of the prairie and started at a jog-trot to head them off. My manœuvre was successful, and after waiting about ten minutes the whole herd ambled leisurely by in front of me, not a hundred yards from where I was lying down. Due to the remarkably clear atmosphere, I thought that I had probably been underestimating the distances, so now my first shot was too high. Immediately the whole herd bolted, but at the second crack of the rifle a fine buck came to the ground.

So ended my first antelope hunt.

That evening as I was walking alone over the prairie, I sat down on a rise of ground to look around. The sun had just gone down into a crimson sky. Before me, as far as the eye could carry, a broad, open valley lay in the shadow of the evening, a valley surrounded by low, rolling, velvet hills, and there in the purple distance three yurts were dumped together on the valley floor, a column of smoke rising perfectly straight into the still air. A camel caravan was wending its way over a distant ridge. Below me on the plain antelope were grazing. Then I looked beyond the valley and the yurts and the rolling, velvet hills where a light was gleaming. It was the glow of a red sun on distant mountain peaks and gray rock cliffs, but it might for all the world have been the stately pleasure domes of Xanadu, glistening there to remind the weary traveller that Mongolia has not forgotten its old ruler, Kublai Khan, and that perhaps there is still left something of the enchantment and mystery of bygone days.

"A Slim Youth Called Shelley"

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

His name was Hogg. North countryman, he came
Stodgy and staid, to learn at Oxford town,
But studied most to have his muffins brown,
His bitter tea well brewed, and blinked at fame.
Nor dimly dreamed his shabby door would frame
A bright impetuous angel, that his hearth,
Ashen, unkempt, would kindle for all the earth
And all the winds of time a quenchless flame.

Yet often, as the hour drew late and stark,
He saw his threshold tremble, sudden alight . . .
And wrote, heart shaken, when the years grew chill:
"I used to hear him running in the dark
Across the old quadrangles, through the night" . . .
Adding, *"I seem to hear those footsteps still."*

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The Professor and the Pink Lady

BY FREDERICK WHITE
Author of "J. Smith, Spicklefisherman," "He Could Catch Trout," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON STEVENSON

"BOOKS on fishing," said Professor Barstow, "should, in my opinion, have a place on every reading list. The literature of angling, apart from its technical side, has a literary value and a philosophy all its own."

The professor was standing before the fireplace in the living-room of the Brantwaters Club. Above his head, back of the massive stone mantel, a four-pound brown trout, swelling lustily from its mounting-board, was flanked on either side by colored sketches of almost equally impressive fish.

Young Thorpe, who was whipping a sprung mashie, looked up. "You dry-fly people are all balmy," he said with a laugh. "I can't see anything in fishing which is not found in other forms of sport—golf, for instance."

Professor Barstow winced. Thorpe's controversial attitude always irritated him, and then there was another reason, and the other reason had just entered the room.

Miss Dorothy Cummings was reason enough for any man, even at the professor's advanced age of thirty-eight, to feel a certain irritation at her evident interest in any one but himself. She nodded to the professor but went straight to Thorpe.

"Greetings, Jim. What's the cause of the riot this morning? Did I hear something about golf?"

"Golf versus fishing," Thorpe replied. "Professor Barstow would have it that fishing, as a sport, stands on a pinnacle by itself. I denied it."

"You go too fast, James," said the professor. "My statement had to do only with the literature of fishing. You interpolated what I might have thought but refrained from saying."

"Please say it, professor," Miss Cummings broke in. "I love to hear you talk."

There was a glint of mischief in her eyes, and it roused in the professor a feeling of revolt.

"I will," he said, almost grimly. "Golf is a sport only, while angling—I refer to dry-fly casting for trout—is not only a sport but an institution, containing many of the elements which enter into the philosophy of life. I refer to determination and patience, the successful handling of a difficult situation and swift and sure decision in an emergency."

"You're dead right, professor!" Judge Holcombe boomed from the doorway. "Join me on the links and we'll show these youngsters the principles of angling as applied to golf."

The professor smiled at his supporter but shook his head. "Not for me, judge, thank you. I'm going down-stream."

"Afraid to put your theories into practice?" Thorpe asked quickly.

The professor's tanned cheek flushed. "Not exactly afraid," he said, "but I prefer to hit a live trout in swift water rather than a merely lively ball on dead grass."

"Wow!" Thorpe ejaculated, as the tall, lean figure strode from the room, "I'd like to see the old duffer missing a few."

"He's not an old duffer, he's an old dear," Dorothy Cummings laughed.

Judge Holcombe looked from the stocky young man to the slender girl in her trim leggings and riding-breeches. "I wonder," he said, "at what age a man may safely be called an old duffer—or an old dear? Professor Barstow is about as husky an individual and as young at heart as a man at his best has any right to be."

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"Profs are always old," Thorpe asserted. "The older they get the more opinionated they become, and I enjoy taking a whack at them now I'm out of their clutches."

"Watch out that you don't get whacked," said the judge, as he turned away. Dorothy called after him: "Well, anyway, he's an old bachelor, judge, dear; you must admit that."

Judge Holcombe wheeled around and shook an admonitory finger. "A darned well-seasoned one," he warned, "and too good a man to waste on a self-sufficient and scoffing generation—including you, young lady."

"Now, will you be good!" Thorpe charged when they were alone again.

"What did he mean by that?"

"Search me. But you're all right with me, anyway, and I love you a lot when you get all pink and peachy-looking. Come on and play golf."

He seized the ends of the silk tie that held together the wide collar of her blouse and drew her to him. The girl resisted, grasping his hands but laughing as they scuffled about the room.

"Excuse me." The professor was standing in the doorway looking embarrassed. "I came back for my pipe," he explained. "Sorry to interrupt."

The girl had thrown herself into a low chair, her face as pink and rosy as the disarranged tie she was smoothing with brown, capable hands.

"Jim's a bear," she said, with a toss of her curly bobbed head.

"Treat 'em rough, professor," Thorpe laughed; "it's the only way to handle 'em and they like it."

"Do you like it?"

There was a queer, almost eager, intensity about his sudden question, and Dorothy's eyes fell.

"Why—why, I can take care of myself. I would have had him down in a minute. His wrists are not as strong as mine."

"Are they as strong as this?"

He pulled back the sleeve from a sinewy forearm and placed a coin back of the wrist. With a quick contraction of his fingers a bulging muscle leapt into play and the coin shot into the air. With a flashing movement the professor caught it in his open palm and replaced it in his pocket.

"That's a good trick!" Thorpe exclaimed, and Dorothy cried: "How do you do it? What made it jump?"

The professor looked at her for a long moment through his shell-rimmed glasses. "Twenty years of fly-casting," he said, and left them standing in unusual and surprised silence.

Thorpe was the first to speak. "Gee!" he said in a tone of unwilling admiration, "I'd hate to have that bird set his talons into me."

Dorothy's eyes were full of puzzled wonderment. "Why, Jim!" she cried, "he's strong and human. I don't believe he's as old as—we think he is."

"The older they get the tougher they are." Thorpe grinned. "Come on and play with some one whose heart is still tender and who can give you a half-stroke a hole and beat the puttees off your sturdy if well-formed extremities."

"Jim!" She hurled a cushion at him, and as he ducked and ran from the room she called after: "Wait till I get my clubs and we'll see who'll do the beating." Then, turning with a very serious face, she said to the empty, gaping fireplace: "I wonder if you are too young at heart to be called an old dear—safely. Perhaps I'll take up fishing, seriously, and"—an irrepressible smile twisted her red lips—"and find out."

II

DOWN-STREAM the professor sat on a rock with the cool water rippling about his long legs. He had just raised a heavy trout under the high, rhododendron-clustered bank opposite, and he was giving the fish time to settle down before presenting another and, he hoped, more acceptable fly for his inspection.

Something like a tiny yacht with twin upright sails bobbed down to him on the ripples, and with cupped hand he snatched it from the water. "Pink Lady!" he exclaimed. "The first I've seen this season."

Snapping open his fly-box, he drew out a drab-wing, pink-bodied fly and compared it with the draggled shape on his coat sleeve. "Pink Lady," he repeated, and then, struck by a sudden thought,

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"Damn that pink necktie," he muttered. "I wonder if she likes to be tugged around?"

"Not by a condemned schoolmaster," he gloomily decided, and turned back to the task at hand.

Having preened the Pink Lady fly to his satisfaction, with cautious steps he quartered across the stream and, standing just beyond casting distance, flipped the fly into the air and began a series of gradually lengthening false casts.

Extending over the water stretched a protecting hemlock branch. The Pink Lady, floating at the extremity of gossamer leader and tapered line, flirted dangerously with the green entanglement, brushed a drooping twig, checked, and dropped lightly on the water. Riding high, with wings cocked, it drifted slowly down at the extremity of a half-circle of almost invisible leader.

The big trout rose in an explosion of flying spray. Then, with the rod bowing under the impact of sharp steel in firm flesh, the fish lunged forward with a rush which carried him out into the sun-shot ripples.

In midstream the trout sought shelter behind a sunken rock, and the professor, reeling in, cautiously approached and peered down at the spot indicated by the taut leader.

What his sharp eyes discovered evidently did not please him, for he swore softly and kicked forward against the loose river gravel.

Again the trout shot away, circled under the spring of the rod, and swung back flapping the surface vigorously. With a quick motion the professor unsnapped his landing-net and made a deft, sweeping lunge.

"Some lucky swipe that," he grinned, and splashed over to an exposed boulder near shore, where he laid the fish still entangled in the dripping meshes.

"Too bad," he muttered; "probably two pounds," and, through the restraining meshes, he carefully worked the fly from the tough skin of the fish's shoulder. For a moment he hesitated; then he lowered the net into the water. The big trout was tired, but not too tired to lumber over the rim and move slowly away.

From the bank came a long-drawn "O-o-h," and the professor whirled around. Against the background of leaves Dorothy Cummings's face and flowing tie showed as pink and white as the framing rhododendron blooms themselves.

"Hello," he called, "what are you doing here?"

"I came to watch you fish. I've never been so thrilled; but why did you let him go?"

The professor waded around the rock and leaned against it. "I had to," he said slowly. "He was not taken fairly; foul hooked."

"Not fairly! I don't understand."

"You see," the professor explained, "trout-fishing to-day is an art, and satisfactory results may only be obtained through the observance of certain ethical rules of conduct. The fish is raised by presenting a replica of the living insect, and is given an opportunity to take it in a natural manner—by way of the mouth—or reject it. This fish, either through intent or clumsiness, missed the fly, and I snagged him *outside*, in the shoulder."

"But you got him," she persisted.

"Yes," he said slowly. "I got him—by accident. I'll get him right some day."

She looked at him wonderingly. "I'm beginning to understand," she said. "It *is* more than a game, isn't it?"

"It's a philosophy of life—" the professor began. He broke off and stamped his foot. "I will not preach," he said with decision; "it's getting to be a habit."

He splashed across the intervening stretch and, reversing his rod, forced his way through the branches.

"Give you a hand up the bank," he said, suppressing an absurd desire to seize the flowing ends of the pink tie and drag her after him.

She gave him a firm, boyish grip, and he helped her up the slope and through the bordering underbrush to the road. The fly had become loosened from the reel brace and he stopped to secure it.

"Is that the fly you caught him on?" she asked. "Isn't it pretty and—alive. What do you call it?"

"Pink Lady," he confessed.

She glanced up at him. "What's the matter? Why did you look so queer when you said 'Pink Lady'?"

Something, starting at the professor's

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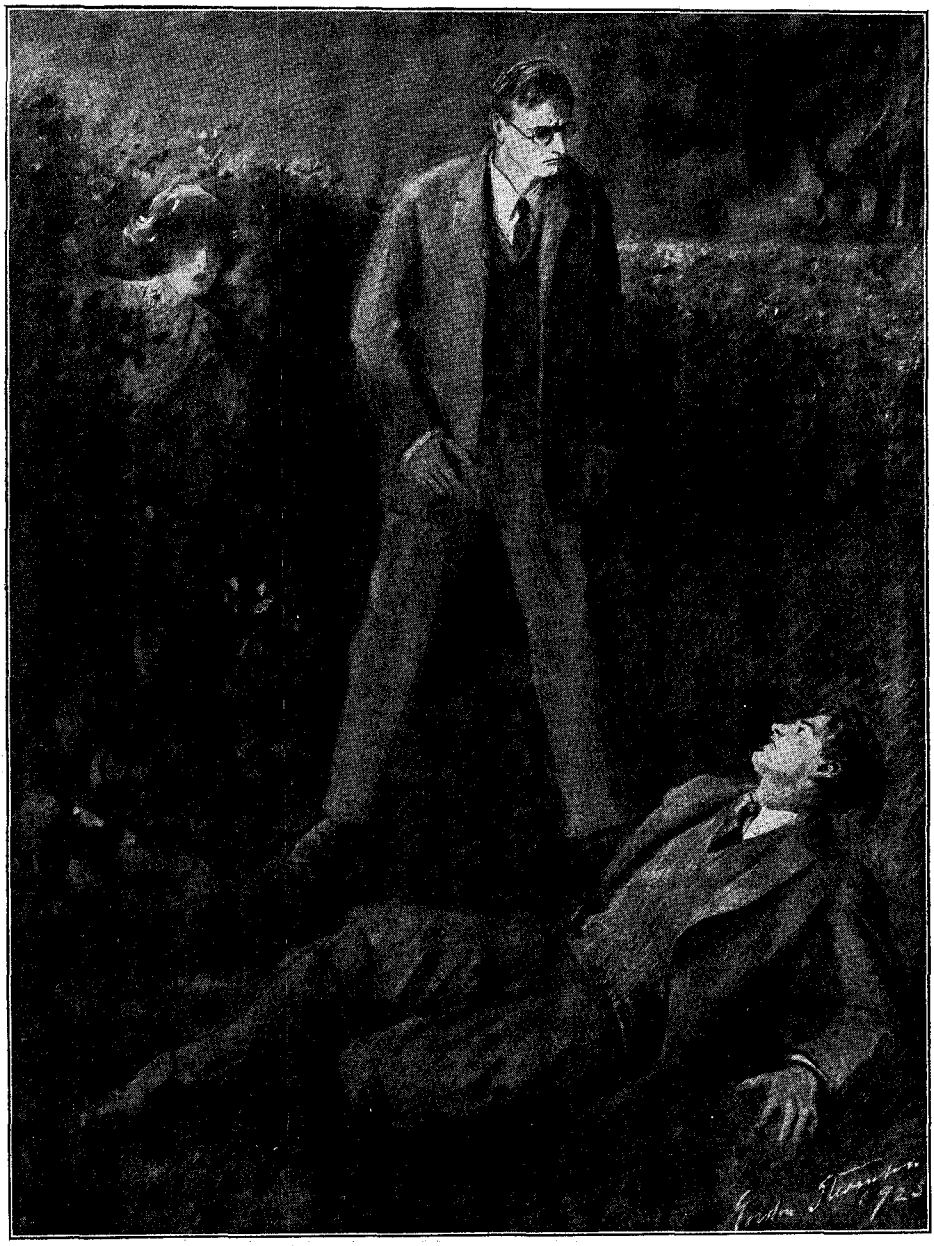

"It's all right," he assured her. "He won't bother you again."—Page 66.

damp shoes, rippled upward through his tall frame in a tingling wave and culminated in a burst of daring.

"Because," he said, "she reminds me of you—pink and pretty and alive. A comparison," he hastened to explain, "inspired by a beautiful bit of craftsmanship and with no suggestion of a possible basis of similarity between you and any insect, however attractive."

The girl's eyes reflected a sort of tender mirthfulness. Impulsively, she raised her hands and placed them on the professor's shoulders.

"Professor," she said, "you're perfectly priceless. I just love being named

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after the Pink Lady, even if she is an insect."

The professor's fingers toyed for an instant with the flowing tie ends. He managed to cast temptation from him and pull away, but the effort cost him his mental poise.

"Hell's bells!" he exclaimed roughly. "What do you think I am—a jelly-fish?"

For a moment she looked at him in hurt amazement. Then her lips twitched. "Why, professor," she drawled, "I do believe you'd be an octopus—if you dared."

"Octopus!" he repeated. He looked down at his long, muscular arms. "Is that a challenge to exercise the well-known proclivity of that predatory creature?"

Then she, too, lost her poise; angry at herself for offering the opening—angry at him for turning it against her.

"You know it isn't!" she cried, pressing her hands to her hot cheeks. "I may look pink and you may think of me as a *pink* lady, but *I* know I'm *not!*"

"My dear child—" the professor protested in a shocked voice. "Well, I'll be jiggered!"

The last muttered exclamation was addressed to the world in general, for the "dear child," with three almost tearful "damn—damn—damns!" punctuated by three stamps of a small if sensible sport shoe, had turned and, light-footed as a young doe, was running down the road.

III

THE professor was late for luncheon. When he took his place at the small table he shared with Judge Holcombe, the latter inquired:

"Have any luck, George?"

"No," said the professor absently. "I messed things up."

"Lose a big one?"

The professor stared at the judge and over the judge's shoulder to the table where Miss Dorothy Cummings sat with her mother. "Oh, the fish? Yes, I hit a good one but he—escaped."

"Too bad. What fly did he come to?"

"P-pink Lady," the professor faltered, for, to him, it seemed that Miss Cummings's back registered interest.

"Pink Lady, eh! Never had any use for her myself. Always distrust these new creations."

"Times change," the professor replied; "also manners and customs. Why not trout-flies?"

"Lord!" the judge exclaimed. "You're turning radical—as radical as your darned Pink Lady."

This time the silken shoulders quivered and the wavy bobbed head bent tableward.

"She's not my Pink Lady," the professor protested nervously. "But I'll tell you this. She was actually on the stream this morning—the living imago."

"Humph!" the judge snorted. "Didn't know there was any such thing in nature."

"I can assure you," said the professor deliberately, "that the Pink Lady is a natural; as alluring and colorful as her name."

"George," said his perturbed friend, "don't let yourself get mushy like some of these near-nature writers. You're not cut out for that sort of thing."

He stood up. So did Mrs. Cummings and her daughter. Mrs. Cummings waited to speak to a friend, but Dorothy turned and slipped her arm into that of the judge.

"Judge, your honor," she said, "why do you disapprove of the Pink Lady? I could not help but overhear."

"Eh, what? So you heard Barstow's hymn of praise to the one wild oat of an otherwise blameless existence. He's been vamped by a trout-fly. Do you wonder I disapprove?"

She laughed into the professor's worried eyes as frankly as if the little drama of the morning had never been.

"So it was only a trout-fly," she said. "I'm disappointed."

Again that strange, pervading thrill quivered along his spine. He got to his feet, knowing that she was making sport of him, yet somehow not resenting it.

"I'll gladly run the risk of being vamped for the sake of meeting her again," he said calmly.

"Come away, young woman," the judge ordered. "The man's shameless in his infatuation."

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Only the professor saw the thoughtful look in the girl's eyes as the judge led her away. There was a disturbing definiteness about the professor—"well seasoned," she remembered the judge had called it—although, as he talked, his face had been surprisingly young—confidently, boldly young.

Outside, the judge and Dorothy were joined by Jim Thorpe.

"Feel better?" the latter asked with an expansive grin.

"Lots. A cigarette will complete the cure." She took a cigarette from his case and accepted a light from the judge's cigar.

"I beat her up this morning," Thorpe explained. "She got mad after nine holes and left me flat. You wouldn't believe, judge, what a temper that girl conceals behind her pleasing features."

"No, I would not," declared the judge loyally. "She's good enough for me."

"She's good enough for me, too, with all her faults," Thorpe said seriously. "Only I can't make her believe I mean it."

"Don't be such a kid, Jim," she exclaimed, tossing away her half-smoked cigarette.

"The frankness of you young people is appalling," the judge scolded. "You don't take anything seriously."

"Oh, yes we do, judge, dear," she said quickly. "We may play with serious things, but in the end we take them soberly enough."

"Then I hope this is the beginning of the end," he chuckled, and with a "bless-you-my-children" gesture he stumped away.

There was a moment of silence. Then Thorpe asked: "Want to end it now, Dot? I'm leaving to-morrow."

She shook her head. "I'm afraid it can't be done, Jim. Sorry."

"I'm not through yet," he said hopefully. "You promised to go for a spin, up-river, to-night."

"All right. We can drop in at the Powerses'; I want to see Evelyn."

"Not while I'm at the wheel," he declared. "I don't want to see anybody but *you*."

"Piggy!" she laughed, as she turned away. "You certainly have a one-way mind, and sometimes I almost love you for it."

Late that evening Professor Barstow sat alone before the dead fireplace in the living-room. His empty pipe was clutched between his strong, white teeth and an open book lay neglected on the table beside him. The hall-clock struck twelve and he stood and stretched his long arms. Believing himself to be the last one up, he switched off the light and wandered out-of-doors for a look at the weather before turning in.

In order to obtain an unobstructed view of the sky he crossed the lawn and stood beside the six-foot hedge bordering the road.

Within the almost completed circle of the moon the girl's tilted head stood out, mistily clear, and the reflection from a passing cloud cast a distinctly pink glow over her familiar face and shoulders.

Almost at once he was aware of voices on the other side of the hedge. He heard Dorothy Cummings say: "I'm sorry, Jimmy, dear, but I—can't. Please take your arm away."

And then Thorpe, pleading: "Just one kiss—for good-by. You might—at least—after turning me down."

"I—I—can't. I don't want to hurt you but I will—I'll scratch! Stop! Let me go——!"

The girl's voice was tense—angry—and the hedge trembled.

The professor, at first horrified at the thought of being an eavesdropper, was conscious of a red mist before his eyes which quickly faded into the white light of anger. One leap and his long right arm shot over the hedge and his sinewy fingers sank into Thorpe's shoulder. He had a glimpse of Dorothy's startled face as the hands that clutched her relaxed and beat aimlessly in the air. Then he heaved Thorpe's thrashing form through the hedge and flung it on the grass.

At the sound of a sobbing breath behind him he turned and saw Dorothy scrambling through the yawning gap.

"It's all right," he assured her. "He won't bother you again."

To his surprise she ran over to Thorpe and, sinking to her knees, raised his head. Thorpe managed to sit up and began to

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rub his shoulder. "What happened?" he stammered.

"That!" she cried, pointing to the bewildered professor.

Dawning comprehension glimmered through Thorpe's dulled brain. "Let me up," he muttered; "give me a crack at him."

"No! no, Jim!" the girl protested as he struggled to his feet. "You can't fight—I won't have it. Tell him he can't fight," she appealed to the professor, who seemed almost as dazed as Thorpe himself.

"Fight," he repeated. "Who wants to fight?"

"I do!" Thorpe blustered. "You can't sneak up on a man that way and get away with it."

The professor looked at Dorothy: "I hope *you* understand. Certainly, you were in distress—the circumstances warranted interference—and, as for fighting, I can assure you that, never before, have I laid hands on a man in anger."

"You'll have a chance to try it again!" Thorpe broke in.

"Jim, be still!"

Her voice was steady and, if she trembled a little, she dominated the difficult situation as she faced the professor.

"I told you once before that I can take care of myself. It's my affair—and Jim's. Please go away and—forget it."

He had the sinking feeling of a very young man who, with the best intentions, has blundered into a social error. With an almost apologetic gesture he bowed gravely and turned away.

"Good night," she said softly.

He whirled around. Her head was raised and the moon girl's pink glow tinted her face and neck. Also, it seemed to him that she smiled.

He stared at her for a long moment and over her tilted shoulder at the silent but glowering Thorpe.

"Good *night!*" was the bewildered reply that seemed forced from his lips and, wheeling about, he walked rapidly across the grass and disappeared in the shadows beneath the trees.

The girl sighed, and turned to Thorpe. "Jimmy," she said, "I won't see you in the morning. Good-by, and thank you for—everything."

Quite coolly she grasped his arms at the elbow and, holding them impotent in her firm grip, kissed him.

There was more of resignation than of perplexity in Thorpe's response:

"*Good night!*" he ejaculated with hopeless finality.

IV

For a week Professor Barstow had been unable to fish successfully. His thoughts drifted from the task at hand into new and strange waters, and his eyes constantly wandered from circumscribed areas of stream surface to hopeful vistas of flowering meadow and green-bulked hillside.

Thorpe had gone. Dorothy Cummings remained, courteously yet hopelessly elusive despite the professor's somewhat inapt efforts to discover just where he stood after the blundering episode ending in that baffling "good night." She did not avoid him—sometimes her look seemed almost an invitation—but when they were together he found himself curiously unable to introduce the intimate and personal note. Finally, perplexed and worried, he confided his predicament to Judge Holcombe.

"Do you mean me to understand that you are seriously in love with this girl?" the astonished judge demanded.

"I must be. Loss of appetite and flopping around half the night might be anything, but when I can't *fish* it's—it *is* serious."

"Nonsense! Better forget the whole thing." His eyes softened: "I'd hate to see you get hurt, George."

"I can't help it if I do get hurt. I'll admit that I may have bungled—snarled things up—but I can't help hoping."

"George," the judge said soberly, "you always have been overconscientious in observing the age limit for fish. Why pick on this girl? You're twice her age."

For a moment the professor looked confused. He frowned as a man does while working on a difficult mental problem.

"Not twice," he muttered. "She's over twenty and I'm only thirty-eight. Another twenty years and the difference will be less than one-third."

"Have a heart," the judge urged.

A new light came into the professor's eyes. "That's why I must give myself a

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chance," he said quietly. "If she can't see it, I'll let her go and take my hurt away where it won't bother her."

The judge stared at him thoughtfully. "I can't help being impressed by that last statement," he confessed. "Better end the suspense, but, for the love of Pete, when your opportunity comes, try to realize that landing a girl requires more tact than skill, and treat her like a human being and not as if she were a cold-blooded fish."

"I mean to do that," said the professor earnestly. "You know I haven't had much except my work and fishing; but, somehow, I feel that if I'm lucky enough to get her safely creeled, I'll be a changed man."

"You bet you will," the judge declared rather grimly. "And if you insist on *fishing* this thing through, take a last word of advice. I've known that young woman long enough to respect her good sense in spite of all this modern folderol, and there's just one fly, tested and tried, not brilliant, but bright enough in spots, with which you may hope to interest her."

"What's that?"

"The professor."

And with this tribute to friendship and common sense he stumped away, leaving the problem of presenting the professor to the Pink Lady in the necessary environment still unsolved.

Fortunately, nature, deprecating inaction and recognizing the dilemma of a worthy and appreciative son, stepped in and prepared the way.

That night it rained as if the clouds, heavy with moisture and impatient to be gone on pleasanter business, had uptilted and spilled water as from Brobdingnagian-lipped buckets, and in a few hours the Brant was running bank-high with yellow flood-water.

Morning found the stream still discolored, but in the early afternoon the water began to clear. The professor set up a stiff fly-rod, soaked a heavy leader, and set out for a meadow, up-stream, where, in time of spate, an eddy made in against the bank, and large trout, lying watchfully on the edge of the fast water, might sometimes be persuaded to lunge at a sizable fly, fished wet.

It was not the highest type of angling art, and the professor seldom practised it, but to-day he felt restless—almost brutally active—and the thought of harrying a heavy fish in that swirling water somehow appealed to him.

Before leaving the rod-room he looked over his seldom-used wet flies, and among them he found one fly, a professor, tied on a barbless hook. Its speckled wings, yellow body, and scarlet wisp of tail brought a queer, almost startled, look to his eyes, but, despite a muttered "nonsense," he secured it to the leader end.

The meadow stretch, ordinarily, was a slow-moving run of peaceful water. To-day, the water swirled and tumbled almost bank-high and ominous in its threat of ruthless might. At the lower end of the eddy a noble elm, its riverside support undermined, had fallen across the water and lay with draggled upper branches swept by the current.

The professor walked along the meadow, marking several danger-spots where the underwashed top soil made caution in approaching the brink advisable. He began fishing at the head of the eddy, dropping his fly on the edge of the current, and working it deep as it swept down with freely given line into the less-disturbed water inshore.

Intent upon his work, he fished the hundred-yard stretch until the sweep of the fly threatened to foul the struggling branches of the fallen elm. Then he reeled in, intending to return to his starting-point.

Up-stream, a slender, boyish figure stood above the rushing flood, tranquil but for a lazily fluttering tie with a telltale touch of color.

His first thought was: "She's here—alone!" His second: "She's too near the bank. That's a danger-spot!"

For a moment he hesitated. He wanted to cry out, but he feared the result of a startled move. With almost a groan of apprehension, he began to walk rapidly along the bank.

Her cry of distress and his heart-wrung, profane appeal were synchronous with the sinking of the section of treacherous bank upon which she stood. For a moment she poised with balancing arms. Then, as the sod-topped mass tilted, she leaped clear, into the flood below.

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The professor wavered for an instant. Dully, he recognized the folly of attempting to plunge to her assistance. Equally hopeless it was to follow along the bank in the hope of finding less-turbulent water below.

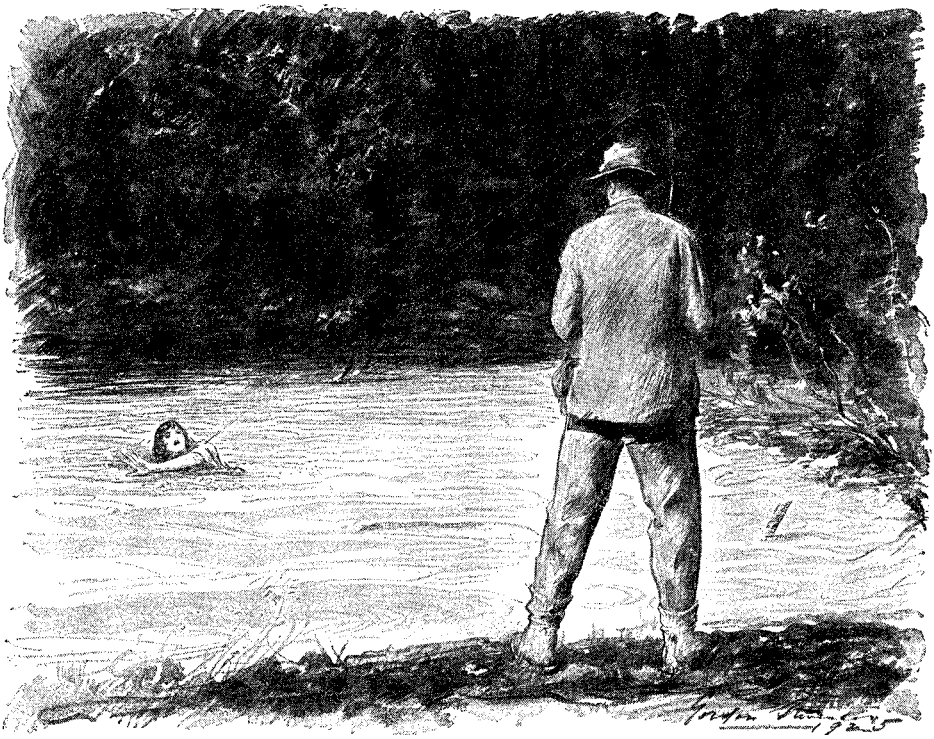
Then, in a flash, it came to him—"*the swift and sure decision in an emergency*"—the one chance, born of the training of his fishing years.

One straining glance he gave to the bravely struggling figure whirling down to him. Then, with set lips, he faced the river, and the powerful rod sprang into play, shooting the fly far out over the water with each forward thrust.

He had the distance as the girl came abreast of him, and a coolly calculated cast sent the fly hovering above the white face and flashing arms. The fly fell as she passed under the leader and he *struck!*

Not even the sharp cry of pain above the angry voice of the river lessened his sense of grateful satisfaction as the hook checked and set firmly in her shoulder under the spring of the powerful rod.

For an instant the line held dangerously taut; then yielded slowly from the reel as his reluctant fingers relinquished the precious inches and yards that held her above the sodden elm-branches that marked the limit of the eddy.



The fly fell as she passed under the leader and he *struck!*

He had her swinging toward the bank, but the arc of safety was lengthening. It was a matter of seconds, and either she would gain the outer branches or be swept down along the edge of the current, trailing with her a useless, broken line. He yelled, "Strike out! Kick!" and gave the straining rod the last ounce of resistance he dared exert. Instinctively she obeyed him, and together they fought for an agonizing instant. Her head and shoulders crossed the danger-line and her outflung hands clutched a yielding branch and held desperately against the hungry drag that tore at her relaxed limbs.

The professor flung down the rod and

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dashed for the fallen tree. Grasping a bough end, he leaped into the eddy and, clinging to the branches, worked along, waist-deep and shoulder-deep, until, with the water at his chin, he swung out and managed to seize the girl's arm. For a moment he hung there, content in the realization that he held her safe.

"Let go," he gasped, "I'll pull you in."

She obeyed him, and the muscles of his casting arm knotted as he drew her away from the last clutch of the foiled torrent.

"Now hang onto something while I get a new grip," he ordered.

There were branches brushing against her but she circled his neck with her clasped arms.

Somehow, he managed to secure a fresh hold nearer shore and stood breast-deep in the still water of the eddy, supporting the clinging girl with his free arm. Then he said: "I would not sell that rod for a thousand dollars. You must weigh one hundred and twenty pounds."

She shivered against him, and a loop of slack line fell from her shoulder. He saw the soaked fly set in the soft white flesh beneath the clinging silk of her blouse. A look of pity, which she could not see, came into his eyes. Spreading his feet, he released his hold on the branch, and with his free hand he cautiously felt for the fly and gently worked it out. "Thank God, it's a barbless," he muttered, and, bending his head, he touched his lips to the spot where the fly had been.

Straightening up, he found her eyes fixed on him expectantly, and the clasp of her hands about his neck tightened. His opportunity had come, but he was still so obsessed by the marvel of his greatest fishing feat that he blundered again.

"I'm off barbed hooks forever," he announced. "That barbless held under phenomenal conditions, and it came away without causing the slightest mutilation."

There was a warmth in her eyes now, contrasting curiously with the wanness of her white face. Her body stiffened and she tried to push away from his encircling arm.

"Let me go!" she cried. "Just because I did not bite that fly and you hooked me in the shoulder, I suppose you want to put me back l-like that other fish."

For a moment the professor stared at her as she struggled with feeble hands. A great light dawned upon him, clearing his mind of the fad-ridden past, the dulling sense of recent danger, and leaving only a live, human longing for the girl who meant to him all that was new and vital and inexpressibly beloved.

"My dear, my dear," he whispered, "now that I have you at last, I'll *never* let you go."

He drew her to him, unresisting, and his eager kiss brought an answering glow to her trembling lips and water-wan face.

Judge Holcombe picked up the discarded rod, recognized it, and with a worried glance at the turgid stream shook his head.

A movement in the fallen elm below attracted his attention. Dorothy Cummings, sitting on a projecting branch with slim legs submerged, snuggled comfortably against the professor, who, standing waist-deep, supported her with long and capable arms.

The judge's face registered astonishment and then indignation, followed by a half-humorous concern. Then he stepped quietly back from the bank and replaced the rod on the turf where he had found it.

"He's right," he muttered. "It's more than a sport—it's a gift. Whatever happened out there, I'll bet he fished it through, and any man who can make love to a girl in four feet of water and make her like it—well—he's more than a skilful angler, he's full-size chunk of all right—God bless him."

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Through the Mill of Americanization

BY STANISLAW A. GUTOWSKI

Formerly Captain in the United States Army; Author of "An Immigrant at the Crossroads"

DURING my first five years in America I seemed to learn everything except English. Why was it that it took me five years to realize the necessity of learning the language? Well, there were several reasons, which in fact were no reasons at all. But whatever these were, they were certainly responsible for my negative state of mind toward America and everything American, save American dollars.

First of all, for a long time after coming to this country I was unable to secure work of any kind whatsoever, and was therefore compelled to starve, tramp, and, consequently, to despise American life.

This reason alone was to my mind quite sufficient to make me avoid the trouble of studying English. Then I saw no vital necessity for knowing English. The kind of work I was then qualified for did not require any knowledge of the language. And being broke habitually, I had small occasion for shopping, though if it so happened that I had to buy something, I could get along easily with my Polish or Russian in any Jewish store.

But, above all, I was too sensitive not to appreciate the humiliating position of an immigrant who, both directly and indirectly, was given to understand that he was accepted and tolerated in America as a necessary evil.

Was it to be wondered at then that I had resigned myself to my fate in America and had given up every hope for a brighter future? Man, like a spirited horse, can be clubbed into submission and harnessed tightly to the chariot of circumstances regardless of their nature.

It is rather unpleasant to confess now that for five long years I was so helpless a victim of unfortunate circumstances, the sad result of which was that I saw nothing but defects in the whole structure of American life, about which I seemed to know so much, despite the fact that I was unable to borrow books from the public library without the help of an interpreter.

After five years of wasteful living in America I received my first knock on the head from a man who called my attention to the fact that my ideas about America were all wrong; that, after all, America owed me nothing; and that if I had come here to hamletize, I had better pack up my belongings and go back to Poland. He was a Pole, too, and later on became a very good friend of mine.

He suggested that I ought to go to the American International College at Springfield, Mass., to learn English and get a more accurate idea of America.

It was easier to make this wonderful suggestion than to put it into practice. The idea that in America a young man is usually able to work his way through college was totally foreign to my mind. I knew that in Poland, at that time, education was an expensive luxury, and I thought it was the same here. Informed, however, that tuition, board, and room at the American International College would cost me only one hundred and fifty dollars a year and that, moreover, I could reduce this total by one-third if I cared to perform some work right in the college, I figured day and night on how to get to this wonderful place. It was necessary to have at least seventy-five dollars to start with. So much money I had never had in America in a lump sum. I began to worry anew.

My mother had noticed the serious change in me and asked for the cause of it. She worried because I did. This made me remember that I was her only son and practically the only object of her love and source of support. How could I even have entertained such an impossible idea as was this idea of going away to study? So my wonderful dream of going through college and then through life as a man of

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ambition and knowledge burst like a colorful bubble. Tenderly I drew my good mother into my arms and offered my apology for worrying over the impossibility of continuing my education.

The next day upon returning from work I noticed that mother was in a rather excited mood. Immediately after dinner she asked me to another room, so that we might be alone, and beaming with a mother's divine smile, she slipped into my hand the seventy-five dollars necessary to cover the first semester at college. She had borrowed the money.

It was decided that I should go to Springfield in the very next few days, as the school term had already begun.

My fellow immigrants thought I was crazy. Some of them had even expressed the idea that only lazy fellows, who were afraid of honest labor in a factory, would waste their time at school. My friend Joe, however, in spite of being illiterate himself, took a different stand.

"It is true," said Joe, "that he won't become President of the United States, yet after getting some knowledge of English he might run a saloon or a grocery-store and show you fellows that not all immigrants are fools, slaving for barely enough to live on."

The day I was leaving for Springfield my mother seemed to be the happiest woman in the world. So sure and proud was she of my good qualities and abilities that I began to fear lest I should be unable to equal the task and justify her belief in my success.

Upon my arrival in Springfield I was much depressed by the gloomy darkness of a rainy day. I took it for a bad omen in my new start. With a grip in my hand I looked about me, not knowing where to go. In fact, I was somewhat afraid to go to the college. I imagined that the buildings, professors, and students of the institution were as stern, cold, and indifferent as was the dreary weather of that day. So I wandered through the misty streets of the city for some time before I finally decided to start for my ultimate destination.

When I reached the college my disillusions seemed to have no end. I expected to find magnificent edifices, huge towers climbing proudly into the skies, and the bee-like life of a great body of students. In fact, I had hardly noticed a small and quiet group of houses along the street, consisting of two red brick buildings and two shabby-looking frame cottages, which were all the evidence there was of the external magnificence of the American International College.

Doubting very much that the muse of knowledge could dwell in such an obscure and insignificant place, I brushed aside my fear and uncertainty and walked into the office with apparent nonchalance and self-confidence. I began, however, to lose my ground when all I could say in English was my own name and it proved necessary to have an interpreter in order to get further information from me.

I was really ashamed to admit that I was twenty-four years of age and that I had been living in America for five years. It appeared to me that everybody in the office listening to my answers was greatly surprised at my remarkable stupidity. However, everybody was extremely nice to me, and I was told to feel as a member of the college family. Two appointments were given me immediately: one as a student in the academy, the education I had obtained in Poland having been recognized, and the other as a janitor on one of the floors of the dormitory.

A small but comfortable room was assigned to me, in which I found, among other things, an oil-lamp instead of electricity—which led me to believe that the college must be very conservative since it had not kept pace with the general progress of things in America.

On the next morning I was one of the first to appear in the dining-room; this being the sort of punctuality that I usually observed without fail. Never before in my life had I seen such a complete mosaic of races as was this body of about one hundred and fifty students gathered in the dining-room. If I remember correctly there were at my table twelve students, representing ten different nationalities.

Here was a dark-skinned Turk sitting next to a fair-skinned Finn. A blue-eyed and dreamy Slav next to a dark-eyed and alert Italian. In front of me sat a woman teacher, who acted as the head of the table. On my left was a husky, red-eyed

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Armenian with his face hardly visible from beneath a mass of curly hair. On my right I had a Pole, who also acted as my cicerone in this tower of Babel.

My Polish neighbor, with an air of self-conscious superiority, advised me to stop gazing around and to pay more attention to the food, which, indeed, was disappearing with tremendous speed.

However, I could not help watching and studying this picturesque international gathering. I asked my Polish friend if the teachers of the college were also foreigners, and received my answer in the form of a most indignant look.

One hour later I was in the English class. It might just as well have been a Chinese class, so far as its members were concerned, including myself. It appeared to me that all that the students had gathered from what the teacher said to them was that he must surely have said it in English. The teacher, however, was so kind, human, and marvellously patient that we could not help listening to him with equal kindness and patience. At the end of the hour I was very much discouraged to find that not only did the students fail to understand the teacher, but, moreover, the students themselves could not understand each other. The lack of English, however, was not the only obstacle in the way of their mutual understanding. There were also racial, religious, and social differences. I wondered if, for instance, a Greek would be friendly toward a Turk. Or whether a Jew or Lithuanian could love a Pole.

At ten o'clock in the morning all of the professors and students assembled in the college chapel for a fifteen-minute service.

Upon entering the chapel my attention was immediately caught by some thirty or so picturesque small flags of different nations hanging around the walls. In the centre a large and majestic American flag was spread like a beautiful firmament full of bright stars spelling freedom for all who happened to be under their light.

Below the American flag there was displayed the image of Christ, whose face beamed with eternal love of the whole of humanity.

My eye soon caught the red and white emblem of Poland, and I felt proud and grateful to those Americans who respected what was best in the hearts of the immigrants.

This human and liberty-loving atmosphere of the college chapel was doubtless the first stepping-stone in my subsequent acquisition of American ideals.

There were about sixteen different racial groups in the college. Among these, the Italian, Polish, Greek, Armenian, Jewish, and Syrian groups were the largest.

The college was run more or less on a self-supporting basis. All manual work was done by the students, who, besides being students, were also printers, bakers, janitors, dish-washers, waiters, and whatever else you would have them be.

The large and attractive college campus was the common scene of debates and argumentations between representatives of different racial groups, yet to my best knowledge there was not a single case of racial antagonism or prejudice involved. On the contrary, all these differences were gradually disappearing, and the ties of mutual understanding and friendship were, more and more, uniting the entire student body.

The relations between the faculty and the student body were most cordial and sympathetic. The teachers seemed to know thoroughly the psychology of every racial group and by their tactful and human attitude were accomplishing wonders in the way of moulding a new type of Americans out of this complex and chaotic body of foreigners.

The situation was, however, considerably different in relation to the outside life of the students. The American International College was like an oasis in the great desert of ignorance of and indifference toward the foreigners on the part of the native-born Americans.

In the streets, libraries, and other public places some foreign students were quite often made a circus-like object of curiosity. Those students who came from Europe were more fortunate in this respect than their fellow students hailing from Asia, for instance. There prevailed a naïve idea among some of the Americans in Springfield and vicinity that because many of these students looked dark and husky, they must, of course, be barbarians.

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On the other hand, there was a great deal of fun when it happened sometimes that some Americans, sincere in their intentions, would try their best to acquaint students who possessed college degrees from abroad, with the blessings of civilization.

The kind-hearted New England folk liked to invite the students to their homes, so that they might learn some good manners.

Once, soon after I had entered the college, my friend, a very brilliant Polish student, and myself were invited to such an educational dinner by a socially prominent old lady.

Having pressed our suits, which were considerably worn and of an indescribable color, as best we could, we left for the dinner. From the trolley-line to the residence of our hostess was a considerable distance. We walked it in a funeral-like silence, hating even to think of what promised to be a most tedious ordeal.

Upon nearing our hostess's beautiful mansion, built in faultless Colonial style, we had unconsciously slowed down somewhat, as if being uncertain whether to go in or to retreat strategically. The queer situation brought to my memory a vivid reflection of my tramping days, and I was afraid of the possibility of misinterpreting my present rôle.

An old and distinguished-looking butler opened the door and looked us over with suspicion and contempt. He must have been, however, apprised of our coming, for he did not even trouble himself to ask for our names.

Soon we found ourselves in a large and very beautifully furnished drawing-room. To avoid possible social improprieties I had asked my friend whether we should kiss the lady's hand, but was advised that this sort of thing was not proper in America.

In the meantime our hostess appeared. Of course we sprang to our feet as graciously as we could, and while my friend nodded his head slightly by way of greeting, I made a very deep bow. This brought from my friend in an undertone the hope that I would break my back. After this I lost my sense of propriety altogether, and automatically imitated my more Americanized companion.

As my friend was a senior in the academy, he spoke English fluently, and therefore made a very satisfactory impression upon the hostess. I, too, managed to answer two or three simple questions in English, but to the question as to how long I had lived in America, I answered in Polish: five months. Before my friend realized the jest on my part, he had repeated it in English, and our hostess was surprised to find that I had learned so much English in such a very short time.

The dinner, a typical American chicken dinner, was rather simple, so no serious complications arose as to our table manners. Shortly afterward we were dismissed in a manner which left no doubt in our minds as to the fact that we were not expected to make an after-dinner call.

Doubtless, our well-meaning hostess was fully satisfied with having added her bit to the Americanization of two ignorant immigrants. There was, however, no doubt in our minds that never again would we subject ourselves to this sort of Americanization.

My days at the college were passing by like a beautiful dream. In order to appreciate college life, during which a student can quietly study in a warm and clean room with no wolf at the door, one must have been hungry and cold; must have lived in ignorance without being ignorant of the fact; must have longed for a better future without hope of ever realizing it. I had passed through all this, and for this reason my years in the college were the happiest years of my life.

Within three months from the time I had entered the college I managed to learn enough English to be able to pursue my other studies without any difficulty.

At the end of the first year I felt myself to be an entirely new man. I knew the English language fairly well. I succeeded in getting not only a mere knowledge but also a thorough understanding of American history. As a result of my immediate contact with true and intelligent Americans the psychology of the American people was no longer obscured for me by a screen of ignorance and prejudice. So, equipped with new knowledge and new ideas of America, I went home to spend my vacation in a factory. I could

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not afford to waste a single day, for each day meant so many dollars toward the tuition for the next year.

There was no difficulty for me in getting a job in the same machine-shop where I had worked before going to college. My old foreman was astonished to hear me speak English, and, of course, gave me a better job. My fellow immigrants suddenly became courteous to me and envious of my rapid promotion.

During vacation I spent many an evening among the Polish immigrants, explaining to them the history of the American people and the principles of the United States Government. My fellow immigrants used to like my talks and were ready to admit that my going to the school was not an altogether crazy idea, while my good friend Joe was now sure that with all the talents in my possession I could even reach the position of a clerk in some factory office.

The next and last two years at the college seemed to pass like lightning. It was very hard for me to part with the institution which during the three years of my association with it had guided me toward the goal of knowledge and true Americanism.

The wisdom of the American International College lay in that it had no fixed method of Americanization at all. Had the college established any rules which would prohibit the usage of foreign languages, the subscription to foreign newspapers, or the division of the students into racial groups, the students most certainly would have resented and violated all such restrictions.

Had the college favored the Nordic and discriminated against the southern races, the students would undoubtedly have protested with highest indignation. Instead of a melting-pot, the college would then have become a boiling-pot with no good results for anybody.

It was due, however, to the understanding of human nature and to the knowledge of the psychology of the immigrant students that the faculty of the college had chosen the simple way of sympathy and liberty.

Four months later I began to study law at Boston University Law School.

My life in Boston took on quite a different aspect from that in Springfield. In the American International College tuition, board, and room cost me only one hundred dollars a year in real cash. So much I was able to earn during vacation, and thereafter was relieved of all worries for an entire school year. In Boston, on the other hand, it took more than two hundred dollars just to pay my tuition and buy the necessary law-books. My real problem, therefore, was not to study and get by in the law school but rather to see that I had a meal occasionally, a roof over my head, and some clothes to cover my body. Confronted with this by no means rosy situation, I had to look immediately for some sort of work which would yield enough money to enable me to continue my law study.

Fortunately, or maybe unfortunately, I had secured, through one of my former college professors, the position of a social worker in one of the well-known settlement houses in Boston.

The settlement house I am speaking of was situated in the northern section of the old city of Boston. The narrow and zigzag streets of that section of the city were full of dirt and garbage.

The old houses, which had witnessed the birth of this nation and which inspired many a generation with beautiful American traditions, were absolutely neglected, profaned with filth, and entirely inhabited by foreigners, who, generally speaking, knew nothing and cared less about the sacred value of these historical monuments.

The purpose of the settlement house was to educate the foreigners so as to elevate them to the standard of American life and ideals.

My duty seemed to be very simple. All I was expected to do was to make the Polish immigrants come and enjoy the benefits of the settlement house.

It was explained to me that heretofore neither the Polish immigrants nor, in fact, any other foreign group, except the Jewish, seemed to care a bit for the splendid advantages offered by the settlement house.

At the same time I was gravely warned that unless it could be indicated in monthly reports by substantial figures that all foreign groups were covered by

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the activities of the house, the social philanthropists might refuse further appropriation of funds for the work.

As to whether this warning was prompted by an anxiety to help the immigrants or through fear of parting with a fair salary, I had no doubt in my mind.

It took me less than a month to discover that as in the past, so in the future, the settlement house would not be patronized by Polish immigrants. The reasons were simple. In the first place, those immigrants who toiled hard ten hours a day were too tired to come in the evening and listen for almost two hours to a dry lecture on sanitation, while the more enlightened immigrants had no use for the social workers and their methods of overnight Americanization. On the other hand, most of the social workers knew nothing of the psychology of these immigrants. They, however, thought they knew all about it and would not accept from a foreigner any suggestion which might disturb their standardized system of Americanization. After all, my job was to bring the foreigners to the settlement house, and the professional social workers were to do the job of Americanization.

In spite of my utmost efforts I utterly failed. The foreigners would not attend the settlement house. The reports could not always be filled with imaginary figures. The social philanthropists might close their pockets. In a word, something had to be done to save the salaries of the social workers.

It was decided then to call a meeting of men and women prominent in the sphere of social work, in order to help in solving the problem.

The gathering consisted of certain authors of books and pamphlets on immigration, some society ladies, college girls, and, of course, professional social workers.

The main point on the programme was to agree on some plan which would attract the foreigners to the settlement house.

After a long and exhaustive discussion it was decided that the wives, sisters, and daughters of the foreign men should be invited to the settlement house once a week for tea.

It was believed that the foreign women would come to the tea-parties and would influence the foreign men to attend the lectures on Americanization.

Strange to say, the idea of the five-o'clock tea for the foreign women was unanimously welcomed as an extremely sound one. So, under the circumstances, I thought it wise to withhold my opinion in the matter.

The next thing on the programme was the question of cleanliness in the homes of the foreigners. The attractive and very cultured lady in charge of this branch of social work had described the conditions as most deplorable.

The chairman asked me if I cared to offer my suggestion in regard to this matter. I did. I advised that fire be set to each corner of that section of the city inhabited by foreigners so that everything be burned down to the ground except, of course, the foreigners, and that on the same site new modern houses be erected with plenty of light and fresh air, and that playgrounds be provided for the children.

My suggestion was indignantly overlooked. Instead, a committee was appointed for the purpose of visiting the houses of the foreigners and studying the causes and possible remedies of their unhealthy conditions.

The meeting was over and the gathering was congratulated upon making such far-reaching decisions.

On the next day I was assigned to one of the members of the committee, who happened to be a society lady, to assist her in visiting the foreigners. This mission reminded me of Dante's "Divine Comedy." My rôle of modern Virgil flattered me a great deal.

I took the lady to the home of probably the most poverty-stricken foreign family in the neighborhood. A poor widow with four small children lived in one room next to a stable. The room was so enclosed by other structures in the back yard that no sun rays could pierce through its only small window. The closeness of the stable made the air in the room far from fresh and fragrant.

The poor woman was sick that day. When well she used to go out washing. During her absence, she explained to us,

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good God was taking care of her little ones. The visiting lady was very much depressed by the misfortune of the poor sick woman, and on the next day she sent her a nice bouquet of flowers.

The first tea-party for the foreign women was lamentably unsuccessful. There was a charming American lady to serve tea. There was plenty of good Boston tea to be served. There were, however, no foreign women to serve it to.

The idea of tea-parties, then, had to be abandoned. At the same time my standing as a prospective good social worker went to perdition. A few months, however, elapsed before I was politely asked to resign.

Upon leaving the settlement house I was certain of two things. First, that if I had stayed in the house any longer I would have become un-Americanized; and, second, that the more aggressive the methods used by the social workers in their efforts to Americanize foreigners, the more these foreigners clung to their own life and ideas.

The very word "Americanization" was hated by the foreigners, and the social workers were looked upon as Americanization scarecrows.

When I speak of foreigners I exclude the Jews, for they had exploited every opportunity the settlement house had to offer.

There was probably no other city in the United States that would have as many Americanization agencies of various types as Boston had at that time. Therefore, with my "experience" I had no difficulty in getting a new position as a social worker. This time I was engaged by a large organization which spread its activities throughout New England.

I have to grant that the head of that body was not only a highly patriotic American but also a very conscientious student of immigration. He had liberally devoted his time and money to making the organization successful. Its purpose was not so much the work of Americanizing as that of explaining to the foreigners the sacredness of law and order, especially during acute strike situations.

From the American point of view this organization was very rational and useful. The foreigners, however, looked upon it from an entirely different angle. They considered it a spying system. In thinking so, they were in many cases justified by the stupidity and pigheadedness of most of the investigators or so-called racial secretaries, who were active only during strikes, and as if they were in the service of the big factory employers.

The financial existence of the organization depended more on the reports of the secretaries than on their actual accomplishments. Consequently, it put in motion unscrupulous competition among the secretaries in writing "good" reports. Those secretaries then who possessed a vivid imagination and some literary ability were the ones who made the organization "important" and "successful." On the strength of these reports contributions were freely pouring in to the benefit and satisfaction of all concerned—except the foreigners.

My first report, I remember, was short and simple, as there was nothing much to report at that particular time. It was returned to me, however, with the friendly advice that I write a "better" one if I cared to gain some recognition. Well, I had to eat from time to time to be able to study, so I stretched my imagination a bit, brought whatever literary faculty I had into full swing, and wrote another report, which was highly approved, thereby making my position secure for nearly a year and a half.

During that time I came in contact with probably every Americanization agency that existed in Boston. I knew a multitude of social workers of both native and foreign stock. I studied their human qualities as well as the methods and the results of their work. I delivered over a hundred lectures before the Polish immigrants, and I met thousands of them. And at the end of my career as a "professional" social worker, which occurred at the time of my joining the colors upon our entry into the World War, I could not help coming to the following conclusions: First, that practically the whole of the Americanization work was in the hands of apparently well-meaning but narrow-minded and hysterical old maids of both sexes; second, that the numerous Americanization agencies have done more harm than good in the assimilation of the foreign elements, for the very simple rea-

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son that all these agencies were acting independently of each other with no coordinated system, the basis of which should be primarily the general education of the immigrant and not solely the superficial endeavor to Americanize him overnight; third, that all professional Americanization workers who were paid for their wasteful work were, with mighty few exceptions, nothing but a social nuisance; and, fourth, that I had never met a single Polish immigrant who was truly Americanized by any of the above-described agencies.

The war took me away from civilian life for nearly five years, including my service abroad during the last Polish-Russian War. During that time great changes took place in the world. Old nations had fallen and new nations had risen from the ruins of the Great War. New ideas penetrated the lives of individuals, communities, and nations. America hurried to the assistance of the Old World in solving its sore problems. Yet, it must be noticed with great apprehension that the obscure relations between the American community and the foreign groups in America have remained absolutely unchanged; that the old Americanization agencies with the obsolete and preposterous methods are making things even worse; that the same crowd of Americanization workers is still at large doing everything to demoralize the immigrant. In other words, the great foreign population in the United States presents now, as much as ever before, an acute problem of national importance.

To my mind the Americanization problem should be handled in a manner entirely different from that which has heretofore been followed.

To begin with, there are two groups of foreigners subject to Americanization. The first comprises millions of immigrants without any education, and the second consists of thousands of young men and women who either have some education or are naturally inclined to study.

These are the facts in respect to the immigrants of the first group. They are mostly peasants with no education; practically all of them are well advanced in age, which, together with the fact that they work hard long hours, make it impossible for them to learn English; they live in their own communities, which are well organized and have no contact with the American community; they have their own spiritual and social leaders, whom they respect and follow, and so Americanization workers have no chance to approach them directly; and, finally, in spite of all this they truly love America, for she gives them bread and shelter.

As to the immigrants of the second group, it is for the most part composed of men and women disillusioned by the life in America and dissatisfied with the conditions they live in. They came here with high hopes of getting an education and instead are laboring hard in coal-mines and factories.

There are two ways of Americanizing these two groups of immigrants: One, through their love for America, and, another, through proper education.

To love America it is not essential to speak English fluently, wear a white collar, or possess good manners. Why not, then, cultivate this love in the hearts of the immigrants of the first group? To do this is a very simple matter. First, don't use repressive measures in order to Americanize them—this would make them hate America. Second, don't let the Americanization workers annoy them—they should be approached by the leaders of the American community through the foreign leaders, organizations, and press. Let the leaders of both the American community and the foreign groups form some sort of association in each community and there discuss their mutual relations. The foreign leaders speak English, are loyal to America, and, therefore, will gladly co-operate with the American leaders. Third, don't suppress the foreign newspapers. The foreign press, which is generally loyal to America, is doing much good in the way of enlightening the immigrant regarding his rights and duties toward America.

The foreign press should best be approached through an institution like the Foreign Language Information Service in New York City. This organization was originally established by the government during the war. Strange to say, it was most properly developed by an American woman.

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This Information Service has about twenty bureaus of different nationalities, each conducted by a manager of foreign birth or descent. These bureaus translate or edit educational and informative government material into foreign languages and release it to the foreign-language press. On the other hand, important articles portraying the life and opinions of the immigrants regarding American questions are translated for the information of the American public.

The Foreign Language Information Service is doing wonderful work, which should attract more attention.

So much about the immigrants of the first group.

As to the immigrants of the second group, they should be helped in obtaining proper education. That does not mean education through the grace of evening schools or settlement houses. It means regular grammar-school, high-school, and college education. There are thousands of immigrants who dream day and night of higher education, but they either don't know how to go after it or have no means to pursue it.

To solve the problem, the American International College in Springfield, Mass., or a like institution should have proper facilities for at least three thousand immigrant students and not, as heretofore, for one hundred and fifty only.

The purpose of such an educational institution would be twofold: First, to educate the foreigners and thus make of them good Americans; and, second, by having immigrants of different races associate and neutralize their racial, religious, and social differences.

There could be either one large institution with introductory, academy, and college departments, or there could be several smaller colleges in the States having a large foreign population.

If I understand correctly, the American International College is able at the present time to provide one student with board, room, and tuition for three hundred dollars a year.

Now, let us suppose that the average Americanization worker gets about one thousand five hundred dollars a year. For this money, paid out for nothing, five honest and ambitious young immigrants could study for one year.

If we take into consideration, very modestly, that there are one thousand Americanization workers, the total sum of their salaries would provide education for five thousand foreign-born students yearly.

For one million six hundred thousand dollars, given recently to our friends across the Pacific Ocean, about one thousand three hundred young immigrants could study for four years and graduate as leaders for the direction of the great army of untrained foreigners in America.

Finally, if half of the money spent for Americanizing foreigners in Turkey, China, and in other parts of the world were used for the schools in which to educate the foreigners living in America, the problem of Americanization would be on its right and speedy way to solution.

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Treed!

BY EDWIN DIAL TORGERSON

Author of "Letters of a Bourgeois Father to His Bolshevik Son"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARGARET FREEMAN

DON'T ever marry a family that has much of a tree.

It's bad enough to have to marry a family at all, instead of just one unencumbered wife, but when there's too much genealogical foliage in the picture, it's worse than bad.

My good friend O'Brien almost got hung on a family tree's the reason I'm warning you.

You see, Jerry was just a plain, honest clod of the Ould Sod who knew he was descended from a long line of O'Briens, but he just guessed that much. His father fought in the Civil War, but as for the battle of Agincourt, or Poitiers—well, Jerry's family didn't even know who threw the first brick at those riots.

But Jerry, by virtue of the fact that he owned a string of hotels, if not poloponies, and was well equipped with the green alpaca lining with dollar-marks on the selvage, as it were, married an aristocratic peach of a girl who had nothing wrong with her except too many exclusive forebears.

Adelaide Carstairs Wilkstone O'Brien, which was the full name she voted by after she and Jerry were unified, was descended from William the Conqueror on the one hand and Lorenzo the Magnificent on the other. A great, great many times ditto aunt of hers was named Pocahontas, and perhaps that was why Adelaide's mama was so mean to Jerry. She was all Indian. Her family crest had a motto something like "Multum in parvenu," which Jerry said was Italian for "Walloped, I rise for more."

Mrs. Caroline Sumter-Slocum Wilkstone—I often wondered why she didn't take Lorenzo's family name and call herself Mrs. Magnificent—had only one great regret in life, and that was that Adelaide had thrown herself away by marrying Jerry. She never had quite got over it. Even the fact that she lived with Adelaide and Jerry in their Second Crusadean villa with the Gothic influence didn't change her conviction that Adelaide had disgraced the family, including Aunt Abelina. Yes, Aunt Abelina lived with them, too, and she helped her sister to keep Jerry feeling smaller than a germ's little nephew.

The fact that Jerry was "in trade" added anthracite to the flames. The idea that a Wilkstone had become matrimonially involved with a common hotelkeeper was simply more than Aunt Abelina and Adelaide's mother could bear, so they said, and many's the time Jerry told me he wished they would show they meant what they said, and get out from under the Gothic rooftree. But they enjoyed the suffering which this vulgar connection afforded, and didn't show any inclination whatever toward moving to more aristocratic surroundings.

Jerry had me out, every now and then, just to show me the horrible consequences of marrying above one's class. He didn't ever regret having decorated Adelaide's finger with another solitaire, for Adelaide was a patrician plum, really, and her only two weaknesses were mother and Aunt Abelina. And she had stipulated that if she gave her life into the keeping of one Jeremiah Cormack O'Brien, Jerry would consent to having mother and Aunt Abelina live with them. Adelaide was hopelessly under the influence of these two elderly anæsthetics.

Only two things saved Jerry from suicide or worse. In the first place, he had an excuse to get out of town every now and then to look over the other knots

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in his string of hotels, and in the second place, he was a good sport and enormously fond of Adelaide.

But every time I got a peek into Jerry's mode of life, I was newly convinced that if there was a martyr left unburned, he was he.

The first time I went out, Mrs. Caroline Sumter-Slocum Wilkstone pulled the bell-rope and called for the Lafayette goblets. Yes, she always pulled a bell-rope instead of pressing a button; the push-button system she regarded as too modern and vulgar.

Apropos of nothing at all to drink, Mrs. Wilkstone displayed these silver containers that had such noble possibilities in that direction, and told me all about them.

"During the Marquis's second visit to America, in the eighteen-twenties," she volunteered, in her aristocratic, cold-storage manner, "he was the guest of my grandfather and grandmother, Cornelius Sumter Wilkstone and Maria Slocum Wilkstone. These goblets are a memento of that happy occasion. They were presented by Marquis de Lafayette to the Wilkstones in appreciation of their hospitality and friendship."

Then I had to rave over the faded evening gown that Maria Slocum Wilkstone had worn when she danced with Lafayette. There were even a couple of rents in the hem that had been caused by Lafayette's noble number eights, I suppose, when he stepped on the lady's dress.

There was a long string of other anecdotes, reaching back to Peter the Great, Gustavus Adolphus, Marcus Aurelius, and a bunch of others that I couldn't keep score on, but Lafayette was the family pet. The second and third and every other time I went out to Jerry's, I had to listen to the story of that historic presentation.

. . . Aunt Abelina lived with them, too . . .
—Page 80.

Poor Jerry winced every time the goblets were brought out and the marquis's name was dragged back into the family circle. I couldn't blame him. It seemed to me a hundred years was a long enough time to make a fuss over the home-brew mugs, and it was about time for Mother Wilkstone to tune in for another station. I could have replaced the set for a hundred dollars, easily, and Jerry's wife had better ones, for that matter, in the silver service Jerry had given her. But Marie Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert du Motier, Marquis de Lafayette, had cast the spell of aristocracy on these particular containers, and it wasn't any use hoping Mother Wilkstone would reform.

And every now and then in the course of a dinner she and Aunt Abelina slipped in a remark that had all the earmarks of a dirty dig, to the effect that no Wilk-

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stone had ever been "in trade." That was what made me want to light a fire under Jerry. How he could put up with these slams, all the time he was providing the sinews of luxury for these particular Wilkstones, was more than I could understand.

"Jerry," I told him, after resisting the temptation as long as I could, "I'm going to say something sharp and easy to remember, one of these evenings, if you don't quit inviting me out to hear the new jokes on Lafayette and Charlemagne. It wouldn't be so bad if they didn't keep rubbing it in about your ancestors being such a total loss."

"Oh, well," said Jerry. He always said that. "They can't make me mad. If they get a lot of pleasure out of thinking what a fine lot of highway robbers their baron ancestors were, let 'em."

"All right. If you don't say something, I will. That's all."

"Easy on the whip, George. Don't start anything worse than there is between me and my in-laws."

I promised I wouldn't, but when they sprang that one about Aunt Molly Sumter, it was too good an opening to miss.

General Tarleton, according to the story, was a first-class gentleman even if he did wear a red coat. One time when he tramped down with a couple of regiments on the Sumter branch of the Wilkstone family, in Virginia, he did Aunt Molly Sumter the honor of quartering his officers in her mansion, while Uncle General Philip Sumter was busy up around Saratoga.

Being a gentleman of noble birth and all that sort of thing, the general invited Aunt Molly to dine at the table with his officers, and Aunt Molly coldly accepted. Then they drank a lot of Uncle General Philip Sumter's best Madeira, and General Tarleton asked Aunt Molly to propose a toast. Aunt Molly waved a goblet toward the ceiling and orated:

> "O Lord above, send down thy love
> With sharpest swords and sickles,
> And cut the throats of these red-coats
> For eating up my victuals."

Mother Wilkstone looked around for applause to follow that one, and I furnished it.

"Good for Aunt Molly!" I burst out. "That's the way to talk to non-paying guests who don't appreciate what you do for them."

There was a silence as dead as King Tut's favorite door-nail, and I could see it hadn't taken any time at all for this subtle, rapier-like thrust to dig in.

Between the cold glares, I managed to slip in another wallop, when the talk drifted naturally back to William the Conqueror.

"You know, Jerry," I observed, being careful not to address the ladies because I wasn't being spoken to, just then. "I was reading the other day about this fellow Wilhelm the Conqueror, and it seems he was just a big Swede who couldn't read and write."

"No!" sputtered Jerry, trying to keep from grinning. "That's wrong, isn't it, Mother Wilkstone?"

"How crassly absurd and ignorant! William the Conqueror was a Norman-French nobleman, the scion of a distinguished line!"

"Yes, but this fellow writing the article says the Norman-French were just hard-fisted Swedes that came down and took Normandy away from the Frogs." It was a glorious chance, and I had to use it. "Besides, they say William didn't stand so well in his own day, and slew a few thousand taxpayers because they kept talking about his birth and breeding."

More silence, like the North Pole at 2 A. M.

"Oh, he was a radical writer—one of these Bolsheviks who ought not to be allowed to write such things." Jerry kicked me under the table, but I couldn't resist the evil temptation. "He said Charlemagne never used soap and ate without a knife and fork. Just picked up half a cow and gnawed it, and then threw the bone forty feet across the hall to his pet mastiff."

"How utterly disgusting!" Mrs. Wilkstone insulted my ancestors all the way back to Adam, with one withering look. "It certainly is true that it takes three generations to make a *gentleman*."

"Maybe Charley didn't have but two back of him," I suggested, like I thought she was talking about Charley, instead of me.

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I could see I would be about as welcome in the O'Brien ménage thereafter as the bubonic plague at a lawn-party, but I felt like it was my duty to do something for poor old Jerry.

"He also said"—there must be some Indian in me, too, I'm so relentless—"he also said Pocahontas was a greasy Indian who never took a bath unless John Smith made her."

"I *really* must ask to be excused," was Aunt Abelina's comeback, and she and Mother Wilkstone went up-stairs in a terrible huff.

Even Adelaide was mad at me, but I escaped with a feeling of having done a noble thing for a friend.

Poor Jerry didn't look at it that way at all, however. When I saw him next day he was all packed up for a swing around the circle, and he carried a harassed look along with his baggage. The poor fellow's only chance to break away from his long line of ancestors-in-law was to leave town.

"George, I know you meant well with those harsh words about Charlemagne and William the Conqueror and Pocahontas," said Jerry. "But don't do it any more. I beg of you as a friend on bended knees—don't do it any more. You got me deeper in Dutch than Rotterdam."

". . . Mrs. Caroline Sumter-Slocum Wilkstone . . . called for the Lafayette goblets. . . ."—Page 81.

"You don't mean they took it out on you?"

"Wow! The lectures I got on having low-brow friends! George, why can't you be refined? If I ever have you out to the house again I'll have to spend the rest of my life swinging around the circle, that's all!"

"Sure I'm a low-brow!" I'm always glad to admit that semi-soft impeachment. "But I didn't mean to get you in trouble, Jerry, honest I didn't. I just figured you were leading a dog's life,

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anyway, and a couple additional fleas wouldn't bother. Guess there's no way I can help you, if those remarks didn't work."

"No way." George shook his head sadly. "There's just a few things money won't buy, and one of 'em's ancestors."

"Rats," I assured him. "Nobody in this country's got any ancestors to rave about, yet these people keep you feeling low as a lizard's knuckles. What did the first settlers come to this country for, anyway? Because they were poor Britishers who couldn't make a living in England, mostly. The aristocrats stayed home and raked in the profits from the land the king gave them, didn't they? Where do they get this ancestor stuff, anyway? The only true aristocracy, Jerry, is the aristocracy of brains—that's what you and I belong to!"

"Cheers, cheers," conceded Jerry, weakly. "But that doesn't get me any crest with three ostrich feathers in it, and Uncle William Slocum's writing a book about the family, and I've got to make a showing in it."

"Uncle William—who's he?" This was one descendant I hadn't met yet.

"Oh, he's one of the Sumter-Slocum-Wilkstones. Got lots of time and money and a sense of humor, too, I guess. He won't write 'memoirs,' because he says they're a sign of decadence, but he's decided to dig up all the facts about the family and send 'em down the ages bound in limp leather. The folks at home don't think much of Uncle William—they say he's the nearest thing to 'common' in the family, mainly because he's the only one with common sense, I think. The old fellow likes me pretty well, but he can't write me up unless I give him something to say, can he?"

"Well, Jerry, how much do you want to talk about, anyway? Don't you own the lion's majority of seven hotels?"

"Yes, but that won't count. It's got to be something my ancestors did."

Hard to beat, not?

Just because his ancestors were nice peaceable folks who didn't make a name in history by swatting people over the head with broad-axes and stealing their land, Jerry had to take all this back-talk. I, for one, couldn't stand it any longer.

"Jerry, when you get back from that rope of hotels of yours, you're going to have a family tree," I promised.

"What do you mean?" I could see, right off, Jerry was afraid I was going to do something rash again.

"It's all right, don't worry. I'm going to trace you back to the King of Ireland, if necessary."

"Ireland hasn't got any king," Jerry demurred.

"Maybe it hasn't now, but it had, and his name was something like O'Brien. Just wait. We'll show these pikers something classier than William the Slugger."

"All right, only for Pete's sake be careful," Jerry begged.

Well, sir, it took me a week and six bobbed-haired librarians to dig up the dirt of ages, but we got results.

I found out one thing—most family trees are a lot of optimistic guesswork. There'd be a fellow named Charles Augustus Mincemeat, for instance, who claimed kinship with a string of families decorating the dust back to Edward the Confessor, with the names of Mincemete, Minsmat, Minnymoot, Mingecoop; and finally, by a running broad jump of the imagination, Charles Augustus would say the name was Minge de Metravaille, before his noble ancestors left France in the tenth century and settled in England. Of course, inasmuch as Louis Etienne Arthur Henri Georges Jean François Auguste Edouard Saint Remy, duc du Minge de Metravaille, was a great-great left-handed grandson of Louis the First of France, everybody in the Mincemeat family could use the Metravaille crest with the two prairie-chickens pecking at the Swiss cheese, or whatever it was they were pecking at.

When it came to a question of spelling the name wrong, I found the O'Brien family had it over the Mincemeats like a circus tent over a microbe.

O'Brian, O'Brann, O'Brawn, O'Bron—Brian-Brynn-Brann-Bron, without the O— and finally there was a nest of them just named "Brr!" The O'Grady family originated, I think, with a nobleman who had an Irish setter that constantly said "Grr!"

Along with my night-school course in pedigrology, of course, I had to learn a

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lot about heraldry, too. It was necessary for Jerry to have a personal coat of arms, if he was going to be a descendant of the King of Ireland His hotels had them—one of them sported crockery with a lion and unicorn crest and the motto under it, "Je n'oublierai jamais," which was old French for "I shall never forget this beefsteak." A nice way to remind linguistic diners what a fine meal the hotel served.

. . . it took me a week and six bobbed-haired librarians to dig up the dirt of ages . . .—Page 84.

Personally, on the crest subject, I was in favor of a couple of Kilkenny cats surprised in the act of eating each other up, and for a motto I was going to get some good Gaelic scholar to translate into the original raw-material Irish the well-known and stirring expression, "Ireland forever at it."

But the old gentleman in the Department of Archives and History vetoed that. His name was Professor Haralby, and he was recommended to me as a mighty fine fellow to enlist in a cause of this kind, because he personally had traced his family back to Harold Fairhair.

"There is no doubt of your friend's aristocratic lineage," said the professor, after I had worked on his sympathy with filet mignon and flattery at Jerry's local hotel, and had also let fall a suggestion that there might be a donation forthcoming for his hungry department. "It will be more fitting, however, to use the Brian crest."

"Brian—was he a king?" I didn't want any slip-up at the last minute.

"Oh, yes," he assured me. "There were a great many native kings in Ireland before the English, under Henry II, secured their first foothold in the twelfth century. There was almost a king for every county, as now constituted."

"That's the stuff—King O'Brien, of County Cork!"

"No, I should say Donald O'Brien, King of Thomond, who was one of the last native kings in Ireland, is the most recent royal progenitor of the famous O'Brien family. He it was who was visited by King Henry II on the latter's initial excursion to Ireland."

"Fine," I applauded, for the professor certainly knew his stuff. "You don't suppose you could find me a family tree, too, while you're about it? Any MacDougalls in the Irish king list?"

Professor Haralby flashed me a scholarly smile over his truffles.

"The MacDougall family has quite an interesting origin," he replied. "The

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MacDougalls and MacDowells trace their name to the Scandinavian invaders in Ireland. The Viking incursions began in A. D. 795. The Norwegians, as you know, founded Dublin, Waterford, and Limerick."

"No, I didn't even suspect it."

"Well, they did. The ancient Irish name for the Norwegians was 'Findgaill,' or the 'white foreigners.' The Danes, who were a bit darker, were called the 'Dubgaill,' or 'black foreigners.' The MacDougall and MacDowell families are traceable to the Dubgaills, or Danes—the Fingall family, and perhaps the Finnegans, to the Norwegians."

"Well, shoot me for a Viking fish!" I exploded. "Then William the Conqueror and I are both Scandihoovians!"

The professor smiled again.

"There were many kings, also, among the early Norse invaders of Ireland. Donoban, a Munster chieftain, married the daughter of a Scandinavian King of Waterford, and the Donovan and O'Donovan families may claim this royal descent. Donoban's daughter, on the other hand, married Ivar of Waterford, and they founded the Donavan and O'Donavan families."

"Wait a second, professor, you're carrying me too fast! At the speed you're making, you'll soon have every Irishman a descendant of the nobility."

"Ah, but King Donald O'Brien and King Donoban were comparatively recent," the professor went on. "It is quite likely that we may trace your friend's ancestry in an unbroken line back to Noah!"

"Noah? Get off the earth, professor!"

"Whimsical, but true," said the learned archiver and historian. "You see, Brian Boruma and King Donald O'Brien traced their descent from Ailill Aulom, and thence back to the original Milesians, who came from Scythia to Ireland in the dawn of history. Milesian tradition has built up a line of succession, through Fenius Farsaid, Goedel Glas, Eber Scot, and Breogan, that extends without interruption actually back to Noah!"

"Well, professor, you're doing noble!" I had to gasp. "I didn't expect you to be that good a friend of Jerry's. My kelly's off to the O'Briens henceforth. What's a few Charlemagnes and William the Conquerors, compared to a man with a family tree as old as Noah!"

Of course, the thing to do was to put Professor Haralby next to Uncle William Slocum, so he could give Uncle William expert assistance in the compilation of the family book. There wasn't any doubt, now, that Jerry would outshine the Sumter-Slocum-Wilkstones like a search-light arguing with a lightning-bug. Jerry had a perfect right to fix him up a crest with a picture of the ark on it, Noah's bunch of grapes on one side, a dove with a sprig of laurel on the other, and the ancient motto underneath: "It ain't gonna rain no more!" However, I left the coat-of-arms business to the professor.

Gosh, wouldn't we crow over Mother Wilkstone and her disgustingly new goblets!

Jerry came back, and I gave him some inkling of what we had accomplished, without telling him, however, the whole glorious truth about his ancestors. I thought we ought to break that to him with some sort of ceremony.

"You don't get a peek at this book until it's formally presented," I warned him. "Uncle William's going to give a banquet for that occasion, with all the Sumter-Slocum-Wilkstones and the new O'Brien au gratin admixture invited, including me, as a distinguished Dubgaill."

"Dub—what?" says Jerry.

"Oh, you're too ignorant to understand," I waved him off. "But just you wait till Uncle William and I finish that book."

Jerry gave me to understand that he wasn't exactly as strong as arsenic with the home folks yet. They were still sore about the things I had said, and he made me promise that I wouldn't venture any remarks to arouse them again, on the occasion of the forthcoming banquet. I promised to stand on the side-lines and say nothing. Uncle William was to do most of the talking, with maybe a few remarks from Professor Haralby.

Mrs. Caroline Sumter-Slocum Wilkstone was certainly primed for that historic evening when it did arrive. She must have sat up nights thinking up new methods of impressing the world with the

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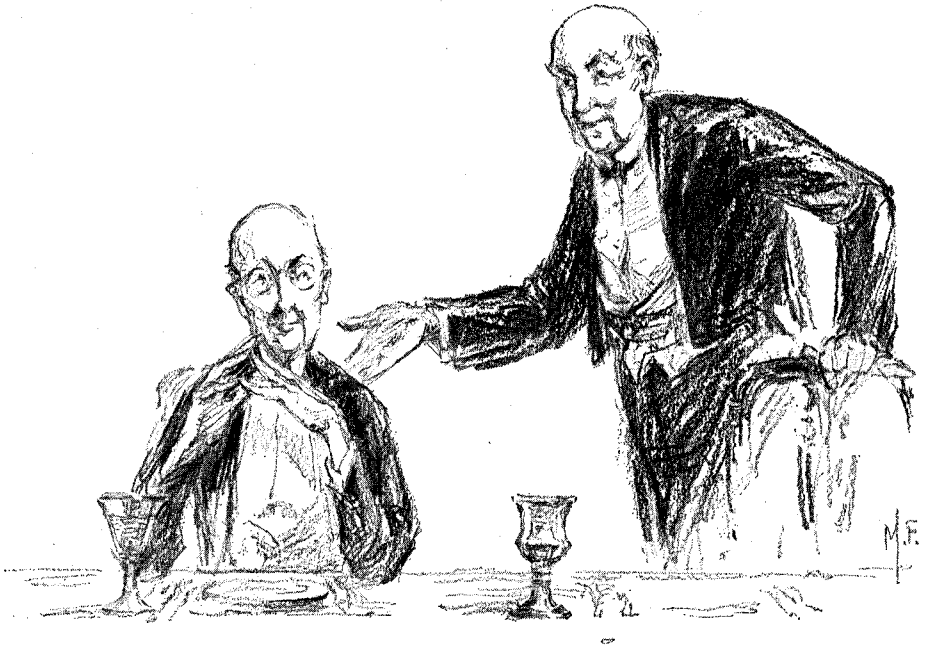
family's importance. The evening gown that grandmother had worn when minuetting with Lafayette was there, all sealed up in a glass case so no vulgar hands could touch it. The Lafayette goblets were there, too, and it was stipulated that nobody but the direct descendants of Cornelius and Maria Wilkstone could drink out of them. Jerry and I didn't mind, though. If we'd wanted to, we could have sprung a gourd and said it was Noah's original shaving-mug, but I didn't want to take advantage of the poor lady that way.



"Professor Haralby and I have discovered a new and most interesting item . . ."—Page 88.

At each place around the banquet board was a limp leather copy of Uncle William's epoch-making book. The printing and the paper were nice, but I couldn't rave over the pictures in it. Ancestors can't help looking that way, but they didn't *have* to have their pictures struck.

Donald O'Brien, King of Thomond, wasn't in the class with the rest of the plug-uglies, however. Compared to Charlemagne and William the Conqueror, he was Apollo himself alongside Ben Turpin. I don't know where the professor had dug up that picture, but the O'Brien highness was certainly all present with the good looks.

I saw Mother Wilkstone hovering over that page with a distinct expression of surprise and chagrin. She discussed it in excited whispers with Aunt Abelina and Adelaide. Probably it displeased her to have the O'Briens mixed up that way with her aristocratic forerunners. She was a little flushed and nervous all the time Uncle William was making his dignified prefatory remarks. I could see that she wanted to get the floor, but Uncle William wouldn't let her have it until Professor Haralby had given us a scholarly lecture on the distinguished O'Brien family.

All during this, Jerry was looking through his book with a bored expression, like a guinea-pig at a clinic, and mumbling to me.

"Who wants to be tied up with these two-by-four kings?" he was grumbling. "None of them was as good a man as my uncle who was sheriff. And who do they

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expect to believe all this junk about Noah? The boys at the club will ride me all the rest of my life, if this gets to them!"

I had to keep jabbing him. "Hush, for the love of Mike, Jerry, don't spoil everything," I begged him.

Jerry was mad enough before Mrs. Wilkstone got up to speak, in her shrill, shop-worn soprano. I could see he was on the verge of rising to a point of disorder and telling them all what he thought of descendants in general.

Mrs. Wilkstone didn't overlook any bets in referring to her family's distant historical kinfolks, but she put in a couple of mean prods to the effect that the most important ancestors, after all, were the comparatively *recent* ones, like the kind you have three or four generations back. Jerry was about to explode when she fetched up with the Lafayette goblets.

Mrs. Wilkstone was waving one of them like it might have contained the real stuff instead of ice-water, and telling us how rare it was to find a family that possessed such a precious keepsake from the distinguished French nobleman, when Uncle William interrupted her.

"In connection with these celebrated goblets," said Uncle William, "Professor Phineas Haralby and I have discovered a new and most interesting item which throws additional light upon their presentation to the Wilkstone family. I think it would be peculiarly fitting, in view of his present-day connections, that Mr. O'Brien read the passage in my modest little volume which has reference to this diverting subject. You will find it on page 124, Mr. O'Brien. Won't you be good enough to read it?"

Jerry fumbled around until he found page 124, and I never saw a man's face change expression and color so fast as his did.

Everybody else at the table, myself not excluded, turned to page 124 to see what the racket was. There were pictures of

"It's not going to be any circle this time," snapped Jerry, throwing a pile of shirts across the room.—Page 89.

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Cornelius Sumter Wilkstone and his wife, Maria Slocum Wilkstone, along with that of Lafayette, and the sweet old story of the goblets, revamped.

Jerry got up and read it, with his left hand pretty nearly demolishing the woodwork on the back of his chair.

Cornelius Sumter Wilkstone, tiring of the unremunerative practice of law, and in view of the crop failure in the early eighteen-twenties (said Uncle William's book), determined to establish a neatly appointed tavern in the capital city of St. Stephens. This he did, and, with the aid of his good and energetic wife, he attained marked success in his venture.

It is a subject of great pride to all the descendants of Cornelius and Maria Wilkstone, that they had the rare honor of entertaining the Marquis de Lafayette upon the occasion of his visit to St. Stephens, no private homestead in the vicinity offering the exceptional accommodations that were to be found at the Wilkstone Tavern. So pleased was the marquis with the splendid and gracious hospitality offered him by Cornelius and Maria Wilkstone, that he presented them, upon his departure, with a set of handsome silver goblets, the finest procurable at the local silversmiths, and had them fittingly inscribed: "To Cornelius and Maria Wilkstone, from Marie-Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert du"——

Jerry couldn't finish reading Lafayette's full name, he was that mad. He just sputtered and glared around the table, especially at Aunt Abelina and Mrs. Wilkstone, who were trying to look frigid and incredulous in spite of the fact that their complexions were on fire.

"In trade, huh?" That's all Jerry could say, for a minute. "In trade! Is this information straight, Uncle William?"

"Indubitably." Uncle William had the satisfied smile of the cat who ate the family goldfish. "Professor Haralby has the original documents in his possession that prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt——"

"Well, this is all I want to say." The O'Brien worm turned with a flop that could be heard for blocks. I never saw Jerry lose his temper like that before. "I've been hearing about this blue-blooded Sumter-Slocum-Wilkstone family so long it's made me blue in the face. I haven't got anything against these two honest specimens that ran a hotel, but I want to say right now that a family that'll suppress the truth about its ancestors is a lot lower in my estimation than a family that hasn't got any ancestors at all! My grandfather laid bricks and I'm proud of it. And he didn't get any engraved gold brick from the Marquis de Lafayette, either. You can all take your gilt-edge ancestors and step straight to Hades. I may be descended from a cheap king, but I won't tell anybody if I am. Good night!"

Saying which, Jerry dashed out of the private dining-room like a motorized fire-engine, with me dashing after.

I could see I'd put on the finishing touches, for fair. If ever a man was broken up with his family-in-law, Jerry was now, and it was all my fault.

Jerry taxied out to his Gothic villa and I taxied after as soon as I could get a cab. He was packing, still mad as a hornet, when I got there.

"Another trip around the circle, Jerry?" I finally got breath enough to ask.

"It's not going to be any circle this time," snapped Jerry, throwing a pile of shirts across the room. "It's going to be a straight line!"

"Now, Jerry, it's not so bad as that!" I saw it was my duty to remonstrate before things went too far. "Don't blame your wife for all this foolishness. It's my fault, not Adelaide's."

"I'm through!" Jerry bit off the words so I could tell he didn't mean maybe. "Adelaide won't come along. She's married to her ancestors, and I won't stand for them any more. And that includes the two present exhibits."

"Now, Jerry, what's the use of having a family row? You know Adelaide is too proud to follow after you."

But Jerry wouldn't argue. He slammed the rest of his light-marching equipment into his bags and telephoned for a cab.

And then I heard the front door opening and somebody came running up the stairs. It was Adelaide.

"Jerry, Jerry, where are you going?" she palpitated.

"Out."

"Out where, Jerry?"

"Away out. Some place where they never talk about Lafayette and ancestors. You can stay if you want to, but I'm through—*finis*—CURTAIN!"

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Adelaide looked at him for a full minute and I thought she was going to cry. But instead she burst out laughing.

"Jerry, I'm going, too!" she announced, gleeful as a schoolgirl. "Won't we have fun!"

"But I'm serious—I mean it!" Jerry was trying his best to glare at her severely. "I didn't mean to be insulting, but a man can stand just so much, and then nature steps in!"

"Jerry, I feel the same way about it," exclaimed Adelaide, with a twinkle in her eye. "I've been hearing about those silly goblets all my life, and all my life it's been thrown up to me how aristocratic Grandmother Maria Wilkstone was, and it thrilled me to death to hear she was just a hotel-keeper, like my dear, brave, noble-ancestored Jerry. And now we're not ever going to hear anything more of those foolish keepsakes."

"You can bet Charlemagne's boots we're not!"

"Because mother's given them away—the goblets and the evening gown, too."

"Given them away!"

"Yes, sir—to that clever old Professor Haralby—a gift for the Department of Archives and History. Aren't you glad they're going to be tucked away in a dusty old museum?"

"Professor Haralby?" A slow grin spread over Jerry's face.

"Yes. He and mother are still at the hotel, talking ancestors. At last accounts they had figured it out that your forty-times-removed great uncle, King Donald O'Brien, was a seventh cousin of William the Conqueror's brother-in-law, so we're all kin! And you needn't ever expect to hear about those Lafayette goblets again. That branch of the family's buried for good!"

"George, you poor son-of-a-Dubgaill," said Jerry, turning to me, "Adelaide and I are going for a little swing around the circle. Maybe we'll be back, after all!"

Land-Sick

BY EBEN D. FINNEY

BACK on the arid prairie
A thousand miles, or more,
I still hear the grand old ocean
Caressing a starlit shore;—
And the ripples ride
On the ebbing tide,
As the sands turn o'er and o'er.

The whispering wash of waters,—
What else can that music be
But the lullaby of the wind and sky,
And the song of the blessed sea?
Nay, 'tis only the breeze
Through the mesquite-trees.
Ah,—'tis more than that to me.

And what is that salty fragrance
That comes on the freshened air?
'Tis the perfume blown from the sea-weed flats,
Far sweeter than incense rare.
Nay,—'tis only the dust
From the sun-baked crust,—
Or those cactus flowers there.

Perhaps 'tis the moon on the prairie,
But to me not so to-night.
For the moon rides high in a silver sky,
And the waves are flecks of light.
'Tis the winds that pass
Through the prairie-grass,
Transformed in the radiance bright.

Hark to that laughter eerie
'Tis the voice of a lonely loon
From far away on the silver bay,
In the bright path of the moon.
'Tis a screech-owl's call,—
Ah,—that is all,—
For day will be breaking soon.

Oh, it may be a screech-owl calling
To welcome a breaking day,—
And it may be the breeze through the mesquite-trees
That sounds like the song of the bay;—
But the voice of the sea
Comes back to me,—
And my heart is away,—away.

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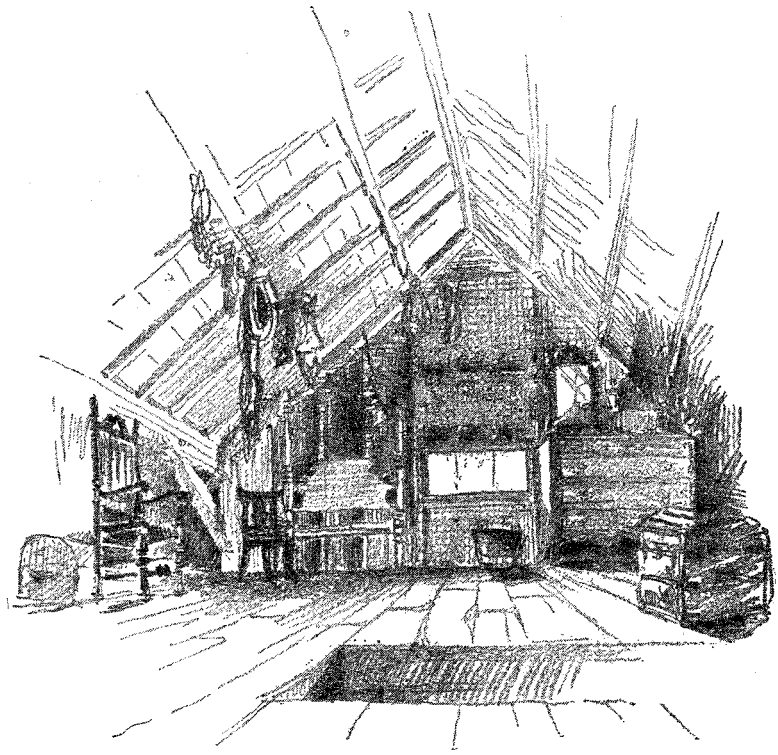

Nothing else came to light in the attic with the exception of a pair of iron andirons marked 1762.—Page 94.

The Antique Habit

BY CAROLINE CAMP

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. G. THOMAS

I WENT to a dinner not long ago where the guests had unconsciously divided themselves into two distinct factions. One discussed prohibition, the other antiques. The momentum of each subject slackened visibly at times, but a fresh auction experience or a newly found bootlegger repeatedly gave it new life. Incident followed incident in endless succession, and I found myself almost believing that these must be the only remaining topics of conversation in this present-day United States.

I am, therefore, quite loath to admit that I am so plebeian as to be an enthusiast for either one; but being a New Englander I feel compelled to tell you the truth. I am an antique fan; and I untiringly root for antiques in two senses of the word.

Nearly every day from early spring to late fall I start out in a very rusty, very early American Ford, with a sandwich by my side, praying that a shower of lowboys or a cyclone of pewter plates and old glass will come my way. Sometimes my prayers are answered in part, but more often I trail back with a dejected expression and nothing else, with the exception, perhaps, of an experience of some sort.

One day last summer I walked hope-

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fully up to a door and knocked. To the woman who responded I made my usual, time-worn speech. "Have you any old-fashioned furniture that you would care to sell?" She had the answer on the tip of her tongue: "No, I ain't. I got some old furniture but no money could buy 'em." I was politely attentive, with: "Have you really? Do you happen to have a lowboy? I would give anything for one." This time she looked frightened, and snapped out: "No! I just got a girl in high school." The door was closed. No, not closed, shut! As I drove away, I could see her peering at me from behind lace curtains. I am quite sure she is thinking to this day that I was a new process kidnapper.

I drove on about three miles to the next house, where a bewhiskered individual was laying a cement walk. I halted and he advanced, armed with a trowel, demanding to know why I was there. "Well, if you want somethin' old, I've got the oldest thing there is old—did you ever hear of Josephus—well, I s'pose you read the Bible—well, you come pretty near reading the Book of Josephus instead—they took a vote on to it which book should be handed down and the Bible got it by just one vote—yes, ma'am, one vote, and if it hadn't been for that there one vote you'd be readin' the Book of Josephus to-day instead of the Bible. I got the book, and it's the oldest thing you ever see—tells all about the Jews, and yes, ma'am, it's old all right, it's the first book that ever was, but I ain't got no time to show it to you to-day. I want to finish this 'ere walk before it gets dark, and the old woman ain't here anyway—and she's got it put up somewhere—but it's an awful old book—if it hadn't been for that one vote you'd be reading that there book to-day instead of the Bible—why, let me tell you, ma'am, that two thousand years ago that book——"

Under the strain of such tirades my Ford becomes restless; so on we went.

Antiques are difficult to find because it is next to impossible to gain admittance to people's houses. Very rarely I find a person who says: "Why, I don't know; you can come in and look around." When I do, I catalogue her as being an angel. She lets me wander from room to room; up in the attic, down in the cellar, and out in the barn. It is then that I find the things and enjoy buying them. These people grasp my offer with: "Land, yes, I'd take five dollars for it. I was going to throw it out the other day, but didn't get to it." I go away having rescued something, and my angel is very pleased with the money.

The men, as a rule, are easier to attack than the women. They tell me to come in and help myself to any old junk I can find. It is possible that women feel quite as hospitable, but they are always fearful of my seeing dust, and beds that are waiting to be made. They hold the door open exactly the width of their faces and insist that they have nothing. They tell me that they have had canning and sewing to do, that the baby has had the whooping-cough, and that they haven't had a minute for the house. You feel very sorry about this list of casualties, and you try to make them understand that your eyes always travel torpedo-like over a foot of dust and ten unmade beds to fasten on a Currier and Ives picture or a Staffordshire dog. As a matter of fact, they are travelling all the time she is talking; trying to shoot past her immovable figure and light on some tangible antique. A crack in the door isn't much of a periscope, so I change the subject from antiques to the apple blight. The crack widens a bit and she is cautiously affable. We go on from apples to tractors and then to the scarcity of help, and finally to flowers. She has a night-blooming cereus. I have never seen one. She feels that I have missed everything in life. The door is wide open and I am inside the house. It has been such an effort to get there that I feel exactly like lying down and dying. I am saved from this calamitous end, however, by suddenly catching sight of a stencilled tray in perfect condition. No, I don't forget the night-blooming cereus. I admire it from all angles. But I eventually get to the tray, and shortly afterward it takes its first ride in an automobile.

I had had a run of bad luck for some time, and was lamenting the fact to a dealer that I knew. It was aggravating to hear in return that he had been making gorgeous finds. He confided that the

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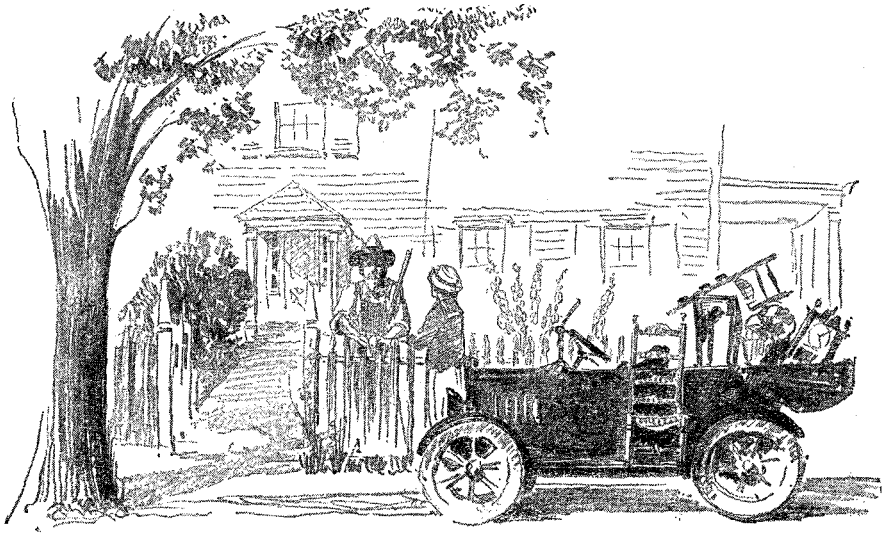
secret was to visit only the pretentious-looking houses in the towns, rather than stopping everywhere in the farming districts. This I had never done, but I resolved to try it. I chose a good-sized village about twenty miles away for my activities. Being full of trepidation at first, I called at the meeker-looking places. At last, mustering up my courage, I stopped at a very good-looking house. An elderly woman was sitting on the porch. Somehow she looked familiar as I came nearer. I became embarrassed, so embarrassed that I hadn't the sense to ask her if she could tell me where the Smiths lived. My same hackneyed question came bubbling forth. She smiled and inquired my name. I couldn't think of another name, so that came out also. At once she was full of questions regarding the health of my family. She was an old friend of my mother's and father's, and my grandmother's and grandfather's! She was delightful. I stayed for luncheon and was shown all the antiques that I couldn't buy that day nor any other time. I crawled into my car and made haste for the byways. In spite of Mrs. Parker's cordiality I have never recovered from the book-agent feeling that I had that day, nor have I since approached an affluent-looking house in quest of antiques without much perturbation.

Often people ask me how I know where to find old furniture. It is simply one endless canvass. A great many times I am sent from one house to another. "We haven't anything, but Mrs. Barnes across the road has an old bookcase she wants to sell." I hasten over, filled with pleasant visions of a possible mahogany secretary.



"Well, if you want somethin' old, I've got the oldest thing there is old— . . ."—Page 92.

But it turns out to be really a bookcase and a modern atrocity at that.

Clews are seldom anything but disappointments, but I followed one a short time ago, and have never been so rewarded. I had made inquiries at the post-office for "prospects," and had been told that the Gillettes might have something. I was sceptical but open to conviction, so I called. Not wishing to seem too acquisitive, I told Mrs. Gillette that I was looking for an old cord bed.

As you doubtless already know, forty-nine such beds out of every fifty have been chopped up for kindling-wood. They are cordially hated by the average person. The remaining one was left, merely because the chopper had become weary of his task.

There had been a very lazy man somewhere in her family, as she said that she

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had three cord beds in the attic. At the foot of the attic stairs sat a comb-back Windsor chair. On the wall, opposite, hung a Chippendale mirror, and as far as I could see, hooked rugs everywhere. To say that I was astonished would be putting it mildly, but I maintained a calm exterior and went on to the beds in question. After much manœuvring and tugging we were able to drag them out from under the eaves. The chopper had been careless as well as lazy and had left only two posts to each bed, not to mention ruthlessly chopping up every head board; so all our work was in vain.

Nothing else came to light in the attic with the exception of a pair of iron andirons marked 1762. I tried to buy these, but Mrs. Gillette said that she wouldn't sell them for any amount of money. Immediately my hopes for the comb-back Windsor and Chippendale mirror sank into oblivion. I felt sure that she would have the same feeling about everything. Half-way down the attic stairs was a shelf filled with old books, papers, and cleaning cloths. I excavated two old bottles from this débris; one was a General Bragg and Washington, and the other had an eagle on either side. I bought both of them and felt a little more philosophical. Then I came back to the chair and mirror. They were soon mine also.

Mrs. Gillette was most gracious and took me into every room, up stairs and down. Each room held at least one coveted piece. I bought and bought. She told me that fifty years ago she wouldn't have dreamed of parting with anything; but only the day before her son had asked her if she wouldn't dispose of some things—"the house was so full of old stuff." That, and coming to the conclusion that she was getting too old to take care of so much, brought the matter to a climax. I had arrived at the crucial moment.

A butterfly table loomed up in one room, a Pembroke table with unusual stretchers was in the wood-shed, fostering tin cans and pails of paint. I found a swell-front bureau in another room. If I should tell you of everything you would immediately conclude that my imagination was running riot. To prove your conclusion, I could add that all this happened on the main street of one of our best-known Berkshire resorts.

I became a little nervous as my bill rose higher and higher. I had just fifty dollars with me. My check-book was out in the car, but Mrs. Gillette didn't know me, nor had she ever heard of me; and, besides, I had bought more than any human Ford could take home on one trip. I hated to leave anything, as often I had done that, only to find on returning that the people had changed their minds about selling. At last I came to a standstill, and figured up what I owed. It was amazing. I stammered softly that I had only fifty dollars and waited for the crash. It was not forthcoming. This wonderful old lady said: "My dear, I would take your check for any amount. You look very honest." I almost wept. It didn't take me long to make out that check. I paid for everything and took one load with me, leaving the rest for another time.

The next day was Sunday, so I didn't go back until Monday. Over the week-end I found myself continually visualizing Mrs. Gillette as I expected to find her on the appointed day. There she stood, with tears in her eyes, saying: "Would you mind very much if I told you that I finally can't bear to see these things go?" And I could see myself, absolutely in the depths, but replying: "Of course not, I wouldn't want to take them if I weren't sure that you were quite willing to let me have them."

I am glad to say that my pessimistic forebodings were all wrong. I went back on Monday afternoon and everything was serene. Mrs. Gillette had unearthed other things for me to buy and hadn't even cashed my first check.

It is a relief to find a trusting person once in a while. Several times I have been caught without enough money. Each time the people evidently thought that I looked not only a little dishonest but totally so. In each case I was obliged to drive a long distance to the nearest store or bank where I was known in order to get my check cashed.

Speaking of people changing their minds, one day I was dumbfounded to find a curly-maple desk and a wing-chair with Dutch feet in the corner of an otherwise golden-oak room. You can guess

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which pieces I wanted to buy. I labored some time and finally succeeded in getting the desk. The chair was absolutely not to be bought. I was very disappointed, as it was the only one I had ever found. Being a Pollyanna, however, I was glad to know that such a prize was at large.

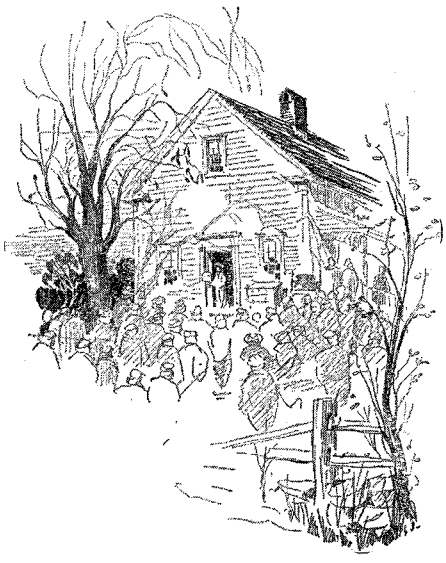
My car already resembled a furniture-van, so I paid for the desk and left it, saying that I would come for it the next day. The day came, and I returned to gather it up. I gathered up my roll of bills instead. They had changed their minds. This was another time that I was on the verge of weeping; but not for joy. Undaunted, I made another stab at the chair; but the woman was firm. My offer went up and up and up. Still she said: "No." When I started to leave, as one last resort, I asked her if she would name any price. To my utter surprise she named it most promptly. It was only two dollars more than I had offered. Why she had held out for that two dollars will always be a mystery. In any case, I have the chair, and I am sitting in it at this very moment.

Have I given you the impression that it is a fairly simple matter to find butterfly tables and fireside chairs in the Berkshires? If I have, I shall not spoil your dream. Nor must you let the following incident discourage you; it would be a joy to meet you one day driving your irksome way about.

On a certain rainy day I had driven forty miles without a thing to show for it but a very modern nail which had been picked up by one of my rear tires. At last I found a candlestick with a milk-white base and blue-dolphin top. I was able to buy it, but I couldn't keep from wailing to the owner that I did so wish I had the mate to it. She said she knew where the other one was, and was sure that I could get it. A cousin of hers had it. I was agog! She gave me minute directions how to get there; it was seventeen miles from her house. The directions were intricate, and my sense along that line being only embryonic, I knew that I never could make it. I suggested that she might drive over with me. She registered enthusiasm, but "had company coming and her cake wasn't made." I told her that I had expected "company" the day before and had made elaborate preparations, only to get a telegram at the last minute saying that they could not come. An unnecessary argument I think, as the thoughts of having a ride and seeing her cousin were too much for her.

I waited twenty minutes while she "just changed her shoes and threw a coat over her old dress."

As we drove along, she waved franti-



I go to auctions and more auctions.—Page 96.

cally to her husband who was butchering a neighbor's pig, and rejoiced that he would wonder "who in kingdom come she could be out with." She told me the ins and outs of all the countryside doings. We went up hill and down dale, through mud-puddles and over rocks, but we got there. There were effusive greetings and long conversations on every subject but the right one. In the meantime I was sitting quietly on pins and needles.

The candlestick was eventually mentioned, and the grand finale masterfully rendered as follows: "Why, gracious sakes alive, Lucy, I never had no such thing; what are you thinking of?"

Well, that's all there was to it. Apparently it was just a mistaken idea on the part of my little friend.

After half an hour more, I managed to tear the cousins away from each other,

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and we wended our way back over the same rocks and through the same mud-puddles. When we arrived at her house, she actually had a letter in the R. F. D. box saying that her guests were not coming. She heralded me as being psychic, and a good time was enjoyed by all, barring one person. I reached home at nine o'clock. It was pitch-dark. I was cold and starved, and quite ready to sign up for the Old Ladies' Home.

It is pleasant to read stories, written a few years ago, telling how the author dropped idly into a country auction and bought a Lowestoft cup and saucer for ten cents and a Sheraton sewing-table for a dollar. My experience in that line leads me to believe that those sunny days are over. I go to auctions and more auctions. Each time I solemnly swear that it shall be the last. An antique shop would blush to ask the prices that people fight to pay at an auction. They go insane. Chairs that would be relegated to the mustiest corner of the mustiest shop, and that the shopkeeper would almost give away, are bid for eagerly to the tune of ten dollars apiece.

It is these auctions, I think, that have conduced to develop the average layman's exaggerated idea of values. He will point out a black-walnut bureau with a marble top and tell you that it is over two hundred years old and that he wouldn't take five hundred dollars for it. You are quite satisfied that he wouldn't. He turns down your very fair offer for a table or a clock and is under the impression that you are doing your level best to fleece him. As a matter of fact, I have overpaid for numberless things, just for the satisfaction of taking them away from their Morris-chair environment. One hears on all sides about the robber-like instincts of the antique dealer. Do you ever stop to think of his interminable search for desirable things, the incurred expense, and of the money that is tied up in leisurely or never-moving stock? I can testify that my antique shop isn't the sheer delight that I am sure it looks to be. During the summer when the tourists are driving through by the thousands, in order to replenish one's stock, one has to buy everything that one can find. Suddenly you realize that the leaves are gone and the days are cold. The only car that comes along is the grocer's. The tourists have gone back to the city. The golf clubs are closed, the picnics and tennis-matches are over. The only thing left is the checker tournament which is in full swing at Perkins's Tonsorial Parlors. Oh, yes, and a large supply of unsold antiques in your shop.

Your only chance for car-fare out of town is to sell somehow those early American treasures that you drove so many miles to find. After hours of deep thinking you hit on the glorious idea that an advertisement in a New York paper would undoubtedly bring a dealer up on the next train, and that he would be glad of the opportunity to buy your entire stock. You sink down at the desk and compose what lawfully has to be a bona-fide advertisement. You find it difficult. What can one possibly say when she has to adhere to the truth? Minutes go by. I present to you the result:

FOR SALE

A large assortment of early American furniture, mostly in bad condition. Nicked china, moth-eaten spreads, cracked bottles, broken mirrors, frayed hooked rugs, etc. Selling out at an enormous price to get back money on original investment.

It would never do. Truth is relentless. For your own peace of mind you decide that, after all, a winter in the country isn't so awful, and you settle down to a real orgy of reading, walking, and sleeping.

Spring really surprises you by coming so quickly. A New Jersey car rolls up to the shop and a woman eagerly alights. The moth-eaten spreads are exactly what she wants for motor-rugs. The first greenbacks you have seen in many months are in your hand. Your benefactor's car grinds into high; another season has opened. Your lost enthusiasm for antiquing returns by leaps and bounds. The Ford is fed oil and gas, and your mad search begins again with a vengeance.

No, antiquing is not a profitable pastime. Neither, I should judge, is it too remunerative to know an excellent bootlegger.

Still, we continue on our beaten tracks and you are forced to listen to our rhapsodies. If you are not one of us I can picture your frenzy. We are not quite morons, so please put us down as simply creatures of habit. Or will you be with Freud and fasten on us a complex?

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

"Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there!"

So wrote Robert Browning in Italy; so spoke Ethel Barrymore in New York. But neither of them was in Augusta, Georgia; if they had been, they would have been content with their environment. Here we have April's laughter without her tears. The sun shines emphatically every day. The birds sing gloriously, and even the crows talk with a soft Southern accent, quite unlike the raucous crows of Yankeeland.

It is mid-April, and I have been in one hotel since the second of January, the longest stay I have made in any hostelry in the world. There is the best small string orchestra, under the direction of Harry Rudolph, that I have heard anywhere away from concert-halls; they play everything well except jazz. One Sunday night Mr. Rudolph and the pianist gave an admirable performance of Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata"; and in listening to it, I marvelled again that so mighty a creative genius as Tolstoi should have written such rubbish about this masterpiece.

There have been a larger number of interesting men here than I have met on other pilgrimages; every morning for three months the Conversation Club, consisting of some five and twenty, conversed on divine, human, and diabolical topics from 9.13 to 10.59. When some went North, others arrived; for three months there was no cessation of good talk. A snap-shot of the group in late March appears in "Behind the Scenes with Scribner's Authors" in this issue. We were definitely organized; we had no President, but we had a King, that royal golfer Walter J. Travis. The Prime Minister was Sir Robert Borden, of Canada; Secretary of State, Nicholas Murray Butler, of New York; Treasurer, the Honorable Charles F. Brooker, of Ansonia. Then we had the four Georges: George Crocker, the Iron Man and hole-in-one specialist; George Clapp, of Boston; George M. Gray, of New York, crossword fiend, and George the Fourth was George Ade, who is still with us. The Manager was Daniel Frohman, who made a permanent impression not only on the Club, but on the city of Augusta, because he produced three plays here in Augusta's Little Theatre Guild. We were not without funds; we possessed two golden Louis: Cheney, of Connecticut, and Coolidge, of Massachusetts. Frank W. Hubbard, perhaps the youngest presidential elector, was here in March. Baseball was represented by Judge Landis, and peaceful revolution by Harvey Firestone. Cabot Morse, the son of the distinguished historian and biographer, John T. Morse, was with us three months, and his departure left an unfillable cavity. Ex-Governor Durbin of Indiana contributed conversation and cigars; John V. Farwell, of the Yale Corporation, and Frank L. Babbott, president of the Brooklyn Institute, were among our most intellectual associates; lawyers were here in Sidney Miller and George J. Peet; bankers in James A. Blair and Jacob Farrand; railroads in Patrick Crowlay; the trustees of the University of Pittsburgh were represented by David Gillespie; critics by Clayton Hamilton; McGill University, of Montreal; had a good exhibit in J. T. McCall; the courts of Ohio in Judge Henderson of Columbus; among the great athletes were Joshua Crane, of Massachusetts; Wesley Oler, Senior, of Connecticut; the Duke of Lancaster, from the Copley Plaza, and Mr. Justice Thompson of Philadelphia. One of the most interesting members was Major Black, eighty-four years old, a Confederate veteran; and thereby hangs a tale.

One morning Major Black—who is the finest of Southern gentlemen—was asked if during the war he penetrated as far as Ohio. He remarked that he did get into Ohio, and became the guest of the federal

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government, which escorted him to a prison on Johnson's Island, at Sandusky. This drew an exclamation from Daniel Frohman. He and his brother Charles were born in Sandusky, and when Daniel was a small boy, he used to go near Johnson's Island, and there shout derisively at the Rebel prisoners. At that time he met Major Black and now met him again in the Conversation Club after an interval of sixty years!

Our King, Walter J. Travis, was as interesting off the links as on the greens; my own game is a Travisty on his.

I have seen extraordinary weather here. During February and March there were practically no rain and no wind. One stilly cloudless day after another. But in January we had five days' continuous rain, which brought the Savannah River to the almost unprecedented height of thirty-seven feet. Hundreds flocked to the bridge every day to see the mad flood. And had it not been for the efforts of one man, who sits at the table next to mine in the hotel, the city would have been under water, and the loss of property gone into millions. This gentleman is ex-Mayor Barrett, who, in the year 1912, persuaded the citizens, and only with the greatest difficulty, to erect a levee, to save the town from possible future floods. In that year they began the levee, and in four years it was completed, reaching the height of fifty feet.

Naturally enough, during this river-elevation of 1925, Mr. Barrett became a hero. A statue is to be erected in his honor, though he says he cares for no memorial except the levee.

Among the large number of distinguished men who have been guests at this hotel in 1925, it has been my privilege to become acquainted with two philanthropists, Nathan Straus and Adolph Lewisohn, both of whom are so genial and so full of ideas that one thinks primarily not of their good deeds but of their personalities. As is well known, Mr. Straus has for many years given his wealth, his time, and himself to the pasteurization of milk, thereby saving the lives of thousands of children. Only a few weeks ago I found the following tribute to him in a French newspaper; after speaking of the appalling results of carelessness and ignorance, the writer goes on to say

Ce que cette infirmière a fait par négligence, bien des jeunes mères le font par ignorance. On ne saurait trop répéter que la mortalité infantile qui dépeuple notre pays baisserait dans d'énormes proportions si la pasteurisation (employée sur une grande échelle dans beaucoup de pays d'Europe et aux Etats-Unis, où M. Nathan Straus, le grand philanthrope, l'a introduit malgré certaines résistances tenaces) était enfin répandue jusque dans les hameaux les plus écartés.

One day the all-star cast of "The Rivals" came to Augusta, and various members of the Conversation Club met them at a luncheon before the matinée, where speeches were made by Mrs. Fiske, Thomas A. Wise, Chauncey Olcott, James T. Powers, Daniel Frohman, and others; all being the guests of the Little Theatre Guild of Augusta. We went to the matinée, and saw an excellent performance, which took me back to the year 1896, when I last saw this ever-living play produced by a group of stars. Those who are interested in the theatre may like to look over the two casts.

	New Haven May 8, 1896	Augusta April 1, 1925
Sir Anthony Absolute	William H. Crane	Thomas A. Wise
Captain Absolute	Robert Taber	Kenneth Thomson
Faulkland	Joseph Holland	Fred Eric
Acres	Joseph Jefferson	James T. Powers
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Nat Goodwin	Chauncey Olcott
Fag	E. M. Holland	Gerald Rogers
David	Francis Wilson	George Tawde
Mrs. Malaprop	Mrs. John Drew	Mrs. Fiske
Lydia Languish	Julia Marlowe	Lola Fisher
Lucy	Fanny Rice	Marie Carroll
Thomas	.....	Herbert Belmore
Julia Melville	.....	Lotus Robb

The beautiful Lola Fisher was unable to appear at the luncheon; so I went behind the scenes after the first act, and she gave me two photographs of her wonderful cat, which has a face like a Cimabue madonna. I was glad to find that Miss Fisher is, as all intelligent people should be, a devout Cattist.

My remarks on William A. White's "Life of Woodrow Wilson" brought the following interesting contribution from a gentleman in New England, whose testimony is accurate.

Your reference to President Wilson in Scribner's for March suggests that you may be amused

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by the following incident, which strikes me as characteristic of the man.

After he had begun to be talked about as a probable candidate for the democratic nomination, I met him at a banquet of the Civic League of St. Louis and had a conversation with him lasting five or ten minutes. He was very affable.

After his nomination, I happened to meet him again, this time at a dinner of the Commercial Club of Davenport, Iowa, where he was, of course, the guest of honor. Again I had a short talk with him and again he was affable.

Shortly following his election, I was crossing on the ferry from Jersey City to New York. The day was chilly. It was drizzling. Most of the passengers were in the cabin, but I was on the forward deck, where I noticed a man standing near the cabin door in the angle sheltered from the rain and reading a newspaper so held as to hide his face. After a while he lowered the paper and remained motionless gazing into infinity. It was Wilson. I approached, recalled the previous conversations, very briefly, and expressed my pleasure at the result of the election. He said, "I am engaged. I do not want to have to shake hands with a lot of people whom I shall never see again." He then raised his paper, spread out to full size, like a shield in front of him. I turned aside, making a mental record of the second snub direct of my life, and wondered what the effect of the habit of disregard of courteous forms would probably be upon his future political history. It seemed to me beyond question to be a *Habit* and not an intentional snub *ad hominem*.

When Pope wrote a satire against Addison, and, instead of drawing an accurate picture of his antagonist, succeeded only in making a perfect portrait of himself, he was the unconscious forerunner of Woodrow Wilson, who wrote the following paragraph about Jefferson Davis:

> He had the pride, the spirit of initiation, the capacity in business which qualify men for leadership, and lacked nothing of indomitable will and imperious purpose, to make his leadership effective. What he did lack was wisdom in dealing with men, willingness to take the judgment of others in critical matters of business, the instinct which recognizes ability in others and trusts it to the utmost to play its independent part.
>
> He too much loved to rule, had too overweening a confidence in himself, and took leave to act as if he understood better than those did who were in actual command what should be done in the field.
>
> He sought to control too many things with too feminine a jealousy of any rivalry in authority.

Walt Whitman is nominated for the Ignoble Prize in the following letter by L. M. This is interesting as showing, despite the enormous prestige of Whitman in the twentieth century, that there are still sceptics.

Here is the confession of confessions—iconoclasm's zenith. A wan pathetic smile creeps over my features at the thought of the ghastly sacrilege I am about to perpetrate; a hideous remorse already abjurates me and devastatingly holds me in its horrid grip. I scarcely dare continue. I choke and desperately strive to pluck from the humming atmosphere words that will clothe my thoughts in the more immaculate of phraseology, thus to mitigate the heinousness of it all. In vain this attempted philological pedantry. God help me, the truth will out. I do therefore nominate for the Ignoble Prize "Leaves of Grass" and all other meretricious desecration of the memory of Mt. Parnassus by the insidious pen of Walt Whitman. He reminds me of a conceited octopus sitting on his pitifully lugubrious haunches, pawing the air with clammy complacency, confident that the turgid touch of his slimy tendrils will inspire carnal elation in the human breast. Ah! The cloud passes. I am free from the oppression of my erstwhile remorse. Life is once more its sweet self, I am incredibly happy!

I have been reading three biographical works, which represent the range of human personality, and for the life of me, I cannot tell which of the three I enjoyed the most. I heartily recommend them all. They are "The Roar of the Crowd," by James J. Corbett; the Autobiography of John Stuart Mill; "Weber and Fields," by Felix Isman. The first is the autobiography of a prize-fighter; the second, of the nearest approach to pure intellect this crazy world has known; the third is the history of two superclowns.

Mr. Corbett is perhaps the only prize-fighter clever enough to write a literary masterpiece; I call this a masterpiece because its prose style is precisely fitted to accomplish its purpose. It is interesting from beginning to end, revealing its hero's faults as well as his virtues. I saw Corbett twice. Shortly after his victory over Sullivan in 1892, he gave an exhibition in New Haven, and I should not have believed such dexterity of hand, such precision of eye, and such speed in footwork possible, had I not beheld them. He was slender, agile, graceful, and intelligent; not at all like the old-fashioned conception of a slugger. About fifteen years ago, as I was dining in the Hotel Grunewald, New Orleans, Mr. Corbett entered the room, and I remarked to my companion, "That's Jim Corbett!" Immediately the head waiter, who overheard my remark, brought the great man to my table, and I explained that I had merely ejaculated. We talked together a few

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moments, shook hands, and then, instead of squaring off, we separated.

Nothing could illustrate better the growth in the dignity of prize-fighting than the fact that, when in 1897 some Yale students sent a Yale flag to Corbett, which he had with him in the ring when he fought Fitzsimmons, these students were within an ace of being expelled from the university. To-day I suppose that I, having never seen a prize-fight, am in a minority of American college teachers.

John Stuart Mill's Autobiography I read in my childhood; but within a few months, two new editions have appeared; one, printed directly from the manuscript, contains passages hitherto unknown to the public; the other, with an introduction by Harold Laski, contains some speeches never before printed. Carlyle called Mill a logic-chopping engine; it is probable that no other human being lived so exclusively the life of reason. He never seems to have had a frivolous moment. In nobility of aim, altruism, and purity of character, he went to the utmost height attainable without religion; and as every man needs religion, he found it in the worship of Mrs. Taylor, who became his wife. It is interesting to see the tricks love played with the mind of such a man as Mill, a man who hated exaggeration and emotional overstatements. Carlyle told John Morley that Mrs. Taylor "was full of unwise intellect, asking and re-asking stupid questions." Mill says of her in the Autobiography, "In general spiritual characteristics, as well as in temperament and organization, I have often compared her, as she was at this time, to Shelley; but in thought and intellect, Shelley, so far as his powers were developed in his short life, was but a child compared with what she ultimately became."

I stood one day by the double grave at Avignon, where lie the pair; and as I read the inscription on her tomb, which was written by Mill, I marvelled. What would he have said if another man had written that of any human being? It excels all the superlatives I have seen.

When Herbert Spencer was left alone with one who was called an intellectual woman, his friends hoping that he might marry her, for he had expressed a willingness to marry any woman who had a sufficiently great mind, he emerged from the interview with the remark that she would not do at all. Instead of having a great mind, she had "a small mind in constant activity."

Perhaps the same description would fit others; but how much better it is to worship a woman than to worship nothing!

Anyhow, *Mill* had a great mind; and the record of his life is one of the great books of the nineteenth century. I do not see how any one can read it without immense respect for the author.

The third book, copiously illustrated, as is Mr. Corbett's, is the story of two of the funniest comedians in our generation. I take my hat off to Felix Isman, who has exhibited extraordinary talent as a biographer. Every one who ever saw or heard of Weber and Fields, will read this history with delight. Here is an example of Mr. Isman's style:

> The Bowery then was the Bowery, from the Civil War to the 1890's a sanctuary for the devil and his work, linked in the mouths of sailors with the Barbary Coast of old San Francisco, and with Port Said. New York, after the lapse of a generation, inclines to think of it romantically. The glamour of its defiant diabolism is remembered, its vicious realities forgotten or sentimentalized. Its neighborhood shunned by the better class of trade, rents were cheap in its side streets, and the poor crept in to make a witches' caldron of bitter struggle and prosperous vice.
>
> Out of this sink, and using it as a springboard, came Weber and Fields and other men and women to contribute unvarying decency to the American stage, and the sober honesty of their private lives to American society. The stubborn resistance of orthodox Jewish family life to its environment, the product of two thousand years of oppression, served them better than they knew.

Following a suggestion that is sent to me by E. Channing Stowell, of Marlboro, New Hampshire, I now organize the Samuel Richardson Club. To become eligible, one must have read every word of Richardson's three novels. I assure my listeners that such a tremendous undertaking pays. Richardson was a genius of the first magnitude. I shall never forget what the late Barrett Wendell told me. He attempted to reread "Clarissa," and was forced to desist, because he burst into tears so frequently that he dared not continue.

Mrs. Elizabeth Case, the literary critic of the Hartford *Courant*, sends to me a

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number of suggestions which I am sure will interest readers of these pages:

What I have in mind is what I suppose you might call the fading away, the dimming, of the use of symbolism; when I give my instances of this, they will seem trivial illustrations of such a tall-sounding phrase. A few years ago Hot Cross buns were prepared and sold on Good Friday morning; I suppose that that was comparatively new, in this country, as in old days it would probably have been considered a "Popish" custom; at all events they were sold at the proper time, and to people like me, who cherish every remnant of old English ways, they were welcome, even though they weren't shouted through the streets, as in the nursery rhyme. Now Hot Cross buns appear on Ash Wednesday, and are to be had all through Lent, indeed I am not sure that some enterprising bakeries, probably Hebrew bakeries, do not purvey them throughout the year; and there appears to be no general sense of the absurdity. Again, any sort of elaborate, spectacular entertainment, in which a lot of people take part, is called "a Mardi Gras"; I don't believe the man in the street has any idea of what the term really means.

Then there is the maddening misuse of the term bridesmaids, and the tearing to pieces of the real symbolism of their attendance on the bride; the fact that a bride was supposed to be attended by her maidens, in the literal sense of the word, is unknown to the present-day girl, in this country—I think they still do the thing properly in England—and a bride is surrounded by young married women, and the whole spirit of the ceremony is lost. The same thing with the bridal veil, either it should be worn over the face, or it should be discarded; the lifting of the bride's veil after the pair were pronounced man and wife was a beautiful piece of symbolism, but, now that the veil is merely worn as an ornamental adjunct, it loses all significance. I hate to see the real meaning of things ignored and misunderstood; most customs have a basic reason, and it isn't so long ago that these reasons were realized, but that time is past. Of course I understand that our Freudian friends would say that many of these customs have original reasons which it is conventional to ignore. I know that, but without going back to all the nastiness they like to wallow in, such customs as the bride being surrounded by her maidens, and her veil covering her face until she is pronounced a wife, have real traditional beauty and significance.

Another thing occurs to me, as I write. Within a few days the newspapers have descanted on the "true American hustle" displayed by the Prince of Wales, in travelling two hundred miles in a day in order to hunt with some favorite pack; this is compared with the enthusiasm of a golfer who readily goes fifteen or twenty miles to play over a favorite course. But how about the "hustle" displayed by those good Victorians, Charles Dickens and Anthony Trollope, the one in the pursuit of his vocation, the other in pursuit of his favorite sport? All things, as we know without help from Mr. Einstein, are relative; fast special trains and high-powered motor cars rush the Prince about in our immediate day, but think of Dickens, well on to one hundred years ago, rushing through the night in a special post-chaise, and transcribing, by the light of an ingeniously contrived lamp, his short-hand notes of political speeches delivered in some provincial town, in order to get them to his London newspaper in the morning. Think of Trollope, some forty or so years after, going twenty miles or more, three days out of the week, and after a strenuous morning at his Post Office work, for the sheer pleasure of a run with the hounds. Everything is relative, seen in proportion; Dickens's galloping post-chaise, and Trollope's short railway journey, are as full of "hustle," good old British determination to win through, as the daily two hundred miles of the Prince of Wales.

I think Trollope's Autobiography is one of the best books ever written; I only wish it were more generally known; there isn't a page in it which isn't full of the essential stuff of life, I really love it.

Jean de Reszké died at Nice, April 3, 1925. Long editorials appeared in his memory in the *Times*, *Herald Tribune*, and *World*; the musical critics exalted his name, although, as Mr. W. J. Henderson said very wisely, it is impossible to explain the art of Jean de Reszké to those born too late. I myself am often accused of over-enthusiasm for my idols, and of the use of superlatives. On this occasion therefore I will resolutely restrain my feelings. I will merely remark that if I am fortunate enough to get to Heaven, and if the angels there sing with the beauty of tone and with the intelligence and dignity of Jean and Edouard de Reszké, I shall be satisfied.

The death of our beloved American novelist, George W. Cable, reminds me of the worst case of stage-fright I ever witnessed. It was in the early eighties when Cable invaded the North. He was to deliver an address in Unity Hall, Hartford, and on the stage I saw with him Mark Twain, Charles Dudley Warner, and other notables. Mark Twain made so felicitous an introduction that when Cable stood up to speak, the applause was deafening. But the modest Southerner was smitten with stage-fright to so dreadful a degree that he could not utter one word. He looked at the audience, tried several times to open his mouth, but was like a man paralyzed. It was an embarrassing spectacle, and I cannot imagine what would have happened if Mark Twain had not come to the rescue.

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Perceiving that Cable could not talk, and could not *draw*, although he had a blackboard at hand, Mark Twain sprang to his feet, seized one of Cable's books that lay on the table, opened it at a certain chapter, thrust it into the lecturer's hand, and said "Read it!"

The death of Gene Stratton-Porter last December was mourned more by her readers than by her critics. If not a great writer, she was at all events an extraordinary person. Nine million copies of her novels were sold, and the publishers reckon five readers to every copy. She therefore had a prodigious army of admirers. She was a naturalist, but her books on moths would not sell; she had the mistaken notion that she was a great poet, but no one cared for her verse. Yet her sentimental novels had a vogue paralleled only by that of Harold Bell Wright. Most of her books I found too soft; but she produced one work of fiction which I am not ashamed to call a good book; and I am supported in this opinion by a discriminating and fastidious critic, who is an American novelist and a distinguished Judge. The novel I refer to is "A Daughter of the Land," which has a good plot and characters, and is marred only by crudity of style.

I never saw Gene Stratton-Porter, but I had a good many letters from her. She began the correspondence by asking me why the critics ridiculed her books. I attempted to evade the question by replying that if she had forty-five million readers, she ought not to worry about the critics. She was not satisfied. I then told her that her literary style was childish and crude. She sent me one of her books, asking me to mark the faults. I covered the first twenty pages with many corrections, and I think it a tribute to her character that our friendship survived it.

She had a decidedly interesting personality, and I wish I had had the opportunity to talk with her.

William E. Barton's huge "Life of Abraham Lincoln," which I hope to review in a later issue, reminds me by contrast of the composition on this subject written by a New Haven schoolboy. He said, "Lincoln lived to a green old age, and died in 1896. He is as famous in England as in America, Lincoln Cathedral being named after him." Shortly after reading this original contribution to biography, I stood in front of that magnificent cathedral, and it seemed to say, *Before Abraham was, I am.*

Adelaide Margaret Delaney, writing from Philadelphia, and Welles Bosworth, writing from Cannes, disagree with me in my condemnation of *Xmas;* early Christian writings prove that the abbreviation is legitimate. But I am not talking about what was, but what is; and to-day Xmas is as jarring as it would be to abbreviate Job:

When the a.m. stars sang together.

My saying that F. P. A. was the first person to attack Xmas in print drew an editorial from the *Herald* of Pawnee, Colorado; "F. P. A. is the first only if he beat W. L. Thorndyke, who in the Loveland (Colorado) *Reporter* twenty-five years ago wrote: 'Have enough respect for the Saviour of mankind to write it Christmas.' Thorndyke has been gone from Loveland these many years; but there are people there and throughout Colorado who still remember his trenchant writings."

I lay a wreath on his grave.

Lewis C. Grover of Brooklyn is a fellow sufferer in the dark. "With the coming of darkness all my courage disappears, optimism gives way to foreboding, and the least thing to be done on the morrow seems impossible." He thinks this can be explained by heredity, because his mother and her father suffered in like manner. But I think Mark Twain is correct in making it human.

A brilliant *defense* of the dark, of the night, and of black weather comes from Melissa Nash of Harrington, Maine. I envy her such nerves and such a conscience. She closes with a climax. "And for the worlds to come—, well, to be thoroughly consistent, I should choose the outer darkness. I love dogs." It is really too bad that St. John the Divine excluded dogs, but he was Biblically consistent. There is only one friendly allusion to dogs in the entire Bible, and that is in the Apocrypha. The Sanskrit books

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treated our canicular friend more courteously.

Doctor Horace Hart, of New Haven, sends me a quotation from the late Emerson Hough's "Out of Doors":

> Any man who goes into the wild regions ought to know how to use a compass. A study of it will introduce him to the psychology of getting lost. The truth is that we are made up largely of a subconscious survival—a bundle of doubts, fears, superstitions, and terrors handed down to us from the Stone Age. Given certain conditions, we dread the dark; we anticipate dinosaurs: and dragons: we cry aloud before the saber-toothed tiger. The subconscious mind governs us. We are indeed as a reed shaken with the wind.

My remarks on bootjacks caused a long and able editorial in the Indianapolis *News* of March 27. The writer thought it incredible that I had never seen a bootjack, seeing that I was born in 1865. My wife says there has been an antique bootjack in my library for fifteen years, but I have not noticed it. It is true that my father wore heavy knee-boots, even in summer, with the trousers over them. But I cannot remember his using a bootjack, though I do remember his language in pulling off this footwear. Father also wore on Sunday *mornings* a full-dress claw-hammer broadcloth coat, and he never owned a soft shirt. When a boy, I often wore leather boots with red tops and brass toes, but I stuck my pants into them.

Men, women, and children are interested in clothes. There has been no greater advance in comfort than in men's garments. I wear low shoes the year round, and, except in formal evening attire, I have not worn a stiff shirt for twenty years. Never do I wear suspenders in the daytime, or a waistcoat in warm weather. And, as for the old-fashioned "heavies," no, not by a long shot. The advance of civilization is shown mainly in the discarding of superfluous and therefore troublesome garments, by both sexes. And a good thing it is. The human body in the temperate zone is freer than ever before.

Look at the ancestral portraits, the "constipated" portraits, as Stevenson called them, and see how the men were wrapped up, with stocks around the neck, and huge boots around the ankle.

The most uncomfortable male attire to-day is worn by American soldiers; high stiff coat-collars and stiff puttees must be the last word in human misery. The English officers looked more comfortable with their soft rolling collars.

The best defense of uncut leaves that I have seen comes from Frances Chapman, of Brookline. "To me, a book with uncut leaves always brings a little spirit of adventure, a sense of possession, as if the book were peculiarly my own. But above all is the delightful sense of unhurried leisure. Here is a book that invites me to take my time, and I can lay it aside without book-mark or notation, for I cut as I read." She explains what I felt only subconsciously.

In a recent number of SCRIBNER'S I called attention to Weekley's "Concise Etymological Dictionary." Let me also recommend the "Pocket Oxford Dictionary," a book small enough to be easily carried in the pocket, yet clearly printed, and containing one thousand pages! It is called a dictionary of *Current English*, compiled by F. G. Fowler and H. W. Fowler. It is a marvel of condensation by the editors, and a triumph for the publishers.

The Public Library of the City of Coventry, England, has recently issued a bibliography of works by and about John Galsworthy, under the direction of Charles Nowell, City Librarian. This is a fine and useful undertaking, and all who are interested in studying the famous novelist may write to Coventry without being sent there.

Rose Macaulay's "Orphan Island" I found disappointing, as I have found everything she has written since "Potterism." This is not to say that "Orphan Island" is a bad novel; she set so high a standard of accomplishment in "Potterism" that she has not yet been able to equal it. "Orphan Island" is an attempt at satire, where the effort is too obvious. Should any one doubt the astounding genius of Swift, the doubt would be dispelled by first reading "Orphan Island" and then "Gulliver's Travels."

I divide all readers into two classes: *those who read to remember, and those who*

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read to forget. Unfortunately the second class is larger than the first. But there are times when every one must read to forget: on a tedious railway journey, or during convalescence from illness, or under the shadow of grief. Let me therefore recommend three new novels, which are so exciting that I will guarantee to all readers forgetfulness of environment, pain, and what is most difficult to forget, one's own self. These are "A Voice from the Dark," by Eden Phillpotts; "The Monster," by "Harrington Hext"; and "Black Cargo," by J. P. Marquand. The last is much the best of the three, from the point of view of style and characterization; but all three are veritable thrillers. And there are times in every one's existence when a thriller is the only adequate remedy to prescribe. I am a literary physician; I can diagnose, and I can cure.

An excellent novel is "The Doom Window," by Maurice Drake. This is an original and charming story, on a subject that I think has never before been treated in fiction—Stained Glass. I recommend it especially to my friend, General Charles H. Sherrill, of New York, who is an authority on cathedral windows.

In "The Rector of Wyck," May Sinclair has changed her ordinary writing fluid from vitriol to ink; I am grateful for the change. Readers will realize how great is the change when in this book there is actually a happy marriage and a good clergyman.

I congratulate Sister M. Madeleva on her scholarly and delightful book, "Chaucer's Nuns and Other Essays." She has made a contribution to Chaucerian scholarship; and her treatment of the famous Prioresse, professionally equipped as she is, will be of marked assistance to many professors of English Literature. I cannot sufficiently commend the spirit of this little book, which is as beautiful as its criticisms are penetrating. One of the minor essays is devoted to Edna St. Vincent Millay—indicating the range of human interest displayed by Sister Madeleva.

Mrs. Thomas B. Stowell, of Los Angeles, is welcomed into the Faerie Queene Club. How was it possible for her in such a climate to read so long a book? Most of the intellectual work of the world has been accomplished in bad weather.

Mrs. John C. Wyman, of Newtonville, Massachusetts, enters the Faerie Queene Club with the following confession. "I read it all through in 1880–81. A prominent librarian in the Congressional Library did not exactly dare me to do it, but spoke as though it would be an almost unprecedented feat to accomplish." She goes on to say that she became lost as in a labyrinth; and indeed it would take a marvellous memory to follow the trail.

Miss Mayone Lewis, of Pasadena, writes me an admirable and spirited defense of Burke's Speech on Conciliation, so that I am almost inspired to make another trial of it. She nominates Michael Angelo's "David" for the Ignoble Prize. She agrees with George Wright's opinion, given in the December SCRIBNER'S, that it is "bunchy." She continues: "Why is it that the man in the street knows this work of Michael Angelo's and only this, and has probably never heard of the entrancing figure of 'Night' on the Medici tomb?" I supposed that the reason "David" was so bunchy and muscle-bound was that old Michael tried to see what he could do with a block of insufficient length.

I have met two dogs in Augusta. One is a huge Newfoundland, Don Hill, of Norwalk, and the other a Pomeranian, Jennie, of Brooklyn. I am not versed in zoology; but is there any other animal of such divergence of size? A Great Dane and a Pom are both dogs. How unlike man! The physical divergence in man is inconsiderable; the Chinese giant, eight feet four inches, was not nearly so far from Barnum's Midgets as the canine range. But when it comes to the consideration of character, it is quite the other way around. No dogs are villains. But think of St. Francis and Cesare Borgia, St. Anthony and Casanova!

I conclude this essay with a tribute to the marvellous Nurmi, one of the greatest athletes of all time. I do not hesitate to say that, while some of our native runners are best at the American style, Nurmi is best at the Finnish.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

TWO or three months ago, on the death of Senator W. A. Clark, it developed that he had bequeathed his collections to the Metropolitan Museum, subject to the condition that they be preserved by themselves somewhere within the vast building in Central Park. The condition was in conflict with the policy of the museum, and the gift was declined, wisely, I think, both in view of the policy aforesaid and because the collections, while containing many treasures, do not form precisely a unit. As I write, the alternate offer of them to the Corcoran Gallery is under consideration, and the decision will probably be made before this number of the magazine is printed. It was natural while the subject was in the air to think over the collections and to find this or that reason for forming one's own opinion as to their disposition. As I went over them in memory I could see how certain pieces would practically duplicate others in the Metropolitan; how one old picture or another modern one might really enrich the museum or leave it not appreciably strengthened. The reader may be a little puzzled by my own choice of the one picture which I hated to have the Metropolitan miss. It was Fortuny's "Choice of the Model." I could perfectly understand anybody's being surprised by this selection, for if there is one tradition in painting that is nominally played out it is the tradition of Fortuny. Our modern ideas date peculiarly from the rediscovery of Velasquez and Hals, and the demigods of our own time have been such followers of theirs as Manet and Sargent. But latter-day enthusiasm for technique has, if I may so express it, the defect of its quality; it is a little narrow, being all for breadth and the world well lost. When Kipling wrote his ballad, "In the Neolithic Age," he inserted in it two oft-quoted lines whose axiomatic wisdom may well commend itself to the student of painting:

"There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And—every—single—one—of—them—is—right."

Fortuny.

From his pen sketch after the bust of himself by Gemito.

One of the "right" ways of painting is the way of Mariano José-Maria Bernardo Fortuny. I like to give him his full Spanish style, if only for old sake's sake, in memory of the day long ago when I was all set to write his biography. In Paris I fell in with Philip Gilbert Hamerton, and he asked me to write one of those "Portfolio Monographs," which he was editing in place of the old miscellaneous "Portfolio." We discussed subjects

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and had about decided on Canaletto, when I said: "Why not do a modern man who has not been done in English? Why not do Fortuny?" Hamerton was delighted with the idea, and when, soon after, I went to Venice, I found that it met with the cordiallest approval of the artist's widow. Neither of the publications by Yriarte and the Baron Davillier had exhaustively covered the ground, and repeatedly among her innumerable sketches, studies, and other souvenirs, Madame Fortuny and I talked over the book which was to be the final record of a brilliant life. We were to go over the letters together. Marianito, the painter's son, was himself practising a very different sort of art; he had studied at Munich, and rumor had it that he was painting huge Wagnerian compositions. But he, too, was in the liveliest sympathy with my plan and would himself gladly photograph a lot of the unpublished paintings that adorn the beautiful old palazzo on the Grand Canal. As can be imagined, I was well content. At Rome I hunted up Fortuny's only pupil, Simonetti, and learned that he also had a sheaf of letters. In private collections in Spain I looked at Fortunys that had never before been reproduced, and in Paris the late William H. Stewart readily gave me access to that incomparable collection of Fortuny's works which was afterward dispersed at auction in New York. When I talked it all over with Hamerton again we were both more than pleased with the outlook; but when, in the following summer, I had renewed my explorations and we returned to the project, we were suddenly aware of another color in our dream. It was a stern, practical issue that put it there. It used to amuse

The Dance of the Bacchantes.
From the painting by Fortuny.

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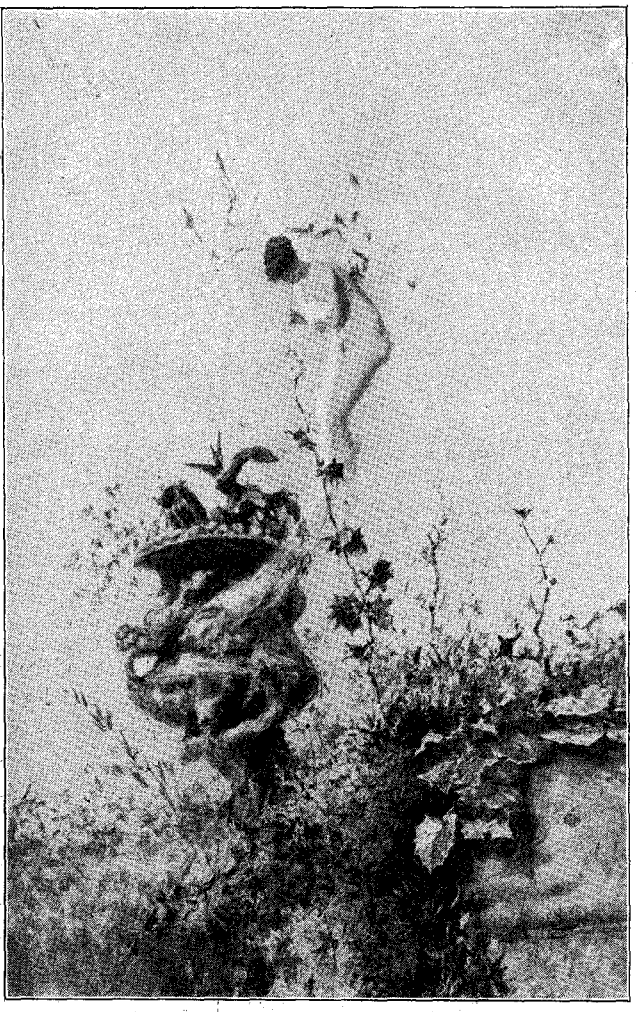
me to tot up, as I went along, the sums required for the purchase of documents, copyright fees, and the manufacture of copperplates. By the time I had gone over the balance-sheet with Hamerton and with the publisher in London, we calculated that it would cost a good deal more to produce the book than would be returned by the complete sale of a generous edition. Wherefore the classical biography of Fortuny, as I had fondly imagined it would be, incontinently went aglimmering. But, as the reader may surmise, the episode left me with a certain weakness for Fortuny.



The Butterfly.
From the water-color by Fortuny.

* * *

IT isn't a matter of sentiment alone either. I wouldn't have launched upon that task if I hadn't had a deep feeling for Fortuny as a painter, nor would I revert to his art now if I did not still preserve a vivid sense of his extraordinary ability. He was one of those painters who are born, not made, even though it must be admitted that as a lad he did not show the precocity usual in a master. He was born at Reus, in the northeastern part of Spain, the child of obscure parents, who died when he was still very young. The grandfather who brought him up used to travel about as the owner of a little puppet show. He would take Fortuny with him when he gave a performance in the market-place at Tarragona, and at home they used to work together over the wax figures employed in the tiny theatre. They made votive figurines for the churches, too, and Fortuny must have shown some talent in them, for presently the grandfather sent him to the academy presided over by Domingo Soberano, and there he made such progress that while still in his teens he was fitted for the much more pretentious academy at Barcelona. At twenty he won the Grand Prix, which sent him to Rome for two years, with an allowance of about five hundred dollars a year. It was not very much, yet it must be said that Barcelona was, on the whole, kind to him. The municipal authorities recalled him from Rome for the highly honorable purpose of sending him to make a big military picture in Morocco, where

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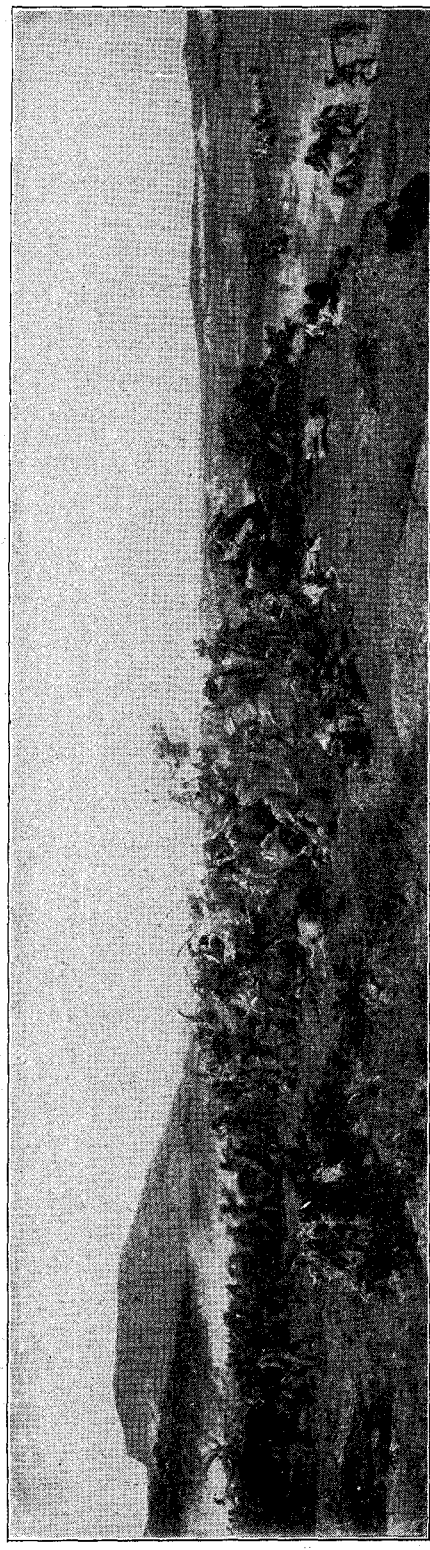

The Battle of Tetouan.
From the painting by Fortuny in the Prado.

the Spaniards were at war. He saw the decisive battle of Tetouan, or Wad-Ras, and made from it ultimately a remarkable canvas. Incidentally, his contact with the Moorish scene brought his art to a swift efflorescence. I shall not wickedly resume, in this place, the details accumulating in the course of those researches to which I have referred. It is enough to state that thenceforth Fortuny's prosperity advanced with phenomenal rapidity. He worked variously in Morocco and at Rome, in Madrid, Grenada, and Paris. I say "worked" advisedly, for he did very little else. Possessed of a delightful personality, he had the world at his feet, especially when he married the daughter of Federigo Madrazo, when the Goupils took him up, and Mr. Stewart became not only his patron but his friend. He was intimate with some of the leading French artists of his time. Gérôme, upon one occasion, lent him his studio. But he had few social tastes, finding his chief relaxation in the collecting of beautiful objects of art and craftsmanship, and his life was one long labor until he died of Roman fever in 1874.

♣ ♣ ♣

WHAT is the story of his labor, what were its origins, and what are the special characteristics of its fruits? I once went all the way to Barcelona to see what his early work was like, and found that it was nothing if not academic. The bacchantes which figure in the rather conventional designs of his pupilage might have been drawn by any of the carefully trained young types of the Paris Salon. Form, as he depicts it, is form as it is understood in disciplinary studios. But the Moroccan experience, as I have indicated, changed all that. It confirmed in him an instinct for going straight to Nature for the truth, and in Morocco, too, the effects of dazzling sunlight brought a vivifying element into his work. What I

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feel was the specially invigorating and illuminating force in Fortuny's art was what I can only describe as the genius of sheer painting, the innate disposition of a man to express himself through consummate draftsmanship and a fairly magical manipulation of pigment. Both in oils and in water-colors, once he had got into his stride, he became like a conjurer taking a rabbit out of a hat. Connoisseurship to-day is a little impatient of such triumphs as his, counting rabbits as but small game, and I haven't the least intention of placing this artist in a false perspective for purposes of eulogy. On the other hand, I think that those who would disparage Fortuny on account of his glitter overlook the firm foundation on which the glitter rests. They confuse spiritual with technical values. He himself had misgivings as to the precise depth of his art. In a letter to Davillier, written at the zenith of his career, he says: "I continue to work, but truly I begin to tire (morally) of the kind of art and of the pictures which success has imposed upon me, and which (between ourselves) are not the true expression of my taste." Very

Sewing.
From the painting by Boldini.

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well, let us agree as regards the matter of taste. I am not at all sure that I could live happily sitting opposite "The Choice of the Model," day after day, and year after year. But if it were hanging in the Metropolitan Museum I know that I would pause before it just once in so often, not only with admiration and respect, but with a particular zest for the kind of technical virtuosity that Fortuny exhibits in the picture.

A Moorish Scene.
From the painting by Villegas.

And the kind of virtuosity that is there is, I repeat, the kind that has its roots deep in true painter's painting. He was no mere meretricious juggler with the brush, but a serious technician, who looked to the graver side of his art. There is nothing about him more significant than a certain passage in one of his early letters, written when as a student of twenty he was settled in Rome. From this it appears that Raphael's decorations in the Vatican bowled him over, and when it came to the *tableau bien peint*, he preferred, above all others, the great portrait of Innocent X, by Velasquez. He had always a passion for the old masters. At the Prado, in Madrid, he made copies of Titian, Tintoretto, El Greco, Velasquez, and Goya. What Velasquez meant to him you may see from the "Spanish Lady," in the Metropolitan Museum, which he painted at Rome in 1865. There is no glitter in that. On the contrary, it is a broadly painted, really noble thing, an altogether worthy pendant to the tradition of Velasquez, of Goya. However, do not let us strain the point. It was not by work of this sort that Fortuny lived. His *métier* was for a lighter, more sparkling type of painting. What it is important to remember is that the knowledge and authority affirmed in the "Spanish Lady" are carried over into the field in which it was his destiny to shine. They tell there primarily in his strong, swift, flashing draftsmanship, and then in his diabolically sure handling of pigment. There is no one like him for a kind of blazing fluency, for the plastic evocation of a figure or a bit of still life, for the perfect denotement of a lacy or shimmering stuff. And over all his material, whether he be dealing with the sunlit picturesqueness of Morocco or Spain, or with romantic costumes in a stylized French

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A Spanish Lady.
From the painting by Fortuny in the Metropolitan Museum.

interior, he causes the light to play in a staccato manner that is merely ravishing. The commentator who cannot get away from Manet, says "bric-à-brac!" For my part, when I am confronted by Fortuny I can momentarily forget my Manet and my Velasquez and my Rembrandt, and say simply "What painting!"

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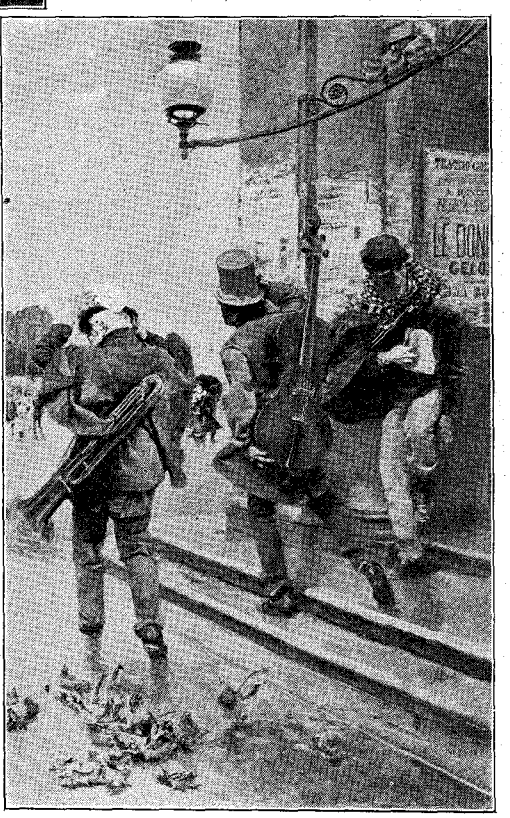
WHEN they tell me it has gone down the wind I permit myself a chuckle. As a matter of fact, I do not believe the world will ever willingly let the work of Fortuny die. Its intrinsic brilliance is too much for that. It is too superbly eloquent of a man who exhaustively knew his craft. It has too much *verve;* it is too finished and *gaillard* in style. There is a measure of confirmation for its validity, too, in the circumstance that it left a deep mark upon its time. Fortuny founded something like a school, though I can remember little recognition of this among his followers. I have foregathered with flocks of them, and it always made me laugh a little inwardly to see how indisposed they were to admit any debt at all to the dead master. It was one thing to join in praise of his qualities; it was another to grant that without their influence the speakers would have taken a different line. I could understand the attitude of those Spaniards and Italians; they hadn't studied under Fortuny but under other men, and doubtless they had gone their own gaits. Nevertheless he had put something in the air which they had not been able to resist. It was the glamour of romantic picturesqueness and with it the lure of sleight-of-hand, of miraculous dexterity. Villegas was one of the pillars of the school. He travelled far enough from Fortuny when he painted the more celebrated canvases of his maturity, "The Death of the Bull-Fighter" and "The Marriage of the



The Musicians.
From the painting by Garcia y Ramos.

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Dogaressa." But if you want to get the pure flavor of Villegas you will get it in some such bits of piquant *genre* as he painted when he, in his turn, sojourned in Morocco. It was so again with Pradilla. He made his fame through big compositions like "The Surrender of Boabdil at Grenada," which were far more elaborate than anything in Fortuny's *monde*, but there are many smaller things of his in which you come obviously upon the trail of Fortuny. There are any number of them, Gallegos, Viniegra, Domingo, Barbudo, Casanova, Garcia y Ramos, Pelayo, and more others than it is perhaps worth citing, for if some of them are good, some of them are very brittle and bad.

The man who more than all the rest rivalled Fortuny on his own ground was the Italian Boldini in his earlier period. He also had an incredible facility, incredible sleight-of-hand. I can see him painting my own portrait in two or three sittings. He did it like a man dashing off a note. But Boldini, like Fortuny, is both draftsman and brushman, an authentic master of paint, and in older days, before he had got committed to the portraiture that we know, he was wont to tackle the same sort of theme that had attracted his Spanish contemporary. He would paint the women at a Moorish bath, or the buildings around the Place Clichy, or a long road gleaming beneath a hard, blue sky, or a coquette lying on a sofa in the studio, all grace and *frou-frou*. They date from the seventies, these dazzling *tours de force*, a long time ago, and Boldini, I have gathered, has no great opinion of them himself. Just the same they are among the very best things he has ever done. Though they date from the seventies, they are still, praise be, very much alive. The whole Fortuny tradition, I maintain, still possesses this unmistakable vitality. Every now and then I find that I have to break a lance for it. I can recall one that I bore in the fray against Elihu Vedder. At a dinner-table in Rome he nearly suffocated at the idea of my asserting that Fortuny knew how to paint. It was all a trick, he said. There was no glamour about Fortuny for him, though he had known the artist in the days of his triumph. But the glamour is there for me, and precisely for the reason that, in spite of Vedder, he knew ineffably how to paint. That is why I remain incorrigible and wish that, by hook or by crook, the Metropolitan had been able to salvage "The Choice of the Model."

On the Bridge.
From the painting by Pradilla.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 13.

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From a drawing by Harry Townsend.

HE OPENED HIS EYES TO THE DELECTABLE SIGHT OF THE GIRL SITTING BESIDE HIM.

—See "The Madness of Gamaliel Sevenoaks," page 180.

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